JOHN BULL; DECEMBER 22, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1175

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

EVERYTHING *The G.E.C. your guarantee* ELECTRICAL

Treat your set this Xmas to a set of

OSRAM VALVES

with the 'TENACIOUS COATING'

MADE IN ENGLAND.
Sold by all Wireless Dealers.

Extra Quality—without extra cost

Good Idea! **A set of OSRAM VALVES as a gift**

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

50 MORE CHEQUES OF £5-5-0 PAID ON ACCOUNT OF SICKNESS

Many Cheques have also been paid this week on account of FIRE, STORM, ACCIDENT, etc.

£5:5 GOSPORT.—Miss H. Hibberd, 12, Rogers Road.
£5:5 BULWELL.—Miss M. V. Baker, 13, Oxford Street.
£5:5 NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. R. A. Hulme, 13, Queen Eleanor Road.
£5:5 BOLSOVER, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. A. Coupe, 25, Smithson Avenue.
£5:5 DUKESTOWN.—Mr. C. T. Maddox, Cemetery Road.
£5:5 WIGAN.—Mrs. M. J. Burrows, 100, Martland Mill Lane, Pemberton.
£5:5 BOROUGHBRIDGE, YORKS.—Mrs. C. Mudd, Church Lane.
£5:5 NEWTON ABBOT.—Mrs. E. Tothill, 108, Highweek Street.
£5:5 BATH.—Mr. W. Scarlett, 2, Poultney Place, Widcombe.
£5:5 MANCHESTER.—Mr. C. A. Brocklehurst, 9, Town Lane, Denton.
£5:5 DENABY MAIN, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. Gallagher, 46, Blythe Street.
£5:5 BOLDEN COLLIERY.—Mrs. L. Burrows, 8, Charles Street.
£5:5 WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mr. E. Esthorpe, 9, Wood View.
£5:5 WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Walter Crowe, 36, Coventry Street.
£5:5 STONEBRIDGE, N.W.10.—Mr. B. G. Thompson, 87, Shakespeare Avenue.
£5:5 NORWICH.—Mrs. G. H. Read, 14, Norman Buildings.
£5:5 MORLEY, Nr. LEEDS.—Mr. W. S. Richardson, 30, Worrall Street.
£5:5 ROSLIN, MIDLOTHIAN.—Mr. Robert R. Blacker, c/o Mrs. Cairncross, Dryden Place.
£5:5 LLANSANTFFRAID.—Miss Bessie Humphreys, Pentyforwyn Farm.
£5:5 TWYFORD, BUCKINGHAM.—Mr. F. J. Dudley.
£5:5 DALTON, ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. Edwards, 15, Kelvin Street.
£5:5 EAST GREENWICH, S.E.10.—Mr. L. Jarvis, 12, Lenthorpe Road.
£5:5 BRISTOL.—Mr. H. G. Collins, 11, Meriton Street.
£5:5 LEICESTER.—Mr. J. W. Starten, 9, New Street, Earl Shilton.
£5:5 FENTON.—Mr. H. Powell, 64, China Street.
£5:5 ABERAMAN.—Mrs. J. Cowdry, 3, Glamorgan Street.
£5:5 JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. Shippen, 32, Stead Street.
£5:5 BOLSOVER.—Mr. W. H. Yapp, 9, Moorfield Lane.
£5:5 JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. P. Form, 115, Dee Street.
£5:5 MUNDESLEY.—Mrs. E. Rivett, 2, Council Houses.
£5:5 RUSHDEN, NORTHANTS.—Mr. E. W. Harris, 38, Oakley Road.
£5:5 THORNTON HEATH.—Mrs. F. M. Miller, 51, Bensham Grove.
£5:5 HUNTINGDON.—Mrs. H. King, 3, Cromwell Square.
£5:5 THURNSCOE, ROTHERHAM.—Mr. G. P. Woodcock, 29, George Street.
£5:5 CARDIFF.—Mrs. A. James, 76, Donald Street.
£5:5 SWANSEA.—Miss G. Jones, 74, Norfolk Street.
£5:5 WORKSOP.—Mr. W. Taylor, 20, Stubbings Lane.
£5:5 BOLSOVER.—Mr. T. H. Chambers, 41, Carr Vale Cottages.
£5:5 CWMGWRACH.—Mrs. R. M. Vowles, "Highbury."
£5:5 DERBY.—Mrs. L. B. Cockroft, 29, Green Street.
£5:5 PONTYPAEN.—Mr. I. Williams, Nantyrweiddyn.
£5:5 ABERDARE.—Mr. T. Thomas, 14, Oxford Street.
£5:5 ELLESMERE PORT.—Mrs. K. Carrington, 17, Beechfield Road.
£5:5 BRAMCOTE.—Mrs. H. M. Potter, "Fairhaven," Derby Road.
£5:5 GATESHEAD.—Mrs. M. Foulis, 34, Walker Street.
£5:5 STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. Harrison, 146, High Street.
£5:5 GLASGOW.—Mrs. K. McDermid, 17, Church Street, Uddingston.
£5:5 FULHAM, S.W.6.—Mr. R. Reid, 8, Burr Road.
£5:5 OLDHAM.—Mr. R. Hague, 9, Bankside Street.
£5:5 ABERYSTWYTH.—Mr. J. McPherson, Clyde House.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

Date ....

J.B., 22.12.28.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full. .... (CAPITAL LETTERS) Age ....

Address ....

....

Reader's Signature ....

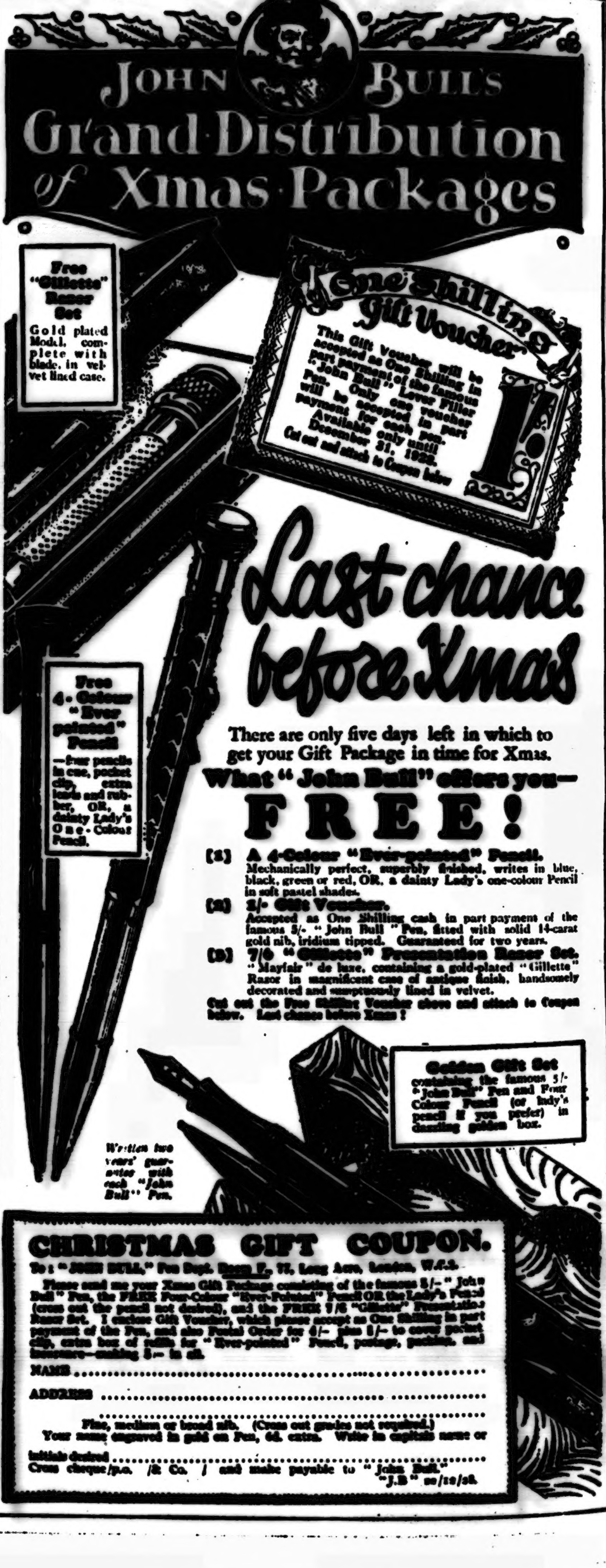
Name and address of Newsagent ....

....

Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return

J.B., 22.12.28.



JOHN BULL'S Grand Distribution of Xmas Packages

Free "Gillette" Razor Set

Gold plated Model, complete with blade, in velvet lined case.

One Shilling Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until December 31, 1928. Cut out and attach to Coupon below

1/-

Free 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil

—four pencils in one, pocket clip, extra leads and rubber, OR, a dainty Lady's One-Colour Pencil.

Last chance before Xmas

There are only five days left in which to get your Gift Package in time for Xmas.

What "John Bull" offers you—

FREE!

(1) **A 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil.** Mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR, a dainty Lady's one-colour Pencil in soft pastel shades.

(2) **2/- Gift Voucher.** Accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed for two years.

(3) **7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.** "Mayfair" de luxe, containing a gold-plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case of antique finish, handsomely decorated and sumptuously lined in velvet.

Cut out the Free Shilling Voucher above and attach to Coupon below. Last chance before Xmas!

Golden Gift Set containing the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen and Four Colour Pencil (or lady's pencil if you prefer) in dazzling golden box.

Written two years' guarantee with each "John Bull" Pen.

CHRISTMAS GIFT COUPON.

To: "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. Room F, 77, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Xmas Gift Package consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 1/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing, and insurance—making 5/- in all.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name or initials desired ....

Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co. / and make payable to "John Bull."

"J.B." 22/12/28.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE in the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Cheap, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

REMNANTS, Drapery, etc., at lowest prices. Great bargains. Test this. Wholesale list free.—A. D. C., Dept. A., 49, George St., Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. M, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bedclothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

SPARE TIME AGENTS wanted to sell Gent's Suits, overcoats, etc. Made to Measure and Ready Made, Cash and Easy Terms. Liberal Commission, Men in regular work, write.—John Bradbury, Ltd., Merchant Tailors, 28/29, Lord Street Arcade, Liverpool.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling salesman and study by postal training, in your spare time, under Wallace Attwood. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a., in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training, every student is introduced to firms of repute with actual salaried vacancies for salesmen. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send a postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 2 F, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. F. M. CO., Dept. 102, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, tests, free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For particulars, write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for prices and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 148, Houndsditch, E.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 557 prices sent for 2d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

SAVE 50% on printing expenses. All kinds of DUPLICATING undertaken. Samples, price list. Kenneth G. McPherson, Old Irvine Rd., Kilmarnock.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2¼d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1lb. for Gifts, etc. Grey Yarn 5/3 lb. Navy 5/10 lb., post free. Pttns. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2¼d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 6), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

USEFUL Christmas Gifts.—Damask Linen and Twill Tea Cloth and six serviettes to match, gold, red or blue design. Bargain price 5/2, postage 6d. Send P.O. or stamps.—Santa Klaus, 45 Rue Turenne, Paris. Order early.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 55-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 3/- for pcl.; approval. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S 50-PIECES £1: Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Bullens, Flannels, Towels, Matinee Coats, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- for parcel. Cash or Terms. Guaranteed.—Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, handmade, 6/- yard. Patterns free.—Mrs. C. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

The **Golden way to a Merry Xmas** *since 1740*

"Just like a lot of great big boys and girls." That's the spirit genial glowing Stone's Ginger Wine helps so much to foster at Christmas time. Sip it, Drink it, Drain it, everybody, and a very merry Christmas to you.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Famous since 1740

From all Wine Merchants and Grocers

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 1/1. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous Saving. Keenest prices. Stamp for Lists (J.B.). AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

FLORAL Sachets for scenting Xmas presents, etc. 3 for 1/-. COLOURED FROST, 6d. per packet (4 colours).—J., 52, Archer Street, W.11.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES of Amplion model Loud Speakers. They are offered free in the advt. on page 33.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Foulkes & Co., [illegible] Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Direct from Blenders to Household. At wh'sale prices 1/6, 1/8, 2/- per lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quot'ns for large quantities. Satisfaction g'nt'd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbuilt, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/-; deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 145, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £12 model for 40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramophones and Parts free.—J. R. G., 250, York Road, London, S.W.18.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots, with Cages, from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 12/-. 3 months' trial.—List F. Chapman, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artice Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by entirely destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No [illegible], no doctors, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/3 for [illegible] or stamp for Free Pamphlet.—[illegible] Tablet Co., 34-36, Cohen, Derby.

DR. FOGSON'S Ointment cures Eczema and All Skin Affections. 3/- at Boots', Taylors' and All Chemists. Soap 1/-.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (488D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney trouble mastered at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene promptly relieves all breathing troubles and chest complaints.—Write for Free Booklet No. 44 to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

THE FEEN-A-MINT advt. on page 23 is worth the attention of every reader. A free sample is offered. Simply send a 1½d. stamp for postage.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d. Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Hse., Victoria Rd., London, S.E.15.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. paymts. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 52, Theobald's Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HELPFUL LITTLE BOOKLET is issued by the Proprietors of Spratt's Dog Foods. Write for a free copy. See advt. on page 27.

THE COUPON in the Drage Advt. on page 29 will bring you their free Catalogue of Gramophone bargains and particulars of the "No Deposit" system for approved accounts.

A FREE BOTTLE of Perfume is given away with every 1/- box of Fabian's "E-K" Cigarettes. Hand the coupon on page 29 to your tobacconist or send it direct to the address given in the advertisement.

STONE'S GINGER WINE is always a great favourite during the Yuletide festivities. Its popularity seems to be on the increase. People love its tingling warmth, and it is very invigorating. Make sure that you have a bottle in the home. A further reminder appears in the large advt. on this page.

MAKE SURE that you have a Fullotone in the home this Christmas. There are many distinctive models to choose from, and they are guaranteed for 12 months, with free service after purchase. Fullotones are obtainable from Fullotone shops, but full details can be obtained post free from the Head Office (Dept. J.B.), 73, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

ENJOY your evenings at home—never a dull moment. Riley Billiard Tables are made in many sizes, and are sent on 7 days' free trial. See advertisement on page 14.

READERS interested in a Portable Gramophone should read the advertisement of Lissen, Ltd., on page 27.

GRAHAM AMPLION, LTD., 26, Saville Row, W.1, will send a catalogue of their famous range of Loud Speakers to all readers who apply for same. See advertisement on page 33.

SURPLUS SALE. — 3-ply Black 3/6 lb. Samples stp of all yarns to Dept. J.B., The Golden Fleece Woollen Co., M.O. Dept., Liskeard, Cornwall.

GIVE YOUR BARBER THE SACK!—Why not trim your own hair? The new comb for ladies and gents advertised by J. B. Cole on page 4 will save you pounds and make you independent of hairdressers. Every purchaser, too, receives a useful free gift. Read the offer now!

"*I'm rather proud* of my *reputation for giving suitable presents . . .*

. . . You see CRAVEN "A" are the only Cigarettes made specially to prevent sore throats and they NEVER VARY."

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

IN RICH RED DECORATED METAL BOXES FOR XMAS, **50** *for* **2/6, 100** *for* **5/-, 150** *for* **7/6**

METAL INKSTAND CABINET of **200** CIGARETTES with Quill Pen - price **10/6** complete

CARRERAS LIMITED, 140 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 22, 1928. Twopence.
Vol. XLIV. No. 1175.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

A Happy Xmas to every one of our readers! May burdens be lifted and hearts made light: and may the end of the year mean the beginning of a new hope.

Rank Treachery.

The decision that no further proposals for the Post Office Savings Bank insurance scheme will be accepted after December 31 is a piece of rank treachery. The last safeguard of the people against the swindle of industrial insurance has been removed.

Who Rules ?

This Post Office scheme is an infinitely cheaper and more honest one than any offered by the big companies. It became a menace, and therefore must be stopped. The Government has taken its instructions from the insurance companies! Now we know who rules Britain!

Look Out.

Lord Byng has made a good start. The changes behind the scenes in the police force which we foretold in a recent issue are taking place. Look out for a big bombshell at any moment.

About Time.

London policemen are no longer to act as *agents provocateurs*. They will not first persuade a man to serve them with drink out of hours and then prosecute him for so doing. Lord Byng and his new assistants feel that this system is utterly opposed to English traditions and justice. They are perfectly right.

Polite, but Firm.

The Board of Trade's delay in compelling companies to hold regular meetings and publish adequate accounts has caused indignation among influential men in the City of London. They will shortly make representations to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, insisting that the Board of Trade takes action whenever a company gives provocation.

Duophone.

This decision has been taken owing to the unsatisfactory answer Sir Philip made when questioned in the Commons regarding the overdue meeting of the Duophone Company, of which Sir Alan Burgoyne, M.P., is chairman. This company has now announced that its meeting will be held on December 28, a very odd date for such a gathering.

Bank Change.

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, will resign at the end of another year. He has been Governor for eight years, longer than anyone else in the Bank's history. His successor will almost certainly be Sir Ernest Musgrave Harvey, a former Comptroller of the Bank. The latter possesses far more banking experience than Mr. Montagu Norman.

At Last.

We hear on good authority that the Duke of Westminster is likely to concern himself actively in politics. Beyond financing a Conservative periodical with a limited circulation, "Bend Or's" other interests have hitherto taken up all his time.

Cushendun—For.

Mr. Lloyd George overdid his castigation of Lord Cushendun. He switched back to Limehouse days. His outburst would have been far more effective had it been half as violent. But Lord Cushendun has been a disappointment. If the Tory Party does not go into the wilderness at the General Election, he will take that route alone.

Storm Brewing.

The wool textile unions at the Trades Union Congress will ask the leaders to consider the question of Safeguarding as a matter of trade union policy. They are indignant with Yorkshire Labour M.P.s, led by Mr. Philip Snowden, for attacking Safeguarding on political grounds. They expect to be reinforced by influential leaders of the unions in the iron and steel trades.

Powerful Pressure.

A declaration in favour of Safeguarding from the powerful Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, the only union that matters, will cause much embarrassment to the political leaders of Labour. They are doing their utmost to prevent it being made.

Unwanted Enterprise.

Money-lenders' advertisements must disappear from theatre programmes. Messrs. Eldridge and Morris are an enterprising firm whose name confronts the pleasure-seeker about to attempt to forget his troubles. We know nothing about the firm except their enterprise, but suggest that they should give evidence of it in other ways.

• • • •

TABLOID TONICS

Capt. J. Mylam Gittins: "*The boy who 'fails' often does better work in the world than the mere examination success.*"

Mr. Lloyd George: "*I am prepared to co-operate with anybody if the situation and the terms are favourable.*"

C. C. Macartney: "*It is to young players we must look.*"

Rev. A. Cuming: "*Many boys are choked off religion before they leave school because of the grossly casual way the Scripture hour is spent.*"

Edith B. Joynes: "*The only way to become a good citizen is to practise being a good citizen.*"

Henry Ford: "*America has improved under Prohibition and the rest of the world will follow.*"

Frank Fitt: "*There is only one Gospel, but it applies to the whole round of life.*"

A Warning.

Dr. Edgar Sanders, leader of the treasure-hunting expedition to Sacambaya, Bolivia, which has been so well advertised, is on his way back to England empty-handed. Another effort, it is said, will be made next year. We repeat our warning to investors, made before the first expedition set sail, against putting money into this wild-cat scheme.

Too Inhuman.

Politics is a queer game. If the Government suddenly grants £5,000,000 for the relief of distressed mining areas, as is possible, it will upset the Labour General Election apple-cart. Gratitude will swing votes by the hundred thousand to support Baldwin. We would hate to believe that either Party would consciously make capital out of starvation.

Who Cares ?

As a sequel to our recent article on coffin ships, a question will be asked in the House as to whether the international load-line is to be discussed at the Conference for Safety of Life at Sea to be held next year. Apparently our revelations came too late for the Board of Trade to alter its agenda for the conference and introduce this subject. And yet lives are at stake!

Always If.

The zinc producers of France, Germany, Belgium, and Great Britain are attempting to wangle a world agreement in order to "regulate" the production of zinc. This, of course, means to "regulate the price of zinc" as well. Zinc is an essential metal to many industries. Yet no one ever thinks of stamping on such pernicious attemps to reap enhanced profits out of a necessity.

Difficult Position.

Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, the Postmaster-General, is not happy about the passing of the Imperial Telegraphs Bill. In the first three discussions on the Bill he took no part. The blunt truth is that he was personally against this filching of the people's property, for that is what the selling of the Post Office wireless service to private interests amounts to. Don't be surprised to hear of his resignation.

Give It Back.

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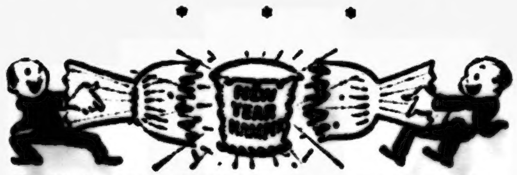

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After I had arrested the slum profiteer, I would take to Scotland Yard, in the tender I often see cruising around the "Angel," a man you know very well. He is known both to the police and the public. He is well dressed, well fed and very respectable.

He tells you in a superior manner that he does not believe in this Christmas nonsense about gifts and good will. It is all sickly sentiment. When he says that to you, stand up to the hypocrite and ask him how much he has given to "The Greatest of These . . . ." or any other fund?

A splendid show

What has the prating Pharisee done for anyone but himself? Ask him where he would be to-day if sickly sentiment had not been wasted on him? The meanness of his soul floats above his actions like scum.

He is a Christmas crook who ought to be arrested and locked up. He has been robbing all his life. He has robbed some tender-hearted woman and little children of kindliness and love. He would steal the toys from the bag of Father Christmas, under the cloak of sentiment.

He sneers at good will in life because his soul is mean and cramped and selfish. But I have seen good will triumph, even in the hour of death. I have heard men who had cursed religion saying with faltering breath, "Our Father," as they were slowly going West.

One Christmas Day I asked little children who had nowhere else to go to come to the schoolroom of Islington Chapel and spend the evening with me. Some of the little mites came in the morning, to be in time!

The schoolroom was filled to overflowing. The first offers of help came from footballers. Then a Punch and Judy man turned up. How those children laughed! Afterwards wonderful artistes gave the children a splendid show, all free of charge.

I do not even know their names. The good will in life sent them along. One of my helpers was a barman in a public-house. We all had a merry time.

At the end of the entertainment, I asked the Punch and Judy man to speak to the children, and he said, "Boys and girls, give somebody a merry Christmas."

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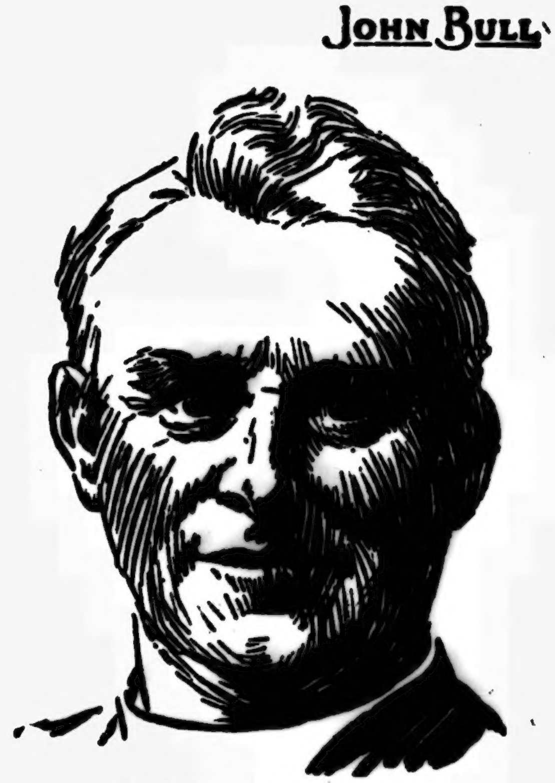
There is another man who ought to be put through the third degree, every December—the man who knows. He never makes a mistake. You recognise him, of course. He has often said to you, "Now *I* will tell you what to do."

When you strike a bad patch of luck, he smiles in a knowing way and says, "Didn't I tell what would happen?" He is a Christmas crook who ought to be locked up. He has robbed many a Christmas party of generosity and good will.

Starved while waiting

If you have read JOHN BULL, you have read over and over again of the dire distress of the miners, and I have no doubt you have done your bit to help them.

I think it is time that the Government sent a few of the millions it is throwing away on super-submarines and tanks to help those in distress in the coalfields, but if we wait for the Government to do anything many poor women and innocent little children, God bless them, will be starved.



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(Pastor of Islington Chapel)

I receive many letters from the coalfields and I know those brave people are up against it. So we must do our bit, over and over again.

The other day I met a Christmas crook. He said, "You look very worried; what is the matter?" I said, "I have just been reading some letters from South Wales. I am sick at heart to think of those people, our own flesh and blood, cold and hungry."

"Ah!" he said, "the miners. I am not surprised. As a matter of fact, it is just what I expected. If they had only listened to what people said, this would never have happened."

"But," I said, "you cannot argue with a starving man." "Well," he said, "what is the use of your sentimental appeals? I will tell you what they ought to do. They ought to emigrate. Go to live in the colonies.

"The Government should send them out. We want people out there. Your religious sentiment has ruined your common-sense. What do you say?" "I say, you ought to be locked up," I replied. "You are a Christmas crook."

I have lived abroad. The Christmas crook does not know the pull of the homeland. Be it ever so humble there is no place like home.

Dreaming of home

One Christmas night, some young people in South Africa said to me, "There are some people here who have gone balmy. They have made a log fire in all this heat, and they are sitting still looking into the blaze."

I said, "You do not understand. They were not born in Africa. England is their Motherland, and every Christmas they long to go home to see their old mothers. As they look into the blaze of that log, they dream of the Christmas fire at home. Do not disturb them, they are at home to-night. They will come back to Africa to-morrow."

This Christmas a deep depression of suffering is moving over the British Isles. The winds of unemployment are northerly, fresh and strong, and in many districts there are cold and frost at night.

Yet, in the hearts of millions, the warm, bright rays of the sun of good will are shining, and amidst grave anxiety and disappointed hopes they are listening to the song of the angels.

Peace on earth, Good will toward men and A Merry Christmas to everybody.

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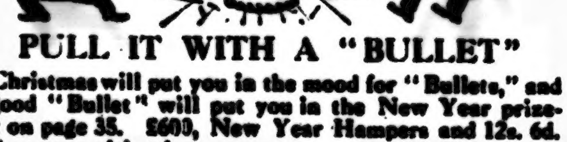

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A man was brought up in an Islington court because he and his wife and eight children were living in one room. The humane magistrate allowed him to remain in his room for Christmas. I have no doubt that they will have a merrier Christmas in that room than many will have in a palace.

After I had arrested the slum profiteer, I would take to Scotland Yard, in the tender J often see cruising around the "Angel," a man you know very well. He is known both to the police and the public. He is well dressed, well fed and very respectable.

He tells you in a superior manner that he does not believe in this Christmas nonsense about gifts and good will. It is all sickly sentiment. When he says that to you, stand up to the hypocrite and ask him how much he has given to "The Greatest of These . . . ." or any other fund?

A splendid show

What has the prating Pharisee done for anyone but himself? Ask him where he would be to-day if sickly sentiment had not been wasted on him? The meanness of his soul floats above his actions like scum.

He is a Christmas crook who ought to be arrested and locked up. He has been robbing all his life. He has robbed some tender-hearted woman and little children of kindliness and love. He would steal the toys from the bag of Father Christmas, under the cloak of sentiment.

He sneers at good will in life because his soul is mean and cramped and selfish. But I have seen good will triumph, even in the hour of death. I have heard men who had cursed religion saying with faltering breath, "Our Father," as they were slowly going West.

One Christmas Day I asked little children who had nowhere else to go to come to the schoolroom of Islington Chapel and spend the evening with me. Some of the little mites came in the morning, to be in time!

The schoolroom was filled to overflowing. The first offers of help came from footballers. Then a Punch and Judy man turned up. How those children laughed! Afterwards wonderful artistes gave the children a splendid show, all free of charge.

I do not even know their names. The good will in life sent them along. One of my helpers was a barman in a public-house. We all had a merry time.

At the end of the entertainment, I asked the Punch and Judy man to speak to the children, and he said, "Boys and girls, give somebody a merry Christmas."

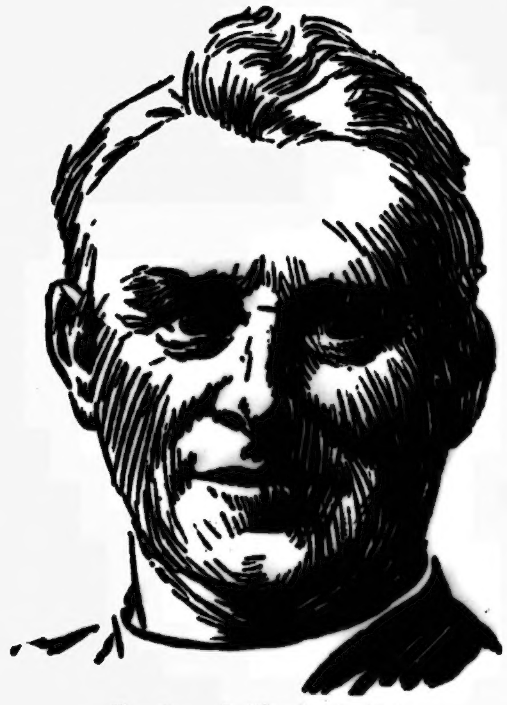
There is another man who ought to be put through the third degree, every December—the man who knows. He never makes a mistake. You recognise him, of course. He has often said to you, "Now *I* will tell you what to do."

When you strike a bad patch of luck, he smiles in a knowing way and says, "Didn't I tell what would happen?" He is a Christmas crook who ought to be locked up. He has robbed many a Christmas party of generosity and good will.

Starved while waiting

If you have read JOHN BULL, you have read over and over again of the dire distress of the miners, and I have no doubt you have done your bit to help them.

I think it is time that the Government sent a few of the millions it is throwing away on super-submarines and tanks to help those in distress in the coalfields, but if we wait for the Government to do anything many poor women and innocent little children, God bless them, will be starved.



The Rev. J. Shepherd, M.A.
(Pastor of Islington Chapel)

I receive many letters from the coalfields and I know those brave people are up against it. So we must do our bit, over and over again.

The other day I met a Christmas crook. He said, "You look very worried; what is the matter?" I said, "I have just been reading some letters from South Wales. I am sick at heart to think of those people, our own flesh and blood, cold and hungry."

"Ah!" he said, "the miners. I am not surprised. As a matter of fact, it is just what I expected. If they had only listened to what people said, this would never have happened."

"But," I said, "you cannot argue with a starving man." "Well," he said, "what is the use of your sentimental appeals? I will tell you what they ought to do. They ought to emigrate. Go to live in the colonies.

"The Government should send them out. We want people out there. Your religious sentiment has ruined your common-sense. What do you say?" "I say, you ought to be locked up," I replied. "You are a Christmas crook."

I have lived abroad. The Christmas crook does not know the pull of the homeland. Be it ever so humble there is no place like home.

Dreaming of home

One Christmas night, some young people in South Africa said to me, "There are some people here who have gone balmy. They have made a log fire in all this heat, and they are sitting still looking into the blaze."

I said, "You do not understand. They were not born in Africa. England is their Motherland, and every Christmas they long to go home to see their old mothers. As they look into the blaze of that log, they dream of the Christmas fire at home. Do not disturb them, they are at home to-night. They will come back to Africa to-morrow."

This Christmas a deep depression of suffering is moving over the British Isles. The winds of unemployment are northerly, fresh and strong, and in many districts there are cold and frost at night.

Yet, in the hearts of millions, the warm, bright rays of the sun of good will are shining, and amidst grave anxiety and disappointed hopes they are listening to the song of the angels.

Peace on earth, Good will toward men and A Merry Christmas to everybody.

THE WORLD'S WORST WELSHER

Adler's Addled Eggs

A MAN who has proved himself a veritable Moriarty of the Turf, and who has defied the authorities for years, is revealed in the person of Samuel Adler, Esquire.

Although he has always been careful to keep his real identity a secret, we have received more complaints about his operations than about any other bogus bookmaker living.

Many of these complaints refer to a concern called F. Reeves and Company, which is associated with all the leading sporting clubs of standing and repute, and boasts offices at 43, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

This company's impressive literature has attracted many people, who have unwisely entered into credit betting transactions only to find it impossible to obtain their winnings.

A gentleman at Fishguard, to cite a random case, had a letter from F. Reeves and Company—the proprietor of which is stated to be plain "Mr. F. Reeves"—and subsequently opened an account.

Short-lived satisfaction

With an encouraging run of luck this client enjoyed a succession of winning weeks. His satisfaction was short-lived, however, for all efforts to obtain a monetary settlement failed.

The same sad story is revealed in all the cases that have been brought to our notice.

The name of Adler, of course, did not crop up at all. Yet, as we shall later show, he was really the guiding power behind Reeves.

Then there is Alfred Marks, Ltd., of 6, 7, 8, Old Bond Street, London, W. What happened in the office of Reeves and Co., at Knightsbridge, occurred in Bond Street, too.

Racing folk, impressed by the admittedly lavish printed matter and princely address of Alfred Marks, Ltd., placed their bets with this concern in all good faith.

When they lost, all was well—for the company. When they won, all was also well for the company! Therein you have one of the abiding rules of Alfred Marks, Ltd.

Thus disappointed clients in all parts have clamoured in vain for their just winnings.

Here, again, the name of Adler is missing from the literature, yet he was the real power behind the scenes.

Not a bookmaker

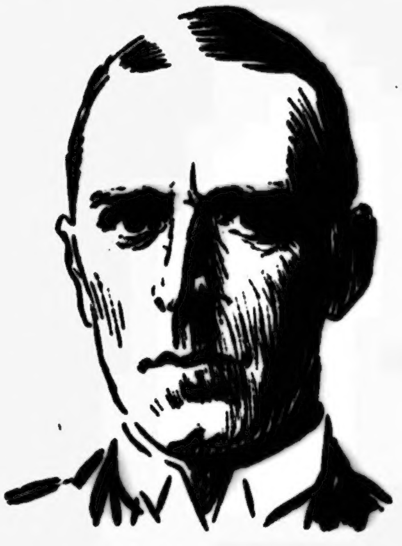
Warnings about both these concerns—and others too numerous to mention—appeared in JOHN BULL with an almost wearying regularity.

But although we saved countless people from falling into the widespread net, complaints still poured in from others who had not the wisdom to follow our advice.

The attitude we adopted in the matter is firmly endorsed by the Turf Guardian Society itself.

Its considered opinion of the Alfred Marks concern was delivered in a letter as far back as 1926, when it declared that the man behind the scenes was not a bookmaker or a Turf commission agent in the proper sense of the word, and that the society receives complaints about him almost daily.

Not content with robbing clients through the medium of many disguished businesses, Adler even set out to rob the Treasury of the betting tax due to it under the law.



Sir F. L. C. Floud, K.C.B., Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise, whose officers raided this company's office

He got the "dummy" proprietors of his businesses to keep inadequate books and contrived by every dishonest means to evade the law.

With the periodic criticism directed against him in JOHN BULL, we were gratified to learn recently that the Treasury officials were subjecting his movements to a searching enquiry.

Surprise visit

The outcome was that Inspector William Adams, of the Customs and Excise Department, paid a surprise visit to the office of Reeves and Company in Knightsbridge one afternoon, impounding all the papers found there.

Adler, summoned to the scene, asked what authority the officer had to raid the premises, and, on being told, became very agitated and said that the business was nothing to do with him.

Later, when he must have realised that lies could not save him, Adler asked Inspector Adams to give him a moment or two in private.

His request being granted, Adler made the following dramatic confession: "I know who has given me away. That fellow (unnamed) has robbed me of hundreds. *You can see for yourself no bookmaker can conduct his business honestly!*"

* * *

It's your last chance to share in "John Bull's" Grand Distribution of Gift Packages before Christmas. Hurry up! (See page 35.)

We should like to know what most *bona-fide* bookmakers—who are not the blackguards Mr. Adler would wish to paint them—think of this choice piece of slander.

But Adler did not stop there. Apparently he thought that black sheep existed in a manifold sense in the Customs and Excise, and said that he would give the inspector and his men £200 if they would withdraw.

Refused, bribe

The inspector naturally refused this offer in indignation and added that he would report Adler for attempted bribery.

Adler, of course, had banked upon bribing the officials to withdraw from the scene without collecting such books and documents as incriminated him.

In that case it would have been possible only to proceed against the "dummy," Reeves, while Adler would have escaped.

As it was, the books, upon examination, showed that Adler had evaded paying betting duties of at least £1,900.

They also showed, badly kept as they were, that in suppressed bets alone he had made a gross profit of £12,000 in less than nine months!

If we add to this the large sums of money he has obtained from duped clients in losing bets, it will be seen that he has been coining money on a fabulous scale.

Last week, as a result of the above raid, Adler was summoned at Westminster Police Court on no fewer than twenty-seven summonses, for, amongst other things, attempted bribery, failing to make weekly returns, and for failing to keep proper books.

When the magistrate learned that he was a man of bad reputation, whose businesses were mostly bogus, he imposed the heavy, but well-merited, penalty of £800 and costs.

This, so far as we can gather, is the first time, apart from publicity in these pages, that Adler has been publicly admonished. Dummies in his employ have generally taken the medicine on his behalf.

The man behind the scene

A man named Harris was fined £50 some time ago for carrying on a coupon betting business as "England's Premier Football Accountant." Adler was the real proprietor, but Harris was fined.

In Regent Street there was once a notorious man named George Clark, who never paid winning clients, but stuck to the money of those who lost. Adler was Clark's employer.

As far back as 1925, we exposed Adler's activities under the heading "A Bookie's Purple Past."

Since then the past has extended into the present, and despite his temporary reverse, we have a feeling that it will pay all concerned to exercise vigilance in the future.

VISION at 10,000 MILES!

Pundit's Priceless Punk

OUR many "Madames" and "Professors" who are in the habit of inviting the credulous to send fees for astrological readings and the like had better look to their laurels.

An Indian "Man of Mystery," who cloaks his identity in the name of "Pundit Tabore," is out to corner the world's market for fortune-telling.

Pundit Tabore has a "studio" in Upper Forjett Street, Bombay, but he claims to have grateful clients in faraway lands.

Just at the moment he seems particularly anxious to concentrate upon England, and woe betide any advertising manager who dares to decline the Pundit's announcements.

What he has foreseen

One well-known humorous journal recently had the temerity to do so, and Pundit Tabore wrote to protest.

He could not help feeling that the refusal was due to some misunderstanding. "You have a good publication," he wrote condescendingly, "and naturally I wish my advertisement to appear in it."

The advertising manager of the periodical in question has remained unmoved, and we cannot help applauding his action.

Pundit Tabore's letter of protest is stereotyped, so evidently his fortune-telling powers have at least enabled him to foresee trouble with advertising managers.

One of Pundit Tabore's announcements is before us at the moment, and we gather that he is anxious to advise people about business, travel, changes, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days and many other matters as indicated by his "special method of astrology."

He describes all his work as scientific, and adds that he has been "since long, private astrological adviser to the aristocracy of birth and intellect."

Elsewhere in his printed matter Pundit Tabore tells us that he reads people's lives so well that one client living 10,000 miles away felt that all his movements were being watched by Tabore from his studio in Bombay.

"Many could guard themselves against harm if they had such guidance," is one pronouncement.

Pundit Tabore is also the author of a booklet entitled the "Truth behind Astrology," and a reprint of a notice on this work describes him as a shy and unassuming Oriental student.

Shy or prudent?

"Most of the anybodies who are somebodies nowadays," we are told, "are keen for limelight and publicity.

"Contrary to the case, this gifted Indian, in order to keep himself in the background, has gone to the extent of publishing the head of an imaginary Indian in his literature instead of his own."

Quite! But doesn't that sort of shyness savour rather of prudence?

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

about a BIG Prospectus

MANCHESTER GREYHOUND MUDDLE

LITTLE has been heard for some time of the progress of a company called the White City (Manchester) Greyhound Association, Ltd., which was formed just over a year ago to acquire the grounds of the old Botanical Gardens at Stretford, near Manchester, for dog-racing purposes.

The prospectus of the association, which was published in November last, described what certainly appeared to be a first-class investment.

Its capital of £172,000 was mostly forthcoming in a very short space of time, but, shortly after its inception, we found it necessary to make reference to the company's position in view of the fact that certain investors had already held a meeting of protest.

Uneasiness was felt because a vital fact had been omitted from the prospectus—namely, that the ground in question was scheduled under the Town Planning Act and therefore any recreation scheme might meet with the disapproval of the local authorities.

Strenuous opposition

The protest meeting, then, was convened to see what steps could be taken against the directors of the association for failing to state the full facts in the prospectus on which the money was raised.

It so happened that the Stretford Urban District Council offered strenuous opposition to the scheme, but despite the fact that its consent for its furtherance was refused, the directors recommended that the dog-racing proposals be proceeded with.

This recommendation meant that, in the event of the Stretford Council at any time obtaining necessary sanction to lay the land out for housing, the association could claim no compensation in respect of any commitments it may have entered into.

Serious position

The directors of the association, we are sorry to say, were in a very difficult position, as the ground had been purchased from another company, and it was really the fault of the latter concern that the association became faced with this difficult problem.

Although a big effort has been made to make the association a paying proposition, its position to-day, in view of what has recently transpired in the High Court, might become very serious indeed, and affords a dramatic illustration of the very grave results that can ensue from the non-disclosure of vital facts in a prospectus issued for the purpose of raising large sums of money.

One of the investors in the White City (Manchester) Greyhound Association, Ltd., is Mrs. Rose Turner Coles, of Mulberry Walk, Chelsea.

Like many other shareholders, she contends that, had a statement appeared in the prospectus pointing out the element of risk existing because the ground was already scheduled for town-planning, she would never have sunk her savings in the venture. In order to test the law on this point, Mrs. Coles issued a writ against the association on the ground that she had been induced to take 1,000 £1 preference shares and 1,000 1s. deferred shares "by misrepresentation of the material facts."

Mrs. Coles had paid £800 in respect of these shares, and sued for the recovery of this money with costs.

The plea of defence made by the association was that there had been no misrepresentation on its part in the prospectus.

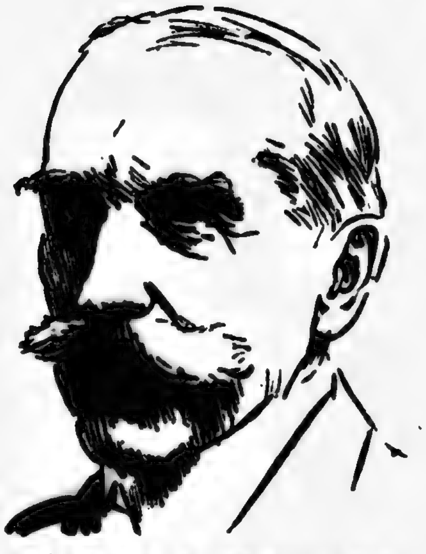
This interesting case recently came up for hearing before Mr. Justice Eve, who, after listening to both sides, decided to reserve his judgment—in other words, to consider the whole position from every angle of the law before announcing his ultimate decision.

Momentous decision

That decision is now available, and its weighty significance is such that it cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Justice Eve holds that all those who read the prospectus and subsequently applied for shares in the faith and belief that the association was in possession of a freehold estate that it could lay out as a permanent amusement centre should have been told the very material fact affecting the town-planning scheme.

When the Stretford Council stepped in with its objection, declared Mr. Justice Eve, it "involved a speculative employment of the association's capital."



Lord Askwith, K.C.B., Chairman of the White City (Manchester) Greyhound Association, Ltd.

In the circumstances, Mr. Justice Eve gave judgment for Mrs. Coles, with costs.

He also went further and made the following momentous assertion—an assertion, it should be noted, made after a long and reserved consideration of every fact.

"It is open," he said, "to any such shareholder to repudiate the contract and call upon the company to rectify the register and repay his or her money."

The dramatic effect of this test case is that, through so foolishly issuing a prospectus to the public that withheld material facts concerning the true position, the White City (Manchester) Greyhound Association, Ltd., might possibly now be faced with the prospect of receiving writs from disappointed shareholders in the same position as Mrs. Coles.

This being so, the public will now appreciate that the comments we thought fit to make as far back as February last were more than justified.

ONE-DAY STARS

"John Bull" Scores Again

IN March last we directed public attention to the Mannequin Training Salons, Ltd., of 122-124, Regent Street, London, W., our object being to save young girls from parting with fat fees for training in the mistaken belief that lucrative engagements awaited them.

We told how the principal of the Salons, Mrs. Gladys Colson, penned the most encouraging epistles to induce a pupil to enrol, and contrasted this with the futile struggles of trained mannequins to secure permanent work.

Satisfactory sequel

The immediate result of our comments was to arouse official interest, and we willingly placed our dossier at the disposal of the authorities and furnished the names of disappointed pupils whose complaints had come to our notice.

As a sequel we now note with no small satisfaction that the Public Control Committee of the London County Council has seen fit to revoke the employment agency licence of the Mannequin Training Salons, Ltd.

In doing so it has revealed interesting statistics which speak for themselves.

Short engagements

Mr. A. G. Chamings, chief officer of the Public Control Department, states that, in spite of the fact that the prospect of lucrative posts was held out to students, only thirty-three found permanent employment out of a batch of 643.

A further 205 had show engagements, but 136 of these were *for one day only*.

On the other hand, the income from pupils' fees, in a period of twenty-one months, was given as £4,003 12s. 1d.!

In the light of these official figures our readers will appreciate that JOHN BULL's timely exposure has been more than vindicated.

SCURVY MR. TURVEY

A Bad Egg

VARIOUS complaints have reached us from time to time regarding the unsatisfactory business methods favoured by one John V. Turvey, of Woolhope, Fownhope, Hereford.

Turvey describes himself as an "egg, rabbit and poultry merchant." One of his slogans is, "Super eggs a speciality."

All the same, we fear that Turvey himself is a bad egg, and, notwithstanding the abundance of "hope" in his printed note-heading, many of his clients have abandoned hope of ever obtaining satisfaction from him.

Only promises

One is a gentleman who resides in Derby and who sent a money-order for £6 to Turvey in March last in payment for three cases of eggs.

His order was only partly fulfilled, and though he has written repeatedly since then, and though Mr. Turvey has been full of promises, no further goods have been forthcoming.

A Windsor reader also experienced difficulty in respect of an order placed with Turvey, and after some correspondence on the matter, the "egg, rabbit and poultry merchant" announced that he would send a supply of eggs or refund the cash, whichever proved more acceptable.

But months have passed since then and he is still without satisfaction.

Troublesome action

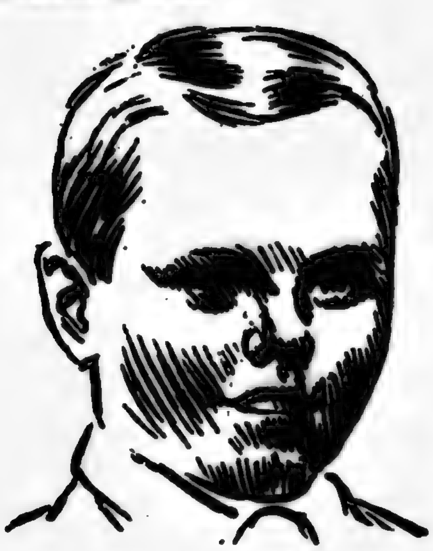
In the circumstances he has lodged a report with the police, who state that, while numerous complaints have been received respecting Turvey's unsatisfactory business methods, the matter is really one for the county court.

As most of Turvey's dissatisfied clients are scattered all over the country, a county court action would put them to considerable trouble and inconvenience.

Turvey doubtless banks upon that, but, in view of the mounting complaints, he had better be careful.

GUARDIANS *WITHOUT* HEARTS

Taking it Out of Orphans



Freddie Sawley

WE are at a loss to understand the very high-handed attitude adopted by the Keighley Board of Guardians which recently had before it a case where kindliness and real humanity were the only things which really mattered.

They treated it, however, in a manner reminiscent of the bad old days of Poor Law administration.

We are moved to these conclusions after considering the plight of little Freddie Sawley, of Keighley, who has just been overwhelmed with sorrow as a result of an inexplicable act of harshness on the part of the local guardians.

Although this little chap is only ten, he has had trouble enough in his brief life. The first dark shadow fell five years ago when his mother died.

Then, within a year, the father died too, and Freddie was thus left an orphan at the tender age of six.

There was no money left behind to safeguard his future, and Freddie was removed to Otley workhouse.

Fortunately, he was there only a week, for a kindly aunt, Mrs. Vanham, of Bingley, came to the rescue and took the little fellow into her own home.

Astounding allegations

Amongst her neighbours Freddie's aunt was known as "Mother" Vanham because of her great fondness for children, and the loving care which she lavished upon her sister's child was well repaid.

Under her watchful eye he grew up into a bright little fellow, and he soon began to distinguish himself at school by carrying off prize after prize.

All went well until September of this year when Mrs. Vanham was ordered away for a fortnight by her doctor and went to a home at Blackpool.

Before leaving she arranged for a married daughter to come in and keep house during her absence.

While Mrs. Vanham was away a lady visitor of the guardians called at the house.

This same lady made a second visit on the day following Mrs. Vanham's return, and stated that she had received a communication making certain allegations regarding the way she had left Freddie to go on holiday.

Mrs. Vanham was astounded, but expressed her readiness to go before the Children's Committee of the Keighley Guardians on the following day and to answer any questions that might be raised.

She further suggested that if there were any doubt as to whether Freddie had been neglected, it would be a simple matter to have him inspected by a doctor and the child's fitness would be the strongest testimony she could desire in her favour.

So, in due course, Mrs. Vanham appeared before the committee, only to find that she was not to be faced with the allegations which had been made against her!

Unavailing protests

She again put forward her suggestion regarding a medical examination, and left fully expecting that everything would be all right.

But, without any further warning, Freddie was removed from her home just before bedtime on the following evening and taken to an institution for children belonging to the Keighley Union.

Mrs. Vanham was naturally indignant, and all her mothering instinct went out in love and sympathy for the child who had been so cruelly torn from her.

Finding protests of no avail she decided to make formal application to the guardians to adopt Freddie as her own child.

Are they proud?

The matter came up for the consideration of the Children's Homes Committee and the Boarding-Out Committee, but for some inexplicable reason it was decided that Mrs. Vanham's application should not be granted and that Freddie should remain in the institution in question.

The guardians who voted against Freddie were Mrs. Clapham, Mrs. Cowburn, Mrs. C. Scott, Mrs. E. Scott, Mr. Sugden, Mr. Ford, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Bonnett, Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Clough, Mr. Steel and Mr. Kershaw.

We cannot congratulate any of them on their decision.

For, to-day, little Freddie is almost eating his heart out in grief. And is it to be wondered at?

Think of the shock of being suddenly uprooted from a world of friendliness and security, from an atmosphere of homeliness and affection.

Now, after enjoying the comfort and security of his aunt's home for five years, he has to go to a new school and to a new Bible-class, while all about him he sees strange faces.

It was to save him from all that that his aunt rescued him from Otley Union five years ago.

We quite fail to appreciate the point of view of these guardians of Keighley, whose names we have given above.

Their decision is one which, in the circumstances, should never have been made.

Pitiful plea

When a representative of JOHN BULL interviewed Freddie recently, he found the little fellow quite broken-hearted.

"I want to go to my Aunt Mary," he sobbed. "She is just the same as my mother."

Perhaps with this plea ringing in their ears the Keighley Guardians will feel disposed to reconsider their decision?

A SELF-FILLING SWINDLE

Prickly Pen Propositions

A STOUT, impressive individual of middle age, who speaks with a cultured voice, recently arrived in Carlisle and engaged a room in a boarding-house.

He gave the name of Herbert Wilfrid Middleton, and, stating that he represented several large London business houses, explained that his present mission was to establish an agency in Carlisle to cope with northern business.

He would be glad, therefore, if he could use his room for interviewing callers.

His stay would only be a temporary one as, once having secured suitable premises and appointed a trustworthy manager to run the branch on his firm's behalf, he would be returning to London.

Busy hours

His story sounded feasible enough and the landlady readily granted him permission to see callers in his room until he had obtained an office.

So, having settled these preliminary details, the genial Mr. Middleton inserted an advertisement in a local newspaper calling for an experienced supervisor who was conversant with the fountain-pen trade.

Thereafter Mr. Middleton put in some busy hours interviewing callers, and the experience of one gentleman who was attracted by his advertisement is decidedly interesting.

In a most businesslike way Mr. Middleton came straight to the point and explained that he was employed in a managerial capacity by a well-known firm of fountain-pen manufacturers, and that he also held an agency for another company.

Big ideas

His brother, he added, was the chief sales manager for the first-named company and had realised that there was a great opportunity in Carlisle and district for developing its business.

When he had secured an office in the central part of the city he intended to engage six girl clerks and typists, and an honest, intelligent man to take charge of the branch and to act as sub-manager under him.

This caller, it appears, adequately fulfilled all requirements, but as he would be entrusted with a considerable amount of stock and would have to handle cash from sales, it was thought desirable that a cash deposit should be made by way of security.

The applicant was by no means well off and explained sadly that he could not possibly find more than £30. To his delight Mr. Middleton observed that this personal interview had satisfied him that he was dealing with a man of high integrity.

And with a gesture that suggested that he was only too pleased to help a lame dog over a stile, Mr. Middleton announced that he would agree to accept the sum mentioned and to rely upon his own judgment.

While the man, overjoyed at the prospect of securing a post with such potential opportunities, departed to get the money, Mr. Middleton made out an agreement.

This document was duly executed and handed to the new sub-manager when he parted with his £30.

An interview was then arranged for the following morning so that the matter could be more fully discussed and preliminary work for establishing the branch put in hand.

Mean impostor

But when the sub-manager called at the appointed hour there was no Mr. Middleton to receive him. He had departed suddenly, it seemed, leaving his landlady bemoaning the fact that her account was unpaid.

Enquiries in London have elicited the fact that this man is an impostor who had no right to use—or rather, misuse—the names of the firms mentioned, who certainly would not appoint employees on the objectionable cash-deposit lines adopted by Mr. Middleton.

There could be nothing meaner than robbing unemployed men in this fashion, and we urge any other dupes to communicate with the police in order that they can bring this rogue to book without delay.

A FORTUNE FOR FOUR SHILLINGS!

The Limit in Impertinence

FROM Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, a concern called the Financial Recorder, Ltd., has been very busy of late urging people to become subscribers to a financial sheet which offers its services and advice on financial matters for the small sum of 1s. a quarter.

Subscribers have recently been solicited by the sole "director" of the concern regarding a newly instituted "special stock and share department," which will be pleased to carry out instructions from all clients who are without facilities for transacting Stock Exchange business.

"In order not to miss the market," runs one of the choicest phrases in this epistle, "it is frequently necessary to act speedily, and I have put you on my telegraphic list. . . . . "The advantage of dealing with me is that when you buy any shares I can watch the market on your behalf and advise you when to sell."

Look before you leap

It all sounds very nice and convincing: but recipients of these invitations will be well advised to look before they leap into the tempting offices at St. Martin's-le-Grand. .

In the first place, the "director" of the Financial Recorder, Ltd., is a gentleman named Capt. Alexander C. Bowles, who also fills the dual role of "editor" of the company's so-called paper, the *Financial Recorder*, which purports to give "the right information."

While we have our doubts about the value of this information, we are ready to concede that Mr. Bowles is certainly speaking the truth when he says that it is frequently necessary for investors to "act speedily."

But many people who listened to his inviting stories in the early part of the year have since had ample leisure in which to regret their speedy action.

Amongst the shares then recommended and sold in thousands by the engaging Bowles were those of a Canadian concern called Hecla Consolidated Mines.

This, to put it bluntly, is a flat-trap concern, and its shares have never possessed any real market value on this side of the Atlantic.

Courageous clients

Quite recently, at the instance of pressing solicitors, Bowles has been forced to return sums of money obtained from "clients" who have had the courage since to threaten him with proceedings of the kind that he has not the least wish to face.

One gentleman, who bought £100 worth of shares months ago and later discovered how he had been duped, was recently visited by a "jazz salesman" employed by Bowles, who drove up to the investor's home in the customary motor-car and with the usual amount of "pep."

The visitor had called with the philanthropic motive of "advising" the investor to "average" his temporary losses in the Hecla Mines by purchasing other shares that would bring in profits to counterbalance the present setback.

As good luck would have it, the investor had already made some private enquiries of his own and, knowing something of the true position, he was able to send the "jazz salesman" about his business.

He then went straight to a firm of London solicitors who, pointing out that the script for the first batch of shares had not been delivered, held that the money was being wrongfully retained by Mr. Bowles.

The result was that it demanded its return, and eventually Bowles was compelled to disgorge.

Several other dupes have been successful in getting back their money through the medium of solicitors accustomed to intricacies of finance.

We therefore urge all who have entered into dubious transactions with Bowles to take similar steps.

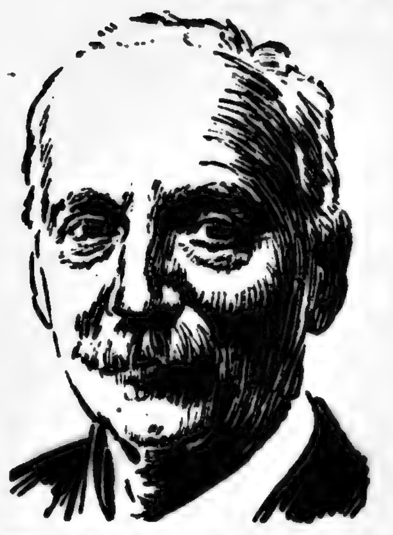
Before he came to London about a year ago Bowles used to run a bucket-shop in Montreal, and he made his bow in this country as an agent for the notorious Jacob Factor, whose operations in saddling people with trashy shares have been exposed in this and other papers time after time.

When the *Financial Recorder* was first published, Bowles endeavoured to keep Factor's name behind the scenes, and he then passed by the innocent name of "Mr. Davis." Financial journalists, however, were quick to spot the connection between the two.

Pot and kettle

A cunning subterfuge was adopted by Bowles in launching the *Financial Recorder*.

In order to suggest that it was a paper of long standing, he numbered the first issue 1,001, but to any thinking person it must have been apparent that a publication which carried no advertising could not have enjoyed such a long life.



Colonel Edward Satterthwaite, Secretary of the Stock Exchange, who should be interested in this exposure

One interesting feature of the *Financial Recorder* is an "Investors' Inquiry Bureau," said to be under the personal supervision of Captain Alexander C. Bowles himself.

In view of the facts we have revealed above, the value of his generous advice can easily be gauged.

One stipulation Bowles makes is that "unsigned or anonymous letters will be ignored." If we had our way they would be the only kind of communications he received!

The limit of impertinence was reached by Bowles when he flooded this country a little while back with a pamphlet entitled "Guard Your Investments."

This work of art struck (or purported to strike) a warning note regarding dubious share transactions.

As Bowles has latterly called this circular campaign by gathering together certain touts who will be deputed to call upon investors and favour them with picturesque details, of money-making schemes, we can safely endorse his own slogan and say *Guard Your Investments!*

THE VANISHING JOSEPH

"M" stands for Morgan

THERE appeared recently in a daily paper a small advertisement that brought a message of hope to many struggling business men anxious to find partners or additional capital to increase the scope of their enterprises.

The announcement proclaimed that there was an accountant prepared to provide capital privately for business development, companies and schemes.

In addition he could furnish finance for building, and could supply advances on property and leases, reversions, garages, cinemas, hotels and boarding-houses.

Our discovery

The advertiser gave himself as "M., 162, Silverleigh Road, Thornton Heath."

And, upon investigating the joyful good tidings for those in need of funds, we were not surprised to find that "M" was none other than Mr. Joseph Morgan, formerly of Kingsbury House, King Street, St. James', London (and elsewhere, though we have not space for other addresses!), a gentleman who has engaged our attention in the past.

So many old friends!

Mr. Morgan is the author of a very amusing little book, "Limited Liability Companies: their Facilities and Protection," which he once issued from King Street to prospective clients, but which he now circulates from his private residence at Thornton Heath, with his new address substituted on the cover.

On the frontispiece of the "seventh edition," Mr. Morgan is described as an "expert in the formation, management and winding-up of stock companies."

In the edition now being circulated he explains that since his retirement in March, 1927, due to illness, he has found "so many old friends and clients still requiring my services" that he has decided to arrange consultations by appointment at his private residence.

In a letter to a gentleman who replied to his advertisement, Mr. Morgan suggested an interview at his house, and went out of his way to inform this man who desired an advance of money to help purchase an investment that he (Mr. Morgan) was "not an ordinary professional moneylender."

We are not aware of Mr. Morgan's present methods of business, but this is not the first time that he has shown a desire to help business men.

Gold-mine venture

Last year, for example, when he was managing director of a concern called Joseph Morgan and Co., Ltd., he was advertising an opportunity for investors to sink their money in a gold-mine venture in Mexico that promised to yield a return of 100 per cent. per annum.

Presumably Mr. Morgan did not take advantage of this golden opportunity himself or there would hardly be any necessity for him now to adopt the profession which he vaguely describes as *not* being that of an ordinary moneylender.

Be wary!

Prior to this, Joseph Morgan and Co., Ltd., acted as agents for a man who wanted "a few hundreds" to finance a gold-mining proposition in Madagascar, the details of which were fanciful to a degree.

This energetic financier was also connected with a concern called Morgan and Partners, Ltd., which met an inglorious end, and several other ventures might be cited did space permit.

But perhaps the above will suffice to convince business men that it behoves them to be wary in their dealings with Mr. Joseph Morgan.

Closing Date (First Post) Saturday, Dec. 22

The People £500 MUST·BE·WON

FAIREST CROSSWORD COMPETITION

Please note that the closing date is FIRST POST Saturday, Dec. 22

Two Entries only from each Competitor.

£500 must be won—An equal chance for all.

"THE PEOPLE" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is nearest to the correct solution. *You can send two attempts for Sixpence.* Solution of puzzle will be published in "The People" on December 23.

ENTRANCE FEE: 6 D. FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

THE CONDITIONS ARE SET OUT BELOW—READ CAREFULLY AND KEEP COPIES OF YOUR SOLUTIONS.

Fill in puzzle in ink and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a postal order value sixpence, in an envelope bearing 1½d. stamp, and post to

CROSSWORD COMPETITION (No. 11).
"THE PEOPLE"
Room D, 222/5, Strand, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than the first post on Saturday, December 22.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

Mutilated or altered coupons will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on coupons cut from this paper or from "The People."

No competitor may send in more than the two solutions.

Postal orders must be made payable to the Long Acre Press, Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the postal order must be written in the space provided in the coupon. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

Each competitor must write name and address in block letters on the back of the envelope outside.

The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor of "The People," and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Any claimant whose solution has no more errors than that of the competitor or competitors winning the prize, and whose claim reaches us by the prescribed date, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same before January 2, on which date the prizes will be distributed, and after which date no claim will be considered.

If such claim is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

Every request for a scrutiny must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

The Editor of "The People" reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

Employees of "The People" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

The result of this competition will be published in "The People" on December 30.

HOW TO CLAIM.

If one of your coupons (A or B) is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution, send in a claim, distinctly stating on which coupon (A or B) you are claiming, giving the number of words wrong, if any, so as to reach us at the latest by 4 p.m. on Thursday December 27th.

Any competitor who sends in a bogus claim may be disqualified from taking part in any future competitions.

Claims must be made on a post-card which must contain only the following words, stating the number of errors (if any):—

"I claim .... errors (on "A" or "B" Coupon) with your name and address in block letters. Post-cards containing other wording will be disqualified. Claims to be posted to

"CLAIM" (No. 11), Crossword Competition,
"THE PEOPLE"
10, Shoe Lane, E.C.4 (Comp.),
LONDON.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A trench.
4. Precious stone
7. Wear away.
10. Not out.
11. In the last month (abb.).
12. To strike violently.
14. Short form of "cannot."
16. Thank you.
17. Fill with dread.
19. To work dough into a mass.
21. A wanderer.
22. Rugby Union (abb.).
23. A common metal.
25. Not down.
26. Weaving instrument.
27. To roll up.
30. Offers of price.
32. Exclamation.
33. Crude metal.
34. At one time.
35. Listening organ.
38. One twelfth of a foot.
40. For example.
42. Possesses no sense.
44. A young goat.
46. Half a quart.
48. Personal pronoun.
50. Behold!
51. Mark left by a blow.
52. A sailor's story.
53. To shoot forth.
55. Laugh at.
57. Allow.
58. Search for.
59. Morose.
61. A morning assembly.
63. Stone enclosure.
65. Like No. 62 down.
66. Serpent.
68. Like No. 22 down.
70. Wheat.
71. Doctor of Medicine (abb.).
72. —— Claus.

CLUES DOWN.

1. To trim.
2. Cows.
3. To necessitate.
4. Not in.
5. Scheming.
6. Preposition.
7. Distant.
8. Regimental Sergeant-Major (abb.).
9. Exclamation.
12. Strike with the hand.
13. A youth.
15. Indefinite article.
17. Entertain.
18. A murmuring noise.
20. Doctor (abb.).
22. Steal.
24. Musical instrument.
26. Burden.
27. Made of metal.
28. A vase.
29. To care for.
31. D.C. (actual).
32. Personal pronoun.
36. Regal.
37. To weaken.
39. Handle of a sword.
41. Busy insect.
43. Learning.
45. Act.
46. To eat as with a beak.
47. Writing fluid.
49. Parent.
51. Female rabbit.
53. Valleys.
54. Torn asunder.
55. Accusative of "I."
56. Loses strength.
58. Perceives.
59. South Africa (abb.)
60. Deputy Lieutenant (abb.).
62. Adam's wife.
63. A piece of stuffing.
64. A quantity.
67. Old measurement (abb.).
68. Royal Navy (abb.).
69. Bachelor of Arts (abb.).

N.B.
6d.
only
for
TWO
attempts.

◆ ◆ ◆

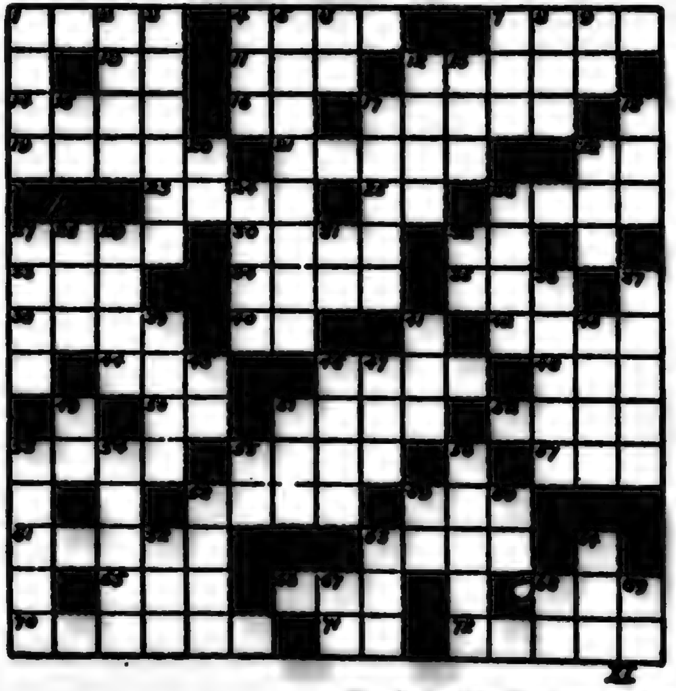
£500
offered
every
week.

◆ ◆ ◆

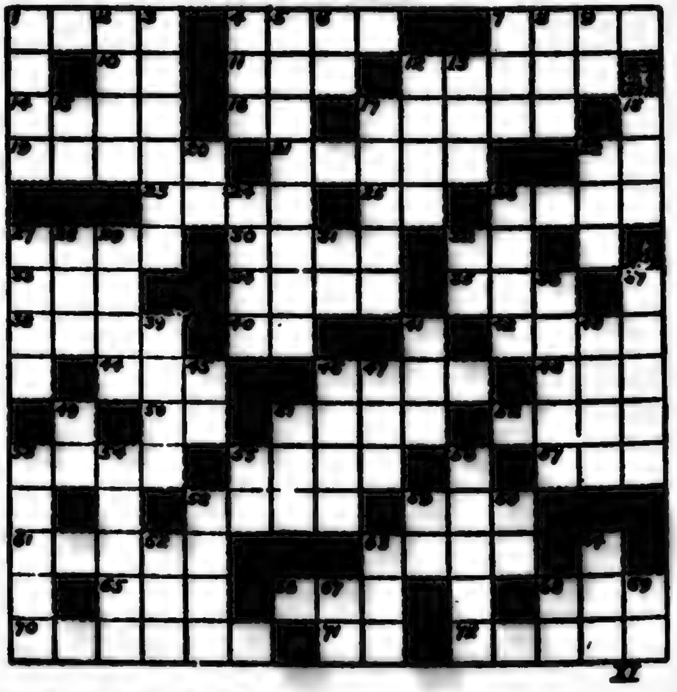
The
Fairest
X-Word.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A"



ENTRY FORM "B"



Words in this Competition can be found in any Standard Dictionary.

In entering this competition in all matters appertaining thereto, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final, and enclose 6d. P.O. No.............. ... (These coupons must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries).

NAME AND ADDRESS...

....

NAKED BRITISHERS *in a* FOREIGN PRISON

Trapped in a Torture Tomb

THINGS are happening to British citizens in European and American prisons, black, unspeakable things which are a blot on the face of civilisation. The League of Nations must bestir itself.

Political intrigue lies behind the persistence of these horrors, as we shall presently explain. But first let us cite a few instances.

At Malaga, in the south of Spain, there lives an Englishman, Mr. Collins, who is the managing director of a red-ochre works.

One day Mr. Collins went out motoring and had the misfortune to knock down a young girl. He was immediately arrested and committed to the municipal prison.

Mr. Collins reached the prison at 10 p.m. As a special favour he was allowed to remain in the central court of the prison instead of being put into one of the cages in which the other prisoners were locked for the night.

Driven to insanity

Finding it impossible to sleep, on account of the heat and filth, Mr. Collins examined the cages. Each of these had three solid walls, no windows, a stone ceiling and a stone floor.

The fourth side was a thick iron grille with a padlocked iron door opening on to the central court. Each cage contained fifty prisoners.

He saw that the miserable inmates, some of whom had been there for years, were but little removed from animals.

Many of them were stark naked. Many of them had become insane. There they crouched jabbering at him and scratching themselves like so many wild beasts.

No mattresses were provided for them to sleep upon. So little food was given them that but for outside charity they would have starved. The washing facilities consisted of one tap in the yard for three hundred men.

No change of underclothing was ever provided, though the temperature stood at 112 degrees in the shade. The stench from the cages was overpowering.

Mr. Collins had an idea. Might there be some unfortunate fellow-countryman of his languishing in one of these hideous hell-holes? He went from cage to cage calling out loudly in English.

Pitiful appeal

At the fourth cage there were mysterious jabberings, and a little man was pushed forward from inside. He cried out and wept and strained at the bars like a wild creature, calling out to Mr. Collins to save him.

Mr. Collins did his best to calm him, and after a while the man was able to tell him his story.

It appeared that he was an Irish merchant seaman who had arrived at Malaga the year before. On the second day ashore he got drunk and struck a civil guard.

Thereupon somebody had hit him over the head with the flat of a sword and he had recovered consciousness in this prison.

Waiting man-traps

He had never had a trial. Again and again he had asked to see the Consul, but no notice had been taken. Here he was, and here he would stay until he died, unless Mr. Collins could get him out.

By means of large bribes Mr. Collins did get him out, and Michael O'Bane, the man in question, is now back in Ireland.

But the cages in the municipal prison at Malaga are still waiting, like so many man-traps, for any other Britisher who happens to fall foul of the law in southern Spain.

Nor is Spain the only danger-zone, as the following story will show:

On September 9 of this year, Mr. Arthur J. Nicholls, a London chauffeur, was driving a car from Nice to Paris, when a young cyclist ran full tilt into his front mudguard, injuring himself fatally.

Although the local gendarmes exonerated him from blame, he was arrested and imprisoned.

After being photographed, measured and his finger-prints taken, he was placed in a cell 6 ft. long by 5 ft. broad with eleven other prisoners, some indescribably filthy.

Brutal warder

Later, he was taken out of this cell and put in chains with the other prisoners and transferred to the new prisons at Nice.

Here the photographing, measuring and finger-printing were performed afresh. Mr. Nicholls was then put into a very small cell and ordered to strip.

After being left naked for over an hour, his clothes were returned, minus braces, suspenders and necktie.

He was placed in another cell guarded by a brutal warder, who spat at his feet, saying, "Dirty English," and who made use of offensive and provocative terms in French.

Chained to the wall was a stool on which Mr. Nicholls was told to sit all day, so that the warder could see him plainly from the peep-hole at his ease. He was forbidden to walk about.

The cell was extremely dirty and the bed alive with vermin. He was allowed no exercise. Two meals were provided, consisting of macaroni, thin soup and bread.

Under these conditions he was kept in solitary confinement, except when taken to be examined by the Juge d'Instruction. On these occasions he was chained to the other prisoners.

The nights were nightmares of horror. Every evening the police dogs were liberated, and Mr. Nicholls could hear them searching the prison grounds and baying.

They had the run of the prison corridors, and the noise they made would have prevented sleep even if the vermin had allowed it.

But to make quite certain that Mr. Nicholls did not slumber, the night warder flashed a light on him every twenty minutes, continuing this operation until the prisoner stirred.

Altogether Mr. Nicholls was kept in prison for twenty-three days, in spite of the fact that the magistrate reported that according to all the witnesses he was not responsible for the accident.

Political wire-pulling

The magistrate offered to release him on bail, but at the last moment there came a stern order from the Minister of Justice that Mr. Nicholls was not to be liberated in any circumstances.

It was ascertained later that this order was due to political wire-pulling. The brother-in-law of the dead youth happened to be a personal friend of the Minister of Justice and the President of the Senate.

Mr. Nicholls was at last set free after appealing to the British Ambassador.

Even worse conditions exist in the prisons in certain parts of America.

Two Liverpool men, Michael Frane, of Baptist Street, and Stanley West, of Brick Road, were arrested near St. Albans in America for crossing the Canadian border without passports.

They were thrown into Franklyn city jail, and there they remained for ten months. No further charge was preferred against them, and there appeared to be no chance of their case being heard.

Sick fare

In company with the scum of the city, they were confined in a single room in which were eleven planks, dignified by the name of "beds."

Throughout the whole period, until they were sent to Ellis Island, and thence to England, Frane never left the cell. He was given no exercise, and no change of underclothing for five months.

Although he was very ill with pneumonia, he was given no extra food, with the exception of a small slice of bread-and-butter and a cupful of green tea, for which the prison commissioners received 1½ dollars a day.

We could cite many more instances. Of J. Rigg, of Cleaton, Cumberland, who was imprisoned at Tuscon, said to be the hottest part of America, for more than five months in a cell 6 ft. by 4 ft. with a negro for companion.

Of Frederick Robert Burns, a seaman of New South Wales, who this summer was kept a prisoner for four months at Wortel, in company with Englishmen, Canadians and another Australian who had gone out of his mind from rough usage, because he had the misfortune to become destitute in Belgium.

Enough has been said to show the appalling state of affairs existing in the prisons of certain civilised countries to-day. It is a scandal of which the League of Nations is fully aware, but which for political reasons it shrinks from attacking.

Why nothing is done

The great prison scandal is winked at. An International Prisoners' Charter is one of the most crying needs in the world to-day, and the League should see to it at once.

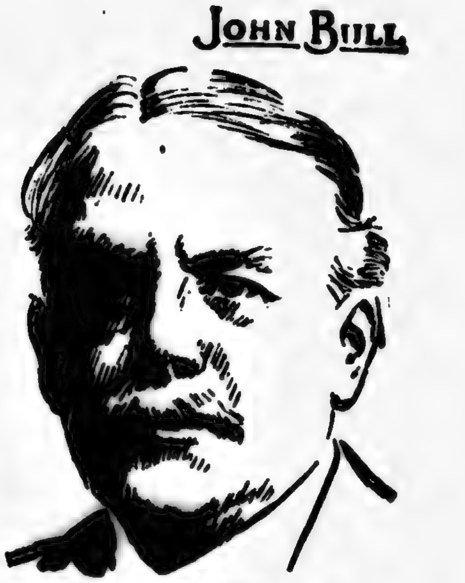
Hitherto it has not done so because there are certain nations in the League which would passionately resist any investigation into their own prison conditions.

It is an open secret that in certain countries many persons are imprisoned for political reasons. Pressure is brought to bear upon them to disclose important State information. In some cases this pressure amounts to physical torture.

Obviously the last thing desired by a country in which there is such a state of affairs is an enquiry into its prison conditions. If the League proposed a general enquiry there would immediately be a violent split among its members.

Once again political intrigues are at the back of a glaring international evil. Devil's Island, with its unspeakable horrors, still exists for French convicts. And vile, verminous prisons with brutal warders still remain in Europe and in certain parts of America.

These prisons and convict settlements constitute a direct challenge to the spirit of the League. If the League is too chicken-hearted to accept this challenge, there can be little hope for its *prestige* in the future.



The Rt. Hon. Sir William Tyrrell, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., British Ambassador in France, was chief permanent official at the Foreign Office, and the righthand man of successive Foreign Secretaries before he was posted to the Paris Embassy. He, better than anyone living, knows how to obtain decent treatment for British prisoners in French jails

SORE THROAT?

COUGHING? SLIGHT-
CHILL? SNEEZING?
SHIVERY? HOARSE?
HEAD SWIMMING?
EYES WATERING?
TIGHT CHEST?
FEEL STUFFY?

TAKE
VENO'S

LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

For Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all throat and lung complaints.

1/3 & 3/- per bottle

---

corns *removed, root and all*

Why waste time and money upon so-called "cures" when a few Radox footbaths will remove all trace of your corns? This gentleman suffered for a whole year before he tried this one easy way of banishing corns. Before the first packet of Radox was finished, a corn the size of a shilling could be lifted out, painlessly, root and all. Read his letter:

"I don't know if you are in the habit of receiving samples of corns, but please find enclosed specimen of one removed from my foot after using half a packet of Radox Bath Salts. The corn is as big as a shilling and ¼ inch thick. I suffered from corns for 12 months before trying Radox. I did, however, try a paste 'corn remover,' but this caused septic foot and kept me away from work for three months. I am standing eight hours a day, and I must say Radox has worked wonders in freeing me from this enormous corn—which shows no signs of returning."

H. H., Shepherd's Bush, London, W.
22nd November, 1928.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemists price 1/3 per ¼-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."
E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

Give the youngsters

DEAN'S BORDER STENCIL BOOKS for Christmas.

There's a jolly new series of Stencil Books in a narrow form with a wonderful assortment of borders 13½ inches long. They include bold and also dainty designs for making ever so many pretty things. Size 4½ x 14½ ins. Ask your bookseller. Write for Catalogue.

6d., 1/- and 2/-

DEAN & SON, LTD.,
Debrett House, 29, King Street, W.C.2.

Buy your

Christmas Gifts

PERFUMERY, BRUSH SETS, MANICURES, HANDBAGS, CLOCKS, SILVER & PLATED WARE, TOYS AND GAMES

FROM

GIFT
Boots
Departments

OVER 800 BRANCHES IN GT. BRITAIN

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM

FREE BILLIARD TABLES
32
given away
WRITE FOR DETAILS and FREE Price List.

Never a dull moment with a "RILEY" in the home!

FOR A FIRST PAYMENT OF 14/-

Rileys will deliver to your door their popular 6ft. "Home" Billiard Table (Cash price £11 15 0) to rest on your dining table, and allow 7 days' play to test it. You will certainly be delighted, and decide to keep it to brighten the winter evenings. Other sizes and prices are:—

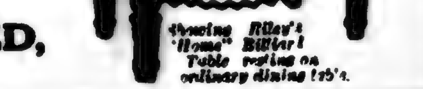
4ft. 4ins. x 2ft. 4ins.	£7 0 0	or in	8/6
5ft. 4ins. x 2ft. 10ins.	£9 0 0	18	11/-
6ft. 4ins. x 3ft. 4ins.	£11 15 0	monthly	14/-
7ft. 4ins. x 3ft. 10ins.	£15 0 0	payments	18/-
8ft. 4ins. x 4ft. 4ins.	£21 10 0	of	28/-

You pay as you play and 7 days' Free Trial Guarantees Satisfaction. Write for Art List.

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £22 10s., or in easy monthly payments. Rileys are also the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,
ASHON WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

RILEYS' GIVE 7 DAYS *free trial pay carriage and take all risks in transit*



Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

CANI

Her Majesty Th
Buckingham Pa

MAY IT PLEA
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Sir THOMAS I
Attorney-Gener

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Stanley—would
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The Rt. Hon. V
4, Cleveland Sq

MY LORD,—
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to champion hi

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Chairman of K

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Sir WILLIAM
President of t

DEAR SIR,—
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greatest pillars

Dr. RALPH P
Medical Office

DEAR DO
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kiss under the
you find them
risk; and I exp
salad days, thou
faded and you
caught. It's a

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

to People who Deserve Them

Her Majesty THE QUEEN,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.

May it please Your Majesty,

I venture to express, on behalf of my fellow-citizens, our profound and grateful admiration of Your Majesty's gallant bearing during the dark days of the King's illness. Your Majesty's courage, under a strain more intense than any it has hitherto borne, has neither faltered nor wavered. Though your heart has been overfull with anxiety, you have carried out the regular succession of your public engagements. You have strengthened, if that were possible, the respect and affection in which you are held, not only by Britain, but by the world. Be assured that you, no less than the King, are in all our prayers. John Bull.

Sir THOMAS INSKIP, C.B.E., K.C.,
Attorney-General.

Dear Sir Thomas,—I see you have adopted a couple of Abertillery families, making yourself responsible for two workless miners, their wives and eleven children. Good work! But go on and persuade all your Cabinet colleagues to do likewise. Winston and "Jix"—not to mention Honest Stanley—would make charming foster-fathers. After learning of your practical charity, I have at last discovered what Cabinet Ministers can do when the will is there. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT GLADSTONE,
4, Cleveland Square, London, S.W.

My Lord,—Your admirable book, "After Thirty Years," is a noble tribute of filial piety to the memory of the Grand Old Man. But need you have painted his rival, Lord Beaconsfield, in quite such lurid colours? When a mud-slinger attacked your father's reputation, you turned in wrath and destroyed him. You now suggest that "Dizzy" poisoned Queen Victoria's mind against your father. "Dizzy," you know, has no son to champion him. John Bull.

LORD HARRIS, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,
Chairman of Kent County Cricket Club.

My Lord,—You scored a boundary when you described Warwick Armstrong's comments on our tactics in the first Test Match as a "petulant outburst." Armstrong showed no mercy when we were at low ebb after the war, and now that the boot is on the other foot he were wise to keep a stiff upper lip and "smile through his tears." That Australian conditions dictate that we "go slow" is no fault of ours. More power to your elbow, sir. John Bull.

Sir WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, K.C.V.O.,
President of the Royal Academy.

Dear Sir,—Your fellow Academicians have elected you their President. Take advantage of your opportunity to make the Academy of genuine assistance to young British artists. At present it is a refuge for artists who have already done their best work. How fantastic it is that businesses which advertise largely should be the greatest pillars of British art? John Bull.

Dr. RALPH PICKEN,
Medical Officer of Health, Cardiff.

Dear Doctor,—You won't enjoy your Christmas a scrap. You have discovered that "kissing is a dangerous habit in more ways than one," and you admonish young people not to kiss under the mistletoe. Yet wherever you go, you find them at it. They think it is worth the risk; and I expect you agreed with them in your salad days, though now the memories of bliss have faded and you only remember the nasty cold you caught. It's a sad world. John Bull.

Professor A. S. EDDINGTON, F.R.S.,
The Observatory, Cambridge.

Dear Professor,—I have always believed that it is love that makes the world go round. Now you tell me that this theory is astronomically unsound, and that "falling in love is one of the activities forbidden to the consistently scientific man." I suppose you are right in a way, and that I'm just an old-fashioned low-brow on whom scientific truths are wasted. Talking about astronomy, Professor, is there still a planet called Venus? There used to be when I was young, but you have no doubt got rid of it long since for something more attractive to learned men. John Bull.

Detective-Sergeant BEAL,
Bishopsgate Police Station, London, E.C.

Dear Sergeant,—When Arthur Clifford, an "old lag" with twenty convictions, came up at the Mansion House, you told the Bench how Clifford had worked for four years as an honest bricklayer, had lost his job and sunk to destitution and desperation. You described how he broke the window of an empty shop to obtain even the shelter of a police-cell. In consequence, this pathetic piece of human wreckage was saved from a long sentence, and his case was recommended to the probation officer. So long as men like you are numbered in the Force, there isn't much wrong with it. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. Sir MALCOLM ROBERTSON,
British Embassy, Buenos Aires.

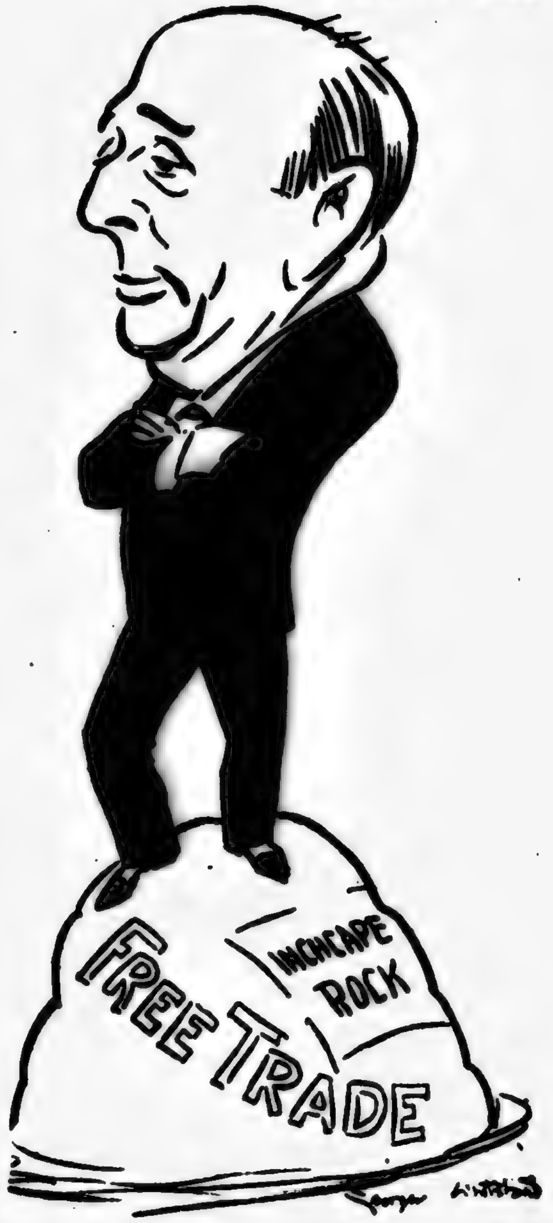
Your Excellency,—I heartily congratulate you on your straight hitting at our "White Beards of Commerce." It is shameful that £1,000,000,000 capital invested in the country wherein you guard our interests is left to take care of itself, while those who own it stop at home and merely draw their fees and dividends. No wonder the United States are undermining our interests in South America. I hear that part of your own private fortune has been spent to further British interests in Argentina. You are a patriot of the right kind. John Bull.

The Rev. H. L. BLEBY,
St. Augustine's Vicarage, Derby.

Dear Vicar,—I am glad that I'm not one of your parishioners. You have banned dances, innocent card games and charitable raffles. Because the parish cricket club held a whist-drive, you have demanded that it should no longer use the name "St. Augustine's." Because the local football club raised £3, which it owed you for rent, by means of a dance, you refused to take the money. Are you "Dora's" brother, or her uncle? I feel that you must be connected very closely with the lady. You will, no doubt, have a miserable sort of Christmas, but I wish you a merry one. John Bull.

WALTER THACKER,
Ramsey, Hunts.

Sir,—You were asked to destroy a greyhound the other day, but, instead of having this carried out humanely by a veterinary surgeon, you subjected the poor animal to what must have been excruciating agonies. You first gave him a dose of prussic acid, but finding this ineffectual, you cut its throat with a pen-knife. You failed to sever the main artery, and an accomplice hit the wretched creature on the head with a brick finally fracturing its skull. You were fined £5. I am amazed at your luck, as I am at your brutality. John Bull.



VISCOUNT INCHCAPE, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.,
4, Seamore Place, London, W.

My Lord,—You are the most enlightened Free Trader I know. Shibboleths and doctrines mean nothing to you: but after more than fifty years' constant attendance at the school of experience, you know your own mind—and speak it. You declare that "if, by means of a tariff wall, we shut ourselves up in these little islands, the day may come when we find we can't feed our 45,000,000 of people. If we don't buy, we can't sell." This is the position in a nutshell. I have never seen it put more neatly. At seventy-six you are still as breezy as you were at twenty-six; and you deserve your title as Britain's "biggest man of commerce." I wish there were hundreds like you. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Dean Inge.—"In theology there is only one way to be perfectly orthodox, and that is not to think at all."

Which probably explains the persistence of orthodoxy among its exponents.

• • •

Lord Allenby.—"I have done a good deal of fighting in my life, and I am sorry to say I dislike it."

Why sorry?

• • •

Mr. Baldwin.—"We are all sufferers from publications of one sort or another."

Which makes it imperative to ensure legislation fit for publication

• • •

Sir Edward Parry.—"Litigation is so expensive that it is almost out of reach of the poor."

That cracks the boast that the poor can have equal justice with the rich in law courts

Yesterday—Today

and always

Player's Please

10 for 6D.

20 for 11½D.

50 for 2/5

100 for 4/8

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

NCC 521

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

PLAYING PUSS-IN-THE-CORNER

Gambling with People's Lives

THE latest Christmas jest of the Parliamentarians will fall flat with sensible men. The seasonable greetings, in the form of challenging telegrams, exchanged between Lord Rothermere and Sir William Joynson-Hicks are unworthy of the attention of statesmen. And, especially in this troubled moment in the country's industrial history, they strike a very foolish note.

The Home Secretary "bet a hat" to Lord Rothermere that the Conservative Party would be successful at the General Election. Lord Rothermere retorted with an even more sporting and money offer, that of £100 that the Conservatives will not have a majority as the result of the General Election next year.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks will not betray his principles sufficiently to accept this. Pointing out his preference "not to make money bets," he merely increased his original offer to two hats to one, on the certainty that his Party would beat Lord Rothermere, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George all put together.

Empty boasts, braggings and challenges such as these are more suited to irresponsible boys on a sports field than statesmen entrusted with the welfare of a country. They bring down politics to the level of a game.

THE inertia of the Government has aroused a bitterness of resentment in many quarters that could only be matched in the days of Gladstone when the Irish Question shook the House.

The spirit of the Opposition is none the less strong because in these days of education its expression is more restrained. Forces are being mobilised that will be all the more destructive to silly optimism because they will be directed with intelligence.

The General Election will be fought on tremendous issues and with a serious intention. Men have their eyes on wide horizons. They are taking world views.

It is becoming every day more clear, as barriers are broken down and distances lessened by the magic of modern lines of communication, that the destinies of peoples are interlaced. Men, whose lives and fortunes pay the forfeit when things go wrong, want to know how their would-be representatives propose to tackle the necessary readjustments.

At home there is the necessity for a solid and complete reconstruction of industry and a stabilisation of trade that will ensure prosperity and consolidate British interests abroad.

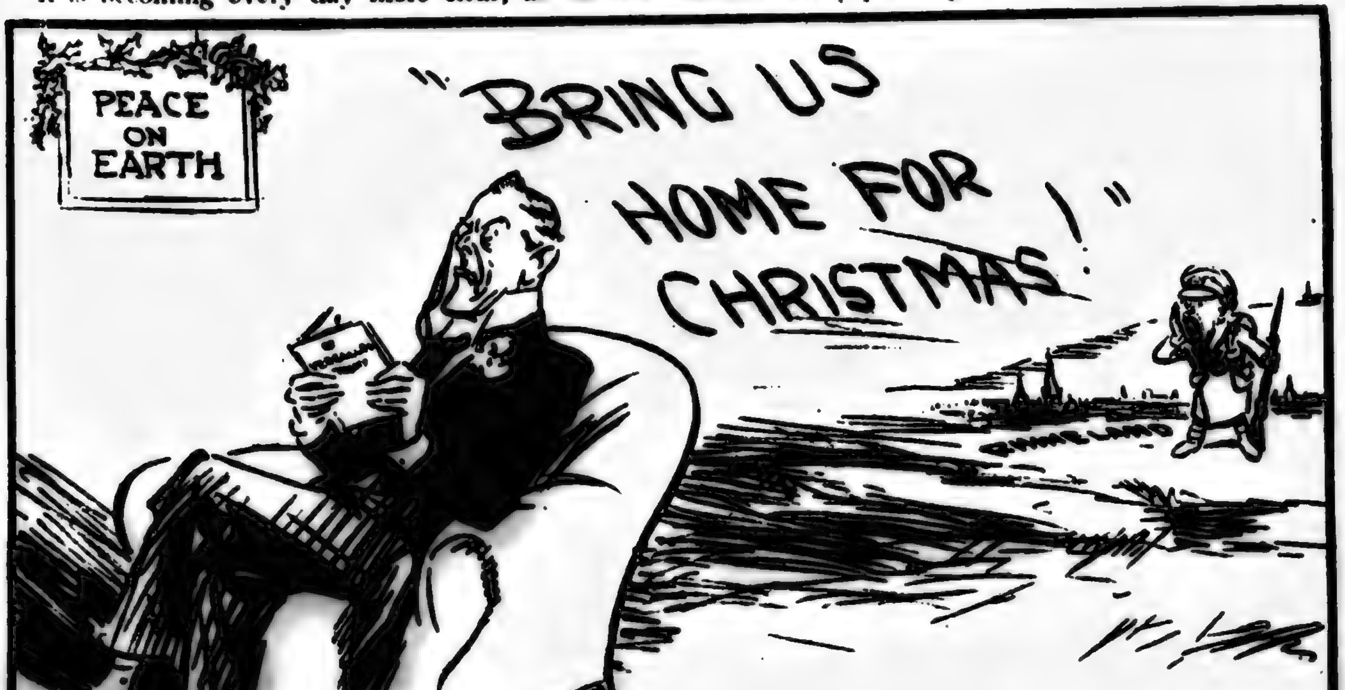
THOSE suffering under the harrow of trade depression want to hear what plans are proposed. They want to hear of sound constructive schemes for human betterment. They want to see in the nation's representatives intelligence and a responsibility informed by the spirit of service.

It is not too much to say that to many thousands whose only hope is the re-establishment of British trade the issue of the next General Election will be literally a question of life or death. In circumstances such as these the reduction of politics to a scramble for place and power is a scandal not to be endured.

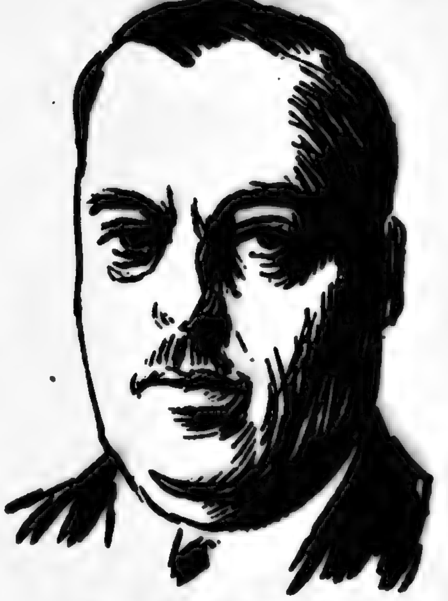
The real patriot is he who puts the commercial prosperity of his country, and its people's prosperity, first, and who plans for legislation with this single end in view. His plans will inevitably be tinged with his Party colour, but that is a very different thing from the other. Deliberate planning for Party advantage is a menace from whatever quarter it comes.

It opens the door to every kind of abuse. It is responsible for all election lies and last-minute scare bogeys. The country at large is sick to death of tomfoolery and political footling. It has plumbed the depths of industrial misery and is looking for a life-line.

For this reason we deplore statesmen who, instead of providing one, waste their time in spinning spider-threads of airy persiflage.


PEACE ON EARTH
"BRING US HOME FOR CHRISTMAS!"

NONE SO DEAF



The Rt. Hon. Viscount Rothermere, whose prophecies about the result of the General Election are bringing politicians bang up against realities.

ROADS OF *DEATH*

ONE million road accidents have occurred in this country since the war. It is a million too many, since practically every one might have been easily prevented.

Unfortunately, the official view is still taken that private motorists are chiefly responsible for this constant stream of death and disaster.

Magistrates in particular refuse to recognise that conditions of transport have completely changed in the last couple of decades. They harry and badger, restrain and restrict, and actually perpetuate the evils they wish to end.

An analysis of the causes of road accidents shows only a small percentage of motor-cars involved. The main causes are errors of judgment on the part of pedestrians and cyclists.

Other fertile causes of death are defective roads, weather conditions, and defects in vehicles. The rest are "human failure."

Improvement will come, not by way of Viscount Cecil's Bill, but by widespread education on road sense.

The Human Machine

MERRY XMAS!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to us all! A Happy Christmas to us all! No matter where we are, no matter what we may be doing, whether we are poor or rich, may we be happy!

Let us look forward with hope, not backward with regret.

Let us for this season of the year at least put out of our minds all bitter thoughts, all angry thoughts, all hatreds.

Let us think nothing but kindly thoughts, let us really *try* to be cheerful.

If things look black let us remember that Christmas is more than the end of a year that is gone. It is the bend of the road round which we can just see a new year.

A few more days and another year is ours to do with what we will.

So let us smile with hope renewed. Let us face whatever is coming with a merry heart.

For, when all is said and done, the real Merry Christmas is in our own hearts.

A FISH *that may* CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

I HAVE long held the view that the herring is a much under-rated fellow. He suffers from his abundance. If he were as rare as strawberries in January we should esteem him above caviare.

The waiter at the Ritz or the Savoy would whisper in Lady Pimlico's ear that a fresh herring had just arrived from Yarmouth and that if her ladyship was so disposed he could secure the luxury for her plate. And Lady Pimlico would tip him royally and have the feast of the season.

And next day those enterprising diarists of the London papers who seem to spend their days and their nights in fashionable grill-rooms rubbing shoulders with the aristocracy would tell us all about Lady Pimlico and her fresh herring, by what subtlety she secured the toothsome rarity, how her eyes gleamed as she tasted that exquisite morsel, the soft roe, with what envy the Countess of Hyde Park Corner (seated at the next table) glowered upon her as she picked the bones, and what a stunning price she paid for her gastronomic triumph.

Simple-minded ignorance

That, I say, is the sort of reputation the herring would enjoy if he (or she) knew a little about economics and made himself scarce. But the herring knows even less about economics than the President of the Board of Trade does, and never having had the advantage of hearing Dr. Marie Stopes, is equally ignorant of the blessings of birth control.

He is a simple-minded fellow who likes a "quiverfull," and the result is that he comes ashore from Aberdeen to Yarmouth in his millions.

And being as plentiful as the sands on the seashore, he is the cheapest food to be had, and being cheap the waiter at the Ritz never mentions his name in the polite ears of Lady Pimlico.

But though the herring does not "move in Society," he is not a fellow to be scoffed at as a politician, and at this moment Mr. Baldwin is thinking a lot about him, and down at Westminster he is being discussed as a celebrity before whom "Jix" will have to give way. For the herring insists that we must throw over "Jix's" silliness and hob-nob with Russia again. And I think that the herring is right and that the herring will win.

Reaping the harvest

If you ask why so humble a creature should be poking his gills into high politics and international relationships, the answer is simple enough. Although Lady Pimlico is not partial to herrings, the Russian people dote on them.

And it is one of the many thoughtful things that Nature has done for these islands, that it has made our neighbouring waters the favourite pleasure-resort of the herring tribe.

Whenever holiday time comes round and the weather gets warm, the whole herring world is seized with a passion to have a look at Scarborough and Lowestoft and places like that. And the hardy fishermen of Peterhead and Grimsby and Yarmouth put out to sea to welcome them.

And it is not only the fishermen who reap the harvest. I was on a steamer once that put into Loch Erribol by Cape Wrath, and there we took aboard a host of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, men and women, instructed in the art of fish-curing, and we dropped them at Aberdeen.

From thence, all the way down the coast to Lowestoft, they and many more like them followed the great trek of the herrings, dealing with them ashore as the fishermen brought them to land.

I mention this to indicate what an important item the herring is in our economy, and to explain why he has butted into the Russian question. For in the past the appetite of the Russian peasant for British herring constituted one of our comfortable sources of income.

Everybody's benefit

The Grimsby fishermen packed off their herrings to Russia, and Russia paid by packing off its timber and things to England. And everybody was benefited. The Russian peasant got a tasty Yarmouth herring for breakfast, the East Coast fishermen got their cash, and the British merchant got his Russian timber and things to trade with.

That was before our great comedian "Jix" carried out his famous coup against Arcos and got the Government to break off relations with Russia. The result, of course, was that while "Jix" had his sport the fishermen of the East Coast paid the bill. They found their greatest customer for herrings ordered off the premises and told to go and get his herrings somewhere else.

It is a good working illustration of the unlooked-for consequences that follow when fussy busybodies in Parliament meddle with things they don't understand.

And now the fishermen all along the coast are sick of paying for "Jix's" folly and are making things hot for "Jix's" colleagues who represent them in Parliament. Many of these are Conservatives. One of them is Mr. Boothby, who is Mr. Churchill's own Parliamentary Secretary, and who represents East Aberdeenshire.

No one needs to be told that the Aberdonians do not relish losing "saxpences," especially "saxpences" by the shipload, and they have given poor Mr. Boothby such a wigging on the subject that he has kicked over the traces and declared that this "Jix" silliness must stop.

Desperate stew

He has even been out with other disturbed Conservative Members to Russia and has reported that nothing prevents the old business being resumed except our own folly. He demands that we should resume relations with Russia, and a few days ago arraigned the Government on the subject before his constituents at Peterhead.

I hear that the Government is in a desperate stew over the business. Of course, it knows by this time that it has made a howling blunder, of which this herring business is only a small incident. Far more valuable trade than the herring trade has been sacrificed in the absurd affair.

And now they are wondering how to get out of the mess they are in. I understand that one of their difficulties is the need of "saving the face" of Home Secretary "Jix." I am at a loss to understand why "Jix's" face should give them concern. It is not so transcendental a face as all that, though what that admirable caricaturist, Low, would do without it I do not know.

But, in any case, no face is important enough to stand in the way of the interests of the country, and if "Jix's" face is preventing a settlement, I hope that Mr. Baldwin will instruct Sir William Joynson-Hicks to remove it to one of the back benches. He'll be missed by nobody but Low.

If this is not done, one thing is certain. Every one of Mr. Baldwin's followers will be stoned out of the fishermen's constituencies at the next election.

A DREAM tha

by GEO G

IN twenty years time, the Channel Tunnel, once the derided pipe-dream of a lunatic engineer, will have become a concrete fact.

The London-Paris express will not run alongside the Dover pier; it will sweep down an incline and disappear with a roar into the Channel Tunnel. In twenty minutes it will reappear from the tunnel's mouth hard by Calais and roar onwards towards Paris.

Mr. George Godwin

The Channel Tunnel, like most revolutionary projects, has met with strong opposition in the past from myopic Parliamentary mugwumps and military mandarins.

Four years ago the Committee of Imperial Defence turned the scheme down on strategic grounds. England, they said, is an island, and hence has natural ramparts against her enemies. A Channel tunnel would demolish that insularity.

But in four years it has penetrated the heads of these gentlemen that to be logical they would have to place an embargo also upon cross-Channel air services, since these, no less than a tunnel, wipe out our effective water defences.

To-day, there are no objections to the construction of a Channel tunnel that will stand investigation. Modern engineers claim that the proposition is perfectly practical. Military experts now recognise that control of the tunnel by Great Britain would invest her with the power, should the need arise, to flood or gas the tunnel against an enemy.

Last, the mighty capital needed—no less than £30,000,000—is ready in the coffers of British, French and Italian backers.

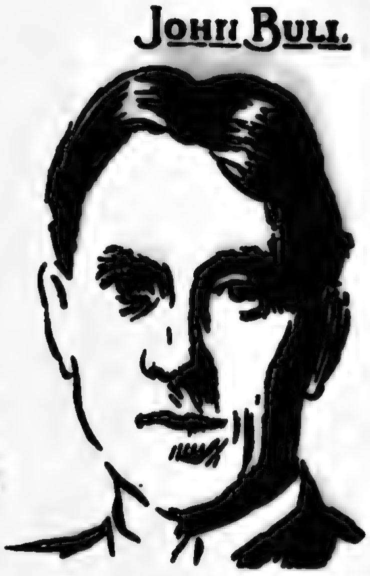
THE supreme value of a Channel tunnel can scarcely be under-estimated. It would stimulate travel between England and the Continent and thus make for that free intermingling of peoples which is one of the best guarantees against war.

It would end the dislocation of traffic which occurs every time the Channel is in the throes of a gale. It would save time and, hence, money.

With regard to freights, it would obviate the necessity of handling at ports, an expensive and time-wasting proceeding. It would result in a

THE MAN *who* SOLD HIS CONSCIENCE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



Mr. Walter Citrine, Secretary of the Trades Union Council, to whom we commend the idea in this article. Cannot he see that his council discusses its possibilities?

I RECEIVED the other day a letter from a correspondent who ended his remarks by saying that he didn't suppose his letter would be read or taken notice of in any way.

He was quite wrong, because of the thousands of letters I receive in the course of a year this was easily the most interesting of the lot.

I not only read it, I re-read it. More than that, I found it so interesting that quite a lot of it will, I hope, be read and taken to heart by you.

My correspondent is very annoyed indeed over an article I wrote a short time ago in which I urged the trade unions to forget their petty quarrels with employers over such matters as wages and hours, and address themselves to the much more serious and urgent task of preventing the dishonest employer using their members to rob the public.

"I have worked with most of the leading contractors here," he says, "and I can tell you there is not an honest firm in the lot so far as workmanship and good material are concerned.

"In jobs of which I have been foreman I have laid sewer pipes out of line to save quarrying rock to the proper depth, falsified time and material charges and made a general bully and thief of myself.

Tools for bloodsuckers

"Why? Because there are thousands upon thousands on the books of the employment exchanges who are ready and willing to do likewise, and the honest and respected manufacturers tell you that quickly.

"Don't forget that if my wife and kiddies were starving, and this was the means of saving them, I would cheerfully put brown paper in your boots, put phosphoric acid in your raspberry cordial and steal the milk from your *cafe-au-lait*.

"I'd subscribe for a wreath if your jerry-built house fell on your head, if it were possible for a mere subsidy house to have any effect on your head.

"You have the wrong end of the stick in your hand. While you have millions scraping an existence, ready to prostitute every ideal, every satisfaction and every vestige of pride in doing a good job, and 90 per cent. of employers and shareholders out to take advantage of their misery to their own profit, what can you expect?

"Misery and starvation make honest men easy tools for bloodsuckers and money-grabbers, and while these two classes remain so will dishonesty, adulteration and plain thieving."

Confounding confession

I can assure my correspondent that it is he and not I who has hold of the wrong end of the stick. Naturally I do not expect any individual man to be so idealistic and so self-sacrificing as to throw up his bread-and-butter as a protest against the dishonest circumstances in which he finds himself.

I am sufficiently sensible to realise that when a man has a wife and children dependent on him there are lots of things he must swallow which, were he independent, he might decide to fight.

But the very confession of this man shows what a mighty work is ready to the hands of the trade unions if only they would tackle it. One man by himself can do nothing, but why should the Building Trades Federation, to which this particular man belongs, sit idly by while one of its members is forced to falsify figures, to do bad work deliberately, and, in his own words, behave as a "general bully and thief"?

What he should have done is not to write to me but to write to his union, to get every member he can to write also, to raise the matter in branch meetings and see that the reverberations of the discussions reach headquarters and the executive.

It is perfectly true, as he says, that misery and starvation make honest men easy tools for bloodsuckers and money-grabbers—but only so long as the honest men allow themselves to be fooled in this way.

After all, I am a sufficient believer in my fellow-man to think that the honest men are by far and away the majority and that the bloodsuckers and money-grabbers are a mere handful.

Surely, my friend who has written to me is not going to admit that he and the hundreds of thousands of workmen in this country are so powerless, that their vast and intricate organisations are so puerile, that they cannot put their foot on this sort of knavery.

Tremendous power

There are in this country roughly four million trade unionists. Surely to goodness they are powerful enough to stamp out to-morrow, if they wished, any employer who forces his men to falsify time and material charges as my correspondent says he has been forced to do. It is merely a case of getting together and doing it.

This is a season of the year when everybody is turning their thoughts towards the giving of Christmas presents. I think it would be a splendid opportunity for every trade unionist in the country to give a Christmas present to his executive, and it should take the form of a very definite request that at the next annual conference this question should be brought up and discussed with a view to definite action being taken.

We talk very loudly and we have even been known to sing equally loudly that "Britons never shall be slaves," but however much the average trade unionist may kid himself that he is a British citizen of a free land, he is nothing at all but a slave. No man is free unless he can obey his own conscience. No man can obey his own conscience when he is forced to do shoddy work instead of the honest job he wishes to perform.

Public support

But no man can force any other to do anything unless he is willing to be forced. If my correspondent had led his men out on strike in order to force his employer to pay an extra few coppers an hour, he would not have received much sympathy.

But I invite him and every trade unionist to think of the possibilities of leading their men out on strike because they will not be made to falsify figures and lay pipes out of true in order to save labour; to build shoddy houses and make rotten boots. Do they imagine for one moment that they would receive anything but wholehearted support from the public if they took their stand on ground like that?

The right end of the stick is still in my hand, for the right end of the stick is a thing the trade unionists have not yet quite come to realise. They talk a good deal about a change of heart on the part of the employer. They are not quite so ready to contemplate a change of heart among themselves.

It is a Christmas thought that I commend to their earnest attention.

COMING TRUE

GODWIN

European standardised-gauge railway system. And last, it would enable the passenger starting for Rome, Budapest or Constantinople to pass, without change, to his destination.

THESE advantages being now recognised, it is not surprising to find so hard-headed a public man as Sir William Bull chairman of the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee. Nor is it surprising to learn that a majority of the House of Commons is to-day in favour of this scheme.

If only because so vast and heroic a project means employment for tens of thousands now idle, it should be undertaken at the earliest possible moment.

What stands in the way? Such a scheme needs, first of all, Parliamentary sanction. Before the Government would support such a Bill it would ask the opinion of the military experts.

It seems fairly clear, then, that all that stands between us and a Channel tunnel is a number of well-meaning military gentlemen.

If you care to search in Somerset House you will find that the Channel Tunnel Company is already in existence. On the French side, the French Tunnel Company had made some eight thousand soundings of the Channel bed and had started to push a shaft under the Channel.

An English company, an offshoot of the old South Eastern Railway, obtained Parliamentary sanction to sink a shaft at Shakespeare Cliff, Dover. The cost was then estimated at £8,000,000.

This English company, owing to financial depression, got no further than a trial tunnel that ran some mile and a quarter from the land. It therefore combined with the Channel Tunnel Company, the company whose registration is still on record.

Political upheavals, financial set-backs and Parliamentary opposition dogged the tunnel project again and again. But the vitality of the project has been demonstrated by the persistence with which it crops up.

SIR WILLIAM BULL and those associated with him claim that all the engineering difficulties have been now overcome; that all the money is available; that, given Parliamentary sanction, the work could be launched at once.

Will this last of a long line of schemes for the tunnel come to fruition, or will obstructionists once more set back the clock of progress?

Thirty million pounds to be spent would mean a quickening in many trades and industries. And it would mean work for years for thousands now kicking their heels on the "dole."

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 85).

100 Hamper Winners

T. Agnew, 16, Haig Ave., Bransty, Whitehaven; J. Ashworth, "Nab Scar," Hebden Bridge; N. Asquith, 9, Oddfellow St., Scholes, Cleckheaton. L. Barnes, 80, Albert Rd., Croydon; Mrs. F. Bear, 65, Adelaide Rd., Brockley, S.E.; D. Beaton, 37, Market St., Glasgow; W. Biscoe, 31, Gorst St., L'pool; W. Bone, 19, James Place, Leith; C. Buffey, 1, Peace St., Astley; Miss M. Campbell, 30, Rylands St., Hereford; T. Candy, 77, Yorke St., Mansfield; L. Carpenter, 32, Beede Rd., Dagenham; A. Carter, 12, Bradford St., Shifnal; T. Cave, 115, Station Rd., Langley Mill; A. Chandler, 41a, Oakmead Rd., Balham, S.W.; W. Chisnall, 11, Gorsey Brow, Billinge; Mrs. Churchman, 22, High St., Sawston; Mrs. Clark, 3, Ingatestone Rd., Wanstead; W. Cooper, 7, Cwm Cottage Rd., Abertillery; Miss F. Crowley, 4a, Granby St., L'pool; A. Curtis, 1, Wallington Rd., Seven Kings; Miss Dart, 7, Brunswick St., Exeter; G. Davis, 21, Northcote Ave., Southall; V. Davison, 18, Carlisle Rd., Bradford; W. Dick, 3, Coquet Vale, Felton, Morpeth; J. Drummond, 63, Kilmarnock Rd., Glasgow; W. Elliott, 13, Clipstone Ave., Nottingham; Mrs. D. Evans, 28, Cyril St., Rowbarton; R. Evans, Frondeg, Caerwys Station, Mold; R. Ferguson, Oaklea Rd., Scholes, Nr. Leeds; G. Frame, 9, Glen Ave., Ashton-on-Mersey; H. Fraser, 2, Brimley Villas, Teignmouth; G. Fouiger, 46, Botha Rd., Plaistow, E.; F. Gibson, Hendrefoilan Rd., Sketty; Mrs. Gilpin, Jewsbridge, Heathfield, Nr. Newton Abbot; F. Golding, 47, Little Woodcote, Wallington; T. Griffin, c/o 64, Graham St., Glasgow; F. Hammerton, 17, Oaklands Rd., Swinton; H. Hanks, "Hill Crest," Birches Barn Ave., W'hampton; Miss Hanlon, 111, Stevenson St., Glasgow; Miss Hanna, 89, King Edward Rd., Swansea; W. Hanson, 4, Aire St., Middlesbrough; Mrs. Harrison, 7, Cambrian View, Chester; E. J. Hanky, 34, Hill Top Rd., Thornton, Bradford; B. Hayward, The Presbytery, Newcastle, Staffs; Mrs. Ingham, 58, Deepdale Rd., Preston; D. Isles, Riverside House, Dunblane; Mrs. Vernon Kirk, 6, Pelham Sq., Louth; Miss Kitchingman, 11, Cairns Rd., Sheffield; G. Knight, 1, Belle Vue Bldgs., Bath; N. Knight, 30, Cenydd Tce., Senghenydd, Cardiff; H. Leach, Staincross, Nr. Barnsley; M. Leslie, 78, Lightcliffe Rd., Crosland Moor; J. Lister, 14, Acrefield Rd., Pendleton; C. Logan, 26, Heathgate, Golders Green, N.W.; A. Lovell, 88, Barrowford Rd., Colne; J. McQueen, Tomnamoon, Dunphail, Morayshire; A. Melrose, 27, Regent Sq., Salford; Miss Mortimer, 700, Chesterfield Rd., Woodseats; G. Moseley, 1, Harcourt Rd., Bexley Heath; S. Nash, Mamble Rock, Nr. Kidderminster; S. Onions, 54, Woodvale Parade, Belfast; Miss M. Osborn, 100, Woodhouse St., Ipswich; Mrs. T. Owen, 32, Gurney St., Darlington; E. Pape, Kirby Rd., Ripon; M. Parnall, 47, Carlisle Rd., Brondesbury, N.W.; W. Parry, 49, Tanycoed, Penrhiwceiber; A. Payne, 45, Rutland Rd., Stamford, Lincs.; Miss V. Pearce, Trefusis Rd., Redruth; S. Pearce, Khasra Rd., East Howe, Bournemouth; F. Potter, 20, Aston Rd., Southsea; J. Pritchard, "Ael-y-Bryn," Cefn; J. Railton, 209, Wheatland Lane, Seacombe; A. Reeves, 37, Whitton Rd., Hounslow; F. Roberts, 11, Romford Place, L'pool; R. Robinson, 24, Laighcartside St., Johnstone; Miss Sampson, 4, Hereford Ave., Hull; Mrs. Seager, 59, Dutton St., Blackheath, S.E.; G. Sedley, E. District Post Office, London, E.; J. Shaw, 9, Market St., Buxton; J. E. Silk, 28a, Magdalene St., Cambridge; P. Simmons, Railway Crossing, Mickleham; A. Soar, 78, Peverill St., Nottingham; A. Spalle, 155, Roose Rd., Barrow-in-Furness; W. Stansbury, 96, Prospect Rd., Longwood, Yorks; J. Stevens, 37, Church St., Basingstoke; O. Stevenson, 16, Palmer St., Doncaster; D. Stewart, 48, Crystal Palace Park Rd., S.E.; T. Taylor, 27, Lancaster Rd., Southport; T. Thomas, Ivy Cottage, Aller, Nr. Dorchester; E. Thorne, 11, Wats Dyke Way, Wrexham; W. Triggs, 42, Cricklefield Rd., London, E.; G. Turner, Rear Lloyds Bank, 53, Mutley Plain, Plymouth; W. Ure, 60, Dale St., Bridgeton; C. Welch, 65, Exchange Street, Hull; L. West, Glenora, Stonehaven, N.B.; A. Weymouth, 71, Charter St., Gillingham, Kent; H. White, 43, Cresswell St., King's Lynn; H. Whitehorne, 34, Keble Rd., Maidenhead; N. Willes, 68, Blythe Vale, Catford, S.E.

A complete list of 250 Turkey, 750 Fowl, 500 Xmas Cake and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull." All winners have been notified.

"BULLETS" RULES.

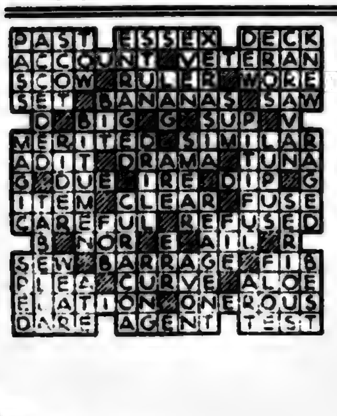
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.



PAST ESSEX DECK
ACCOUNT VETERAN
SCOW RULER WORE
SET BANANAS SAW
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ITEM CLEAR FUSE
CAREFUL REFUSED
B NOR E AIL R
SEW BARRAGE FIB
PLEA CURVE ALOE
ELATION ONEROUS
DARE AGENT TEST

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 4

Are We LIVING TOO LONG?

by
RHYS J. DAVIES, M.P.

THERE are a million and a half unemployed in the land, and if inventive genius moves at the rate it has done during the last few years, one man will soon be able to produce all that is required by a thousand.

In fact, it would seem that by the introduction of so much machinery for production purposes we shall have no work for one half of our population in the near future.

But is it a fact that we are producing too much, or are we indeed consuming too little?

Our social services have grown out of all proportion to what they were, until to-day about £300,000,000 goes into the pockets of the workers each year, hardly a penny of which found its way there thirty years ago.

And still we have our unemployment problem, while destitution is creeping over vast areas of the country.

Brisk at sixty

On the other hand, infantile mortality is declining; general mortality rates are improving; sanitation is better all round; medical science is of the best; our children have been compelled to attend elementary schools for over sixty years; illiteracy is almost extinct; and still we are faced with issues that baffle the best brains in the land.

What then can be the matter with the body politic?

One very important aspect of the case has not yet borne itself in on the mind of the student of affairs.

Fifty years ago a man of sixty years of age was a tottering old fogey. To-day he is as brisk and bright as a youngster.

The present Minister of Health said some time ago that a baby born to-day may reasonably expect to live twelve years longer than his grandfather could when he was born.

Let us see, then, what effect this lengthening of the life of the individual has had on our national economy.

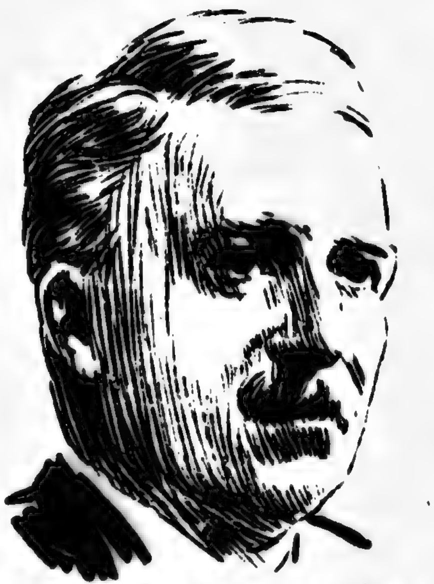
First of all, there are more of us to feed and clothe than would have been the case if medical and sanitary science had not played such havoc by making it possible for us all to live longer.

Crying out for labour

One of the most obvious results is that thousands of men are to-day working at remunerative occupations at seventy, and even eighty years of age.

Whilst that is the case we have not kept pace with events at the other end of the scale by raising the school-age proportionately.

If we connected the school-leaving age with the lengthened period of life we should long ago have decided to keep our little ones at school until sixteen at least.



Mr. Rhys Davies rose from farm labourer and coalminer in the Rhondda Valley to be Under-Secretary for the Home Department in the Labour Government. He is fifty-one, and has represented Westhoughton, Lancs, in Parliament since 1921

Suppose we had not managed to extend the life of the individual, what would be the position of our country to-day?

We may assume that factories would be crying out for labour; there would be no need to bother about emigration, or the transfer of men from one part of our own country to another.

Facts to face

Someone will say at once, why not drop all this business of saving life, when in fact, there are so many people who do not want to live to a tottering old age? Why not allow senile decay to do its work without let or hindrance?

That sort of talk would, of course, be callous and brutal in the extreme. After all, who does not want to see the old folk happy and contented and be with us as long as life will let?

We are now saving 37,800 infant lives annually as compared with the average for 1901-10, and the infantile mortality rate has declined from 149 per 1,000 births in 1880 to 70 in 1927.

The number of births in 1927 was 654,172: the deaths numbered 484,609, leaving a net saving of 169,563 in one year.

Just think of the position ten years hence if that rate of increase continues, and industry is still flagging and unable to absorb our growing population.

No man in his senses will suggest anything being done to retard the process of lengthening or saving life. Then what are we to do when there is staring us in the face the fact that there were in the middle of 1927 an estimate of 708,088 males over sixty years of age?

How many of them are still in remunerative employment it is difficult to tell. In fact, there were on the same date 335,361 males over seventy years of age.

We had on the same date 27,061 men over eighty-five years of age, some of whom were probably still working for wages.

There are, of course, always more women over those ages than men; females are more wiry than males.

Mistaken reckoning

It was thought that many of our old folk would have given up work when the first old-age-pension scheme came into operation; but politicians were again mistaken.

The recipients of that small sum in their old days rather looked upon the pension as a welcome addition to their slender wage resources than an adequacy upon which to retire.

Then, when the House of Commons argued itself hoarse on the Contributory Old-Age Pensions Act of 1926, a number of innocent people came to the conclusion that now, when both husband and wife at sixty-five got the sum of £1 per week pension, that it would be sufficient inducement to clear them all out of industry.

But they were once again mistaken. It is doubtful whether this last Act has made any substantial difference in the number of old folk in employment.

What, then, should be done? There are two courses open if we are to keep our population in anything like decency. We must do something at each end of the scale now that we have made such a stretch of life on the average.

A very simple proposition would be to retain every child at school up to sixteen if no work is available, allowing them to enter employment at any time after fourteen if a suitable job can be got.

Two courses open

At the other end of the scale, why not offer, by way of an inducement, a decent pension to all who are willing to give up employment for wages?

It is true that no Government of any political colour could very well force any man or woman out of a job; but it is quite another proposition to suggest an inducement and a security to them on the lines mentioned.

Let it be made quite clear that this would not prevent any old gent pottering about his own household, or producing anything from the soil, provided he was not engaged in work for wages.

We have probably only just enough work for those between sixteen and sixty, and, therefore, we should forthwith decide upon those two courses as a means of easing the problem of unemployment.

WICKED NURSING HOME RAMP

A Warning to Sick People

ONCE a year the General Medical Council summons before it for trial doctors who are accused of infamous behaviour. These annual trials are intended to purge the profession of its unworthy members.

Next year we recommend the Medical Council to arraign the doctors who are at the back of a certain type of nursing home.

If barefaced robbery is a valid charge, we guarantee to supply evidence which should result in more than one name being struck off the Medical Register.

On the face of it, nothing could appear more desirable than these private nursing institutions. Usually they are situated in some pleasant neighbourhood.

Well-known doctors are in attendance. And the number of patients accommodated is small, so that there seems to be a prospect of receiving individual attention.

The scale charges are seldom less than ten guineas a week, and in some cases as much as twenty guineas a week.

These are stiff prices, and one naturally looks for something exceptional in the way of attendance.

Unsuitable diets

It comes as something of a shock, therefore, to find that patients who are paying anything up to £1,000 a year are accommodated in an ordinary, average-sized bedroom, not fitted, as one would expect for such a sum, with soundproof walls and doors, or with double, draught-proof windows.

Nor, as a general rule, is the food on a footing with the fees. Patients are catered for in two classes—those on a light diet and those on a normal diet.

The former are fed on fluids and concentrated essences, such as milk, broth, barley-water and Benger's food, for which no reduction of charges whatever is made.

The latter are given plain, square meals, regardless of the fact that they may be seriously ill and unable to stomach them. Individual dishes, such as one gets in restaurants, are seldom provided in nursing homes.

A certain naval officer, recovering from an operation was paying fifteen guineas a week for a room in a smart West End home. His was obviously a case that required special dieting.

Yet he was given the ordinary plain fare consisting of bacon and eggs for breakfast, rich, meaty soups for lunch, and great slabs of stewed steak or liver and bacon for dinner.

He could take what was given him or go hungry—unless, of course, he chose to pay extra for special food.

Very little indeed is included for his fifteen guineas. Not only are luxuries charged as extras, but a great many urgent necessities are charged as extras too.

Laundry bills are an extra. Medicines are an extra. Dressings are an extra. Invalid foods are an extra.

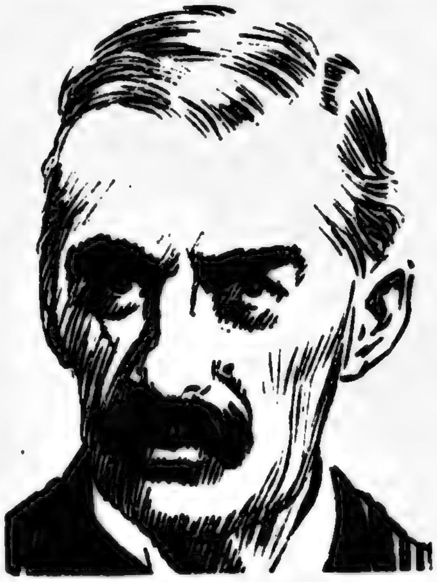
Most nursing homes which accommodate about a dozen patients have a couple of special nurses on the staff. Their services are an extra.

Medical comforts, such as stimulants, are an extra. Heat for bedrooms is an extra.

Too many "extras"

A cup of tea for a visitor is an extra, even though it is a cup of tea which the patient himself is entitled to have, but which he is unable to drink on account of his illness.

Could sharp practice go further than this? It could! Not content with fleecing their unfortunate victims wholesale, these delightful homes from home proceed to skin them in the retail department.



Sir Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, who should introduce legislation to suppress the evils here exposed

Medicines are supplied by the home's own chemist at prices in excess of the current ones. We could name a nursing home where nine-pennyworth of iodine is supplied for one and sixpence.

Drinks, dressings, medicines, invalid foods—everything is supplied at exorbitant prices.

As soon as a patient realises how he is being rooked he naturally seeks a way out of the dilemma. No doubt it occurs to him that he can save himself expense by getting a friend to purchase his necessities for him.

But nursing homes are ready for this. They counter it by an insidious policy of mental coercion. A patient who contemplates taking such a course is made to feel it is a breach of etiquette.

Lucrative Sidelines

It is impressed upon him, or her, that only a miserly person would do such a thing. The effect of this on a sick or sensitive patient can easily be imagined.

Many of these homes arrange to send nurses to outside cases. This is a very lucrative side-line to the main part of their business.

They charge three or four guineas a week for the nurse's services. But although she is bringing in this amount although she is incurring greater responsibility, and sacrificing some of her off-duty time, she is paid not a penny extra.

Sometimes it happens that there is no room in an outside patient's house to accommodate the nurse. The home provides the necessary accommodation for her, either at the home itself or elsewhere, and charges it up to the patient.

Needless to say, there is nearly always a considerable discrepancy between the bill and the cost of board and lodging.

Nursing homes which board their nurses do so for an all-round inclusive fee of between £1 and £2 a week.

Yet in one case an outside patient was charged [illegible]7s. [illegible]d. a week for lodging his nurse at the home and providing her with a meagre breakfast.

Antiquated buildings

In another case a patient was charged 35s. a week for his nurse's bed and breakfast, which former the home was able to arrange for outside, at a cost of 10s. 6d. per week, while providing her with breakfast at the home.

In this case the home was making a clear profit of about £1 a week on the deal!

The truth of the matter is, a good many of these buildings are totally unfitted for their purpose. They are tall old houses "adapted," without the slightest pretence to ordinary modern convenience.

The directors of these institutions appear to be either too indifferent or too mean to spend the necessary sums in adapting them to their purpose. From top to bottom these institutions seem to be run with the object of saving every penny of expenditure and snatching the last halfpenny of profit from nurses and patients alike.

The regular staff of one nursing home we have investigated consists of four nurses, a matron, a cook, a kitchen-maid, a parlour-maid, two housemaids and a char.

Who gets it?

The weekly takings, *apart from extras*, amount to more than a hundred pounds a week. We leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

Where does all the money go? Certainly not to the staff. Obviously it can only find its way into the pockets of those who are at the back of these scandalous institutions.

Who are these gentlemen? In many cases, as is well known, they are members of the medical profession.

We cannot believe that the General Medical Council will remain passive in the face of such a state of affairs as we have disclosed.

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UNHAPPINESS

seems to have no Place in the scheme of things at Christmas.

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A Legend of CHRISTMAS NIGHT

by SELMA LAGERLOF *(the famous Swedish Writer)*

THERE was a man who went out in the dark night to borrow live coals to kindle a fire. He went from hut to hut and knocked. "Dear friends, help me!" said he. "My wife has just given birth to a child, and I must make a fire to warm her and the little one."

But it was way in the night, and all the people were asleep. No one replied.

The man walked and walked. At last he saw the gleam of a fire a long way off. Then he went in that direction, and saw that the fire was burning in the open. A lot of sheep were sleeping around the fire, and an old shepherd sat and watched over the flock.

When the man who wanted to borrow fire came up to the sheep, he saw that three big dogs lay asleep at the shepherd's feet. All three awoke when the man approached and opened their great jaws, as though they wanted to bark; but not a sound was heard.

The man noticed that the hair on their backs stood up and that their sharp, white teeth glistened in the firelight. They dashed toward him.

He felt that one of them bit at his leg and one at his hand and that one clung to his throat. But their jaws and teeth wouldn't obey them, and the man didn't suffer the least harm.

Now the man wished to go farther, to get what he needed. But the sheep lay back to back and so close to one another that he couldn't pass them. Then the man stepped upon their backs and walked over them and up to the fire. And not one of the animals awoke or moved.

WHEN the man had almost reached the fire, the shepherd looked up. He was a surly old man, who was unfriendly and harsh toward human beings. And when he saw the strange man coming, he seized the long, spiked staff, which he always held in his hand when he tended his flock, and threw it at him.

The staff came right toward the man, but before it reached him it turned off to one side and whizzed past him, far out in the meadow.

Now the man came up to the shepherd and said to him: "Good man, help me, and lend me a little fire! My wife has just given birth to a child, and I must make a fire to warm her and the little one."

The shepherd would rather have said No, but when he pondered that the dogs couldn't hurt the man, and the sheep had not run from him, and that the staff had not wished to strike him, he was a little afraid, and dared not deny the man that which he asked.

"Take as much as you need!" he said to the man.

But then the fire was nearly burnt out. There were no logs or branches left, only a big heap of live coals; and the stranger had neither spade nor shovel wherein he could carry the red-hot coals.

When the shepherd saw this, he said again, "Take as much as you need!" And he was glad that the man would not be able to take away any coals.

But the man stooped and picked coals from the ashes with his bare hands, and laid them in his mantle. And he didn't burn his hands when he touched them, nor did the coals scorch his mantle; but he carried them away as if they had been nuts or apples.

AND when the shepherd, who was such a cruel and hardworked man, saw all this, he began to wonder to himself: "What kind of a night is this, when the dogs do not bite, the sheep are not scared, the staff does not kill, or the fire scorch?"

He called the stranger back, and said to him: "What kind of a night is this? And how does it happen that all things show you compassion?"

Then said the man: "I cannot tell you if you yourself do not see it." And he wished to go his way, that he might soon make a fire and warm his wife and child.

But the shepherd did not wish to lose sight of the man before he had found out what all this might portend. He got up and followed the man till they came to the place where he lived.

Then the shepherd saw that the man didn't have so much as a hut to dwell in, but that his wife and babe were lying in a mountain grotto, where there was nothing except the cold and naked stone walls.

But the shepherd thought that perhaps the poor innocent child might freeze to death there in the grotto; and although he was a hard man, he was touched, and thought he would like to help it.

And he loosened his knapsack from his shoulder, took from it a soft white sheepskin, gave it to the strange man, and said that he should let the child sleep on it.

BUT just as soon as he showed that he, too, could be merciful, his eyes were opened and he saw what he had not been able to see before and heard what he could not have heard before.

He saw that all around him stood a ring of little silver-winged angels, and each held a stringed instrument, and all sang in loud tones that to-night the Saviour was born Who should redeem the world from its sins.

Then he understood how all things were so happy this night that they didn't want to do anything wrong.

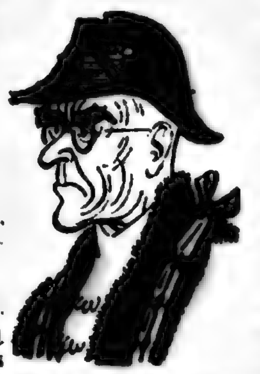
And it was not only around the shepherd that there were angels, but he saw them everywhere. They sat inside the grotto, they sat outside on the mountain, and they flew under the heavens. They came marching in great companies, and, as they passed, they paused and cast a glance at the Child.

There were such jubilation and such gladness and songs and play. And all this he saw in the dark night, whereas before he could not have made out anything. He was so happy because his eyes had been opened that he fell upon his knees and thanked God.

The Sentence of the Court

RUCTIONS at RYE

The Vagaries of Vidler



WEARING the robes of a "Mayor," Councillor L. A. Vidler gave vent to an indignant noise like the snort of a "stallion," when charged with insulting behaviour.

"I have no wish to reflect upon Rye," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but I am compelled to disclose that the accused is mayor of the place. It might have been possible to hush up this painful fact but for the lifeboat disaster which occurred in Rye Harbour.

"But, as a result of this tragedy, the hitherto unknown name of Vidler has been brought under public notice, because of its owner's peculiar ideas of his duties as a temporary trustee of a fund for the dependents of the drowned men.

"When this fund reached a total of more than £27,000, it was thought that these bereaved people would at once receive such compensation as money is able to provide. But Mr. L. A., or L. S. D., Vidler has other views.

"He has, indeed, announced that some of the dependents are not fitted to handle the money, and it would be 'stupid' to give it to them.

"He therefore evolved a piebald scheme to build six houses for the dependents and another for a nurse (who would be paid from the income of the fund), to provide scholarships for the children, and to supply the dependents with an annual holiday of a fortnight.

"The reply of those most concerned is that they don't want new houses or a nurse, that the State already educates their children, and that they will be well able to give themselves a holiday, without making respectful application to the mayor, if they are handed the money due to them."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter admitted that many subscribers had demanded the return of their money unles it was at once handed to the dependents of the lifeboat crew. But to share out the fund would be to place in the hands of these unfortunate people more money than they would know what to do with.

• • •

"I do not doubt the contractors of Rye would welcome this building scheme," said Mr. Justice Bull, "no less heartily than certain local busybodies would welcome a state of affairs which would enable them to play the parts of permanent Lords and Ladies Bountiful, enjoying the privilege of having hats touched to them without their own pockets being 'touched.'

"The only people with a right to say how the money shall be used are those for whom it was intended.

"Who is this Mr. Vidler? His own relation to the fund is merely that of a clerk charged with receiving and acknowledging cheques.

"The prisoner is not the first to imagine that the donning of mayoral robes invests their wearer with the powers of a Roman emperor.

"To cure him of this delusion, I order that the said rabbit-skins be packed away with moth-balls until this Rye and mighty mayor acquires a proper sense of his own unimportance."

Words Winged to Women

A PARADISE *for* CHILDREN

A FIERY Communist recently asked me, "What would you do in Soviet Russia with only a Labour ticket with which to buy goods?"

I replied that here in democratic England all I ever had with which to buy goods was Labour tickets, and I could not see that my Labour tickets were any worse for being stamped with the King's head and called pound notes than if they had been stamped with the head of Lenin and called roubles.

I also added that when he and his like engineered a general strike my British Labour tickets stopped altogether so that during that sad time I could not even help the miners as much as I desired.

Mr. Fiery-Red was non-plussed for a moment, but recovered. "Ah," he gloated, "but suppose you were forbidden to write for a living and had to work with your hands?"

I smiled because that prospect was too dazzling. I thought of an overflowing workbasket waiting for joyous moments of leisure and told him I should like to devote much time to making with my own hands beautiful clothes for little children.

Sad-faced lookers-on

I should like every little child in the country to be dressed in beautiful clothes. I should like to banish rags and all ugliness. I should like every child, so beautiful and bright and so fresh in itself, to be dressed in clean, pretty, suitable garments to match.

And that's how children would be dressed if the mothers had their way.

Thousands of children in this country are only short of pretty things now because through bad trade their father's Labour tickets have dried up. The stream of Labour tickets, otherwise wage envelopes—call them what you will—have failed so badly that the children are in poverty and rags.

This is brought home to me every day by women who read this page, and because I often speak for them, are kind enough to count me their friend.

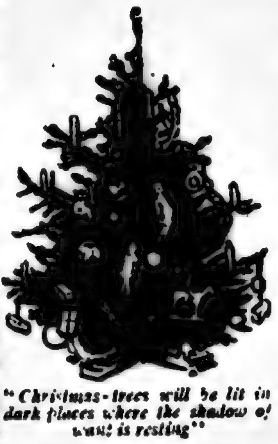
"It is very sad to see the children of the unemployed looking at the pretty displays in the shops," writes one, "instead of knowing their own Christmas stockings will be full. They are becoming sad-faced little mortals, reduced to just looking on."

I can understand children looking at the shops, for never were the shops more gay. I have been this last week in shops where a complete circus, roundabouts, wooden horse and all, were provided for denizens of the nursery.

In the same Aladdin's Cave of Toys stood motor-cars with polished coachwork, electrically lit, complete railway systems, and furry toys that no child could nurse because they were as large as a small bear.

These are the kind of toys at which children should be contented to "look on," and to which any wise mother will give a wide berth. Were I a millionaire three times over I would not buy any one of them.

I would buy, as I always have, the simplest kind of toys, the kind of wholesome knockabout that makes the small recipient shout with glee because he has not been glutted and surfeited.



"Christmas-trees will be lit in dark places where the shadow of want is resting"

That is why I like looking at the little shops—those in small streets that put on their Christmas festivity with an air, and brighten up dull neighbourhoods with gay streamers of paper and bits of holly and tinsel.

There is an atmosphere of real, old-fashioned Christmas about such little shops that the palace-like emporiums never reach.

I am happy to know that multitudes of these simple toys will be bought this Christmas and find their way into empty stockings. The whole conscience of the country is aroused at last to the problem of unemployment and poverty.

Christmas-trees will be lit in dark places where the shadow of want is resting; tables that have been lacking in necessities all the year will on Christmas Day be granted some measure of good cheer.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that very, very few of those who are comfortably off will sit down to their own family meal without having first done some little kindness and spread a little of Christmas spirit to those less fortunate.

Unspeakable tragedy

All this means one thing, that there is in the British community a magnificent Christmas spirit that this year has been tapped.

Now, it will be a thousand pities if when Christmas is over this spirit dries up. It will be an unspeakable tragedy if any members of the community, because they did a few kind deeds and thought a few kind thoughts at Christmas, should think that was enough.

Nothing in recent months has touched me more than a plea that came from a number of women in the Welsh coalfields.

"We want something more than material help," they cry. "We want help that will help us to help ourselves, and above all we want *friendship*. We want to feel that others care about us; we want laughter, music and hope."

The Christmas spirit is a vast reservoir of power; but like electricity it is not only useless, but may become actually dangerous, unless it is harnessed up.

It is to women I look to harness all the fellowship and love and helpfulness into channels of useful service. If this is done we shall no longer see the miserable spectacle of one *blasé* child restless with his electric motor-car while another ragged child has nothing.

We shall all alike prefer friendship and a wholesome simplicity of life. We shall all work. And, believe me, we shall all be very much happier!

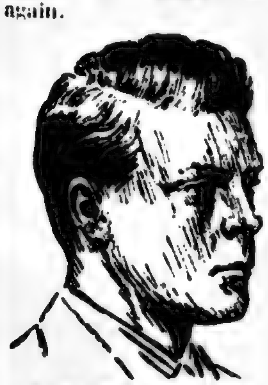
Homely Wisdom

CHRISTMAS COMRADESHIP

by The Rev.

R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A STORY has just been told me which my informant declares to be authentic. I have never seen it in print, but if JOHN BULL readers have already heard or read it, they can hardly object to being reminded of it again.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The Prince of Wales paid a visit at Christmas time to a sanatorium for disabled ex-Service men.

He went from room to room renewing old associations and speaking words of cheer to the inmates.

The Prince has a knack of this: I have watched him at it myself and I think I have discovered his secret.

It is that he is utterly without pose. He never patronises, never condescends, never does anything that is other than spontaneously natural to him.

On the occasion above mentioned, he asked when he had finished his tour of the institution if there were any old soldiers in the precincts whom he had not seen.

They told him there was one, but that he was so disfigured that he could not be seen; his face had been almost blown away by a bursting shell on the battlefield.

SO sensitive was he about his shattered appearance—he had been blinded also—that he preferred to sit in the dark so that no one could look at him or express pity or horror.

The Prince insisted on being taken to him, and very reluctantly the superintendent had to accede.

When the door was thrown open of the room where the poor fellow sat alone and depressed, the Prince walked straight up to him and stooped and kissed him on the cheek.

The sufferer was deeply moved, so was the Prince. There was no need of speech to establish an understanding between those two.

The man who could do a thing like that is all right, be he prince or peasant. Whatever he may lack in other ways, he has in full measure that genuine spirit of good comradeship which is a characteristic of the English race.

Long may we keep it; it is as truly marked in George Lansbury as in the Prince of Wales.

Do not shrink from giving vent to it just now.

We are a reticent race and rather afraid of making fools of ourselves by showing sentiment.

AWAY with prudence and reserve and let the heart speak for once with all its latent power of love.

Christmas is the special season in the year when we can fully do this without fear of ridicule or rebuke.

For Christmas is before all things the celebration of heaven's kiss upon the heart of a weary blinded world.

DARE YOU look your tongue in the face ON DECEMBER 27?

Sensible people enjoy the pleasures but dodge the penalties of Xmas. They give Nature *extra* help to meet the *extra* strain—of over-rich food in over large quantities!

Unaided, the system cannot deal with this unusual amount of food. It becomes clogged. Waste matter accumulates; turns poisonous. Your tongue becomes coated. You feel dull and listless.

But if, before going to bed, you *chew* a Feen-a-mint tablet, with its pleasant and refreshing mint flavour, next morning, when the natural process takes place, your system is *completely* cleansed. *All* the waste matter is got rid of. You feel "fighting fit" again, and you *look* it.

Do this every night over the Xmas festivities. Make a note to buy a box of Feen-a-mint from the chemist to-night — 1/3 only — before you forget.

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The Home Forum—
Conducted by MABEL HORNER

PENALISING the UNBORN

"I DO not know much about this Derating Bill about which there is so much fuss in Parliament," complained a woman the other day. "In fact, I can't understand it."

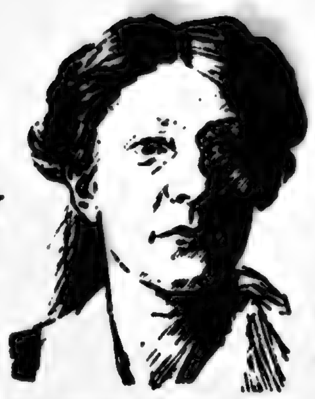
A man to whom she was speaking shook his head. "Who does?" he asked. "I confess it's beyond me, except that it appears likely to press very hardly on certain districts while making a few concessions to some others."

This is the trouble with all finance Bills. They are wrapped up in legal terms and throw millions of money to and fro like tennis-balls. It sounds big and it is big.

But later on the man and woman who think it far too big to try and understand will find out it is hitting them hard.

This was pointed out with great clarity by Susan Lawrence, one of the women M.P.s in the House of Commons. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, professed to laugh at her, but he was unable to refute her statements.

This week, Miss Florence Underwood, secretary of the Women's Freedom League, has summed up the Bill in a masterly manner. She points out that under its provisions the health services, and particularly the services for maternity and child welfare, will be absolutely starved.



Miss Florence Underwood, Secretary of the Women's Freedom League

It is bound to make them less willing, if not actually frightened, to undertake increased financial responsibility.

But there is something in the Bill even worse. Clause 13 makes it obligatory to raise from the patients or their relatives the money which is expended on their behalf in maternity homes.

Think what this means. Think of the insult to motherhood implied. If persons are suffering from infectious diseases they are treated free. If persons are suffering from venereal disease brought on by their own wickedness they can be treated free.

But if patients are mothers bringing children into the world, even if they are the best mothers on earth whose only sin is poverty, the cost of the attention given them is to be recouped from themselves or their families!

The dreadful meanness of this Bill is more startling in face of the forward move just being started towards the reduction of our terrible maternity mortality figures.

That movement was started by Queen Mary herself, who is appalled at the terrific death-rate among mothers. Is the Government determined to flout motherhood in these Scrooge-like measures? It looks like it.

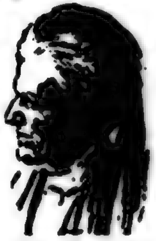
During the past financial year a reduction of about £12,000 was made in the grants available for certain local authorities in aid of their expenditure on milk. That hit the children who are already here.

This new Bill hits the children who are coming. It is not yet law. There is just time for women, all over the country, to make their M.P.s their mouthpiece and stop it.

Women Who Dared

SOCIAL COURAGE

"GREAT truths are being loosened to-day," wrote Charlotte Despard in 1910, "and the forces through which this is coming to pass are familiar to us, the woman-force, the labour-force, the child-force."



Mrs. Despard

It was because Mrs. Despard, the eldest sister of the late Lord French, believed in these forces and realised that they were moving to break down prejudices, push events along, and build a better world, that she dared to turn her back completely on the leisured life and throw in her lot, heart and soul, with the downtrodden and needy.

She became a rebel for right at the youthful age of fourteen. "There is so much senseless wrong!" she cried. "I must go forth as a servant! I must work! Selfish case is shameful!"

Sweated workers, the unfair position of women under the marriage laws before the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, the Parliamentary Franchise for Women, were among the questions securing her enthusiastic support.

As a Poor Law guardian she became acquainted with suffering and grief. As a public servant she was industrious, constructive and loyal. She fought scandalous evils and only became a rebel when confronted with injustice and wrong.

Believing it unjust that women without votes should pay taxes, Mrs. Despard refused to pay Imperial taxes until the Franchise Bill was passed. She was "sold up," but though threatened with arrest was never arrested.

It is not unlikely that in this respect discretion was considered the better part of valour, since to have marched off Mrs. Despard to prison from the East End where she is worshipped would have been the quickest possible way to provoke a riot.

Her noble, white-haired figure is a reminder that whatever citizenship women now enjoy is in no small measure due to the social courage of Charlotte Despard.

LEADING or DRIVING?

Where Parents Fail

THIS is the age of expression. The old days, when children were expected to "be seen and not heard," or bolt, figuratively speaking, into a mouse-hole at father's approach, are gone.

They call dad "old bean," and openly tell mother they will do as they like. In short, since the war, freedom has developed into licence where many children are concerned.

How to correct it is the problem, for all sane people wish to see their young folk grow up bright and fearless, able to take their places in a world that calls for initiative and courage.

This means both foresight and trouble, two things that thousands of otherwise good parents will not take. They feed and clothe their children and see to their schooling, but anything like real discipline at home is at a discount.

Now, a family without a code of discipline, which the children will faithfully observe, cannot be said to be on the right road for producing useful and desirable citizens.

In the first place, then, example is the strongest power for drawing youth in the right direction.

The child that hears quarrelling between parents very naturally becomes quarrelsome, while the child brought up in a peaceful atmosphere can easily be made ashamed to break the harmony by tantrums.

A parent who never breaks his word, who will even go out of his way to keep a promise to a small child, is more likely to have his children grow up truthful than one accustomed to treat small dishonours lightly.

According to the trouble taken, results may be expected. It is as foolish for parents to expect good and clever children to develop without trouble to themselves as it would be for a gardener to expect a harvest from neglect.

If a gardener wants flowers, he must till his ground, and take pains to plant good seeds. If parents want good children they must take endless trouble while the little ones are growing.

Mothers in Conference

SHOULD WIVES EMIGRATE?

THERE is a lot of inequality in teamwork. This is as true in matrimony as in any other walk of life. There are many cases of running in the double harness of marriage where undoubtedly the grey mare turns out to be the better horse.

In times of adversity the wife has more courage than her husband. She is willing to take risks; she has the spirit of adventure, and does not mind exploring fresh fields or even going into a new country to try and make a fresh start.

The present Government has announced that emigration is the great cure-all for stagnation and unemployment in this country.

"My husband," says the wife of one unemployed man, "has been unemployed for nearly two years. He is getting on in life; he is older than I am.

"From any prospects I can see, he may never get started work again, for naturally if trade improves the younger men will get a start first. This has cleaned up all our savings, and unless I take my courage in both hands there seems nothing ahead for us at all.

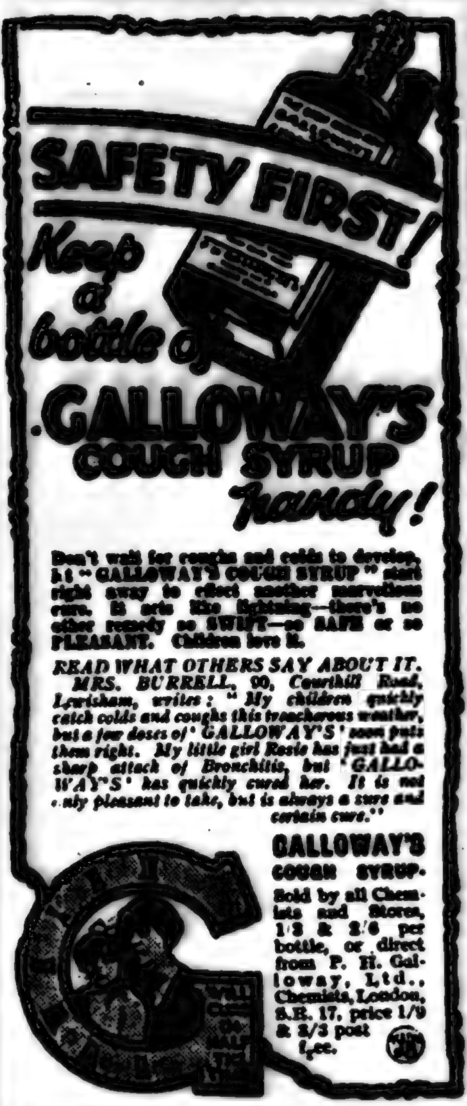
"I should like to get the benefit of the free passage for women domestics for Australia. I feel that if I and my two grown-up girls could only get taken over to the Commonwealth, we might work as domestics and save enough to bring out father and restart our little home at the other side of the world."

Now here comes the snag. The Government which will willingly pay the passage for a man, and even encourage him to leave wife and children behind while he crosses the seas to make a new home for them in a new world, utterly refuses to do the same thing for women.

It will not grant a free passage to a woman who feels herself the stronger partner to go out and make a home first. This hardly seems fair, as women now are enfranchised citizens, and when householders pay exactly the same rates and taxes as men.

If the Government thinks that women would be more likely to abandon their home responsibilities altogether if they gave an assisted passage to the wife, that is merely an added insult.

For, in thousands of cases where the man is assisted to go out presumably to "make a home for his wife and family," the latter, poor creatures, never hear of him again.



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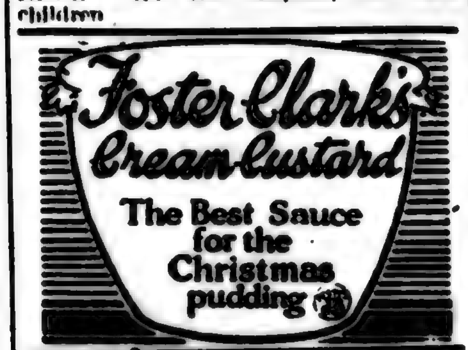
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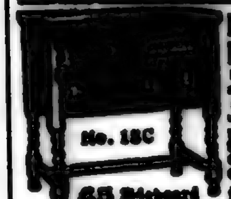

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A PARSON at the CROSS-ROADS

Shepherd's Broken Crook

I AM a Nonconformist minister, ordained seven years ago. The church over which I hold pastorate is in a country district, where everybody's outlook is extremely narrow. This narrowmindedness has eventually worked itself into my outlook.

In short, I am not a true shepherd, in that I find my task hopeless as regards uplifting the souls in my care. Allied to this is the extremely low stipend.

My uncertainty has come to a head during the last few months. I love the daughter of a local manufacturer, and am personally acceptable to her family, but they regard my salary as inadequate. The father has offered to improve matters by making me a travelling salesman in his company.

Just here is my problem. Would I be right in shirking my ministerial duties, in abandoning my present position, just to fulfil my own dreams? You see, sir, I always remember "He who looks back from the plough . . . ."

So what step can I take to ensure having no regrets in later years? I pray that you can solve my problem, for it has already baffled two University lecturers, a vicar and a schoolmaster.

HUMANIST says: If you feel yourself "not a true shepherd," and "hopeless as regards uplifting the souls under your care," is not that, at the outset, a confession that you have mistaken your vocation? For the rest, your problem is capable of many solutions.

In the first place, any section of the Church requiring a man to withdraw from the ordinary avocations of life in order to minister spiritually to his fellows has a duty to provide him with a decent living.

Unless celibacy is demanded, his salary should be sufficient to maintain a family. If then he loves a woman who puts money and position before service and love he is better without her. She is unsuited to be the helpmeet of a minister.

In the second place, many men find it possible to earn their livings in the common walks of life, and still preach the gospel. The Wesleyan local preacher service is a case in point, while the experience of the Society of Friends, which has no paid ministers, is even more illuminating.

To the man whose inward conviction is strong enough there is little difficulty in choosing a life's course. He sees the right path by the light of vision, and, whatever the cost, he takes it.

• • •

A Wife Beater

AS a girl of eighteen, I married a man of forty-eight, much against my parents' wishes. I was wrong and they were right, for my husband, treating me as a child, used to thrash me when I offended him.

When my little son was born, instead of changing for the better, he grew more crue, so that when I applied for a separation order, I got it easily, with custody of my child.

After years of suffering, I took another partner, and got a little home together in another town. Last summer I revisited my old home, and unexpectedly met my husband, now very old and feeble. He had even forgotten my existence until I made myself known. Now he wants me to go back to him.

Shall I tell him I have taken another partner, and disclose to my son, now twenty years old, that the children he regards as his step-brothers and sisters are illegitimate, or shall I drift on as I am?

HUMANIST says: Since you took such a decisive step years ago, and your husband had "forgotten your existence," it is a great pity you returned to the old town to revive painful memories. You made your choice and should have stuck to it.

What possible good can you do by telling your son such a miserable story? As you have brought a number of younger children into the world your place is with them.

• • •

Setting Her Cap

AT the age of seventeen I met a girl at the pictures. We fell in love and became engaged. The war came. I was out of my home town for many months, and came back to find my sweetheart about to be married to another. This finished me with girls for some years.

Now, when I have found a true helpmeet and am again thinking of marriage, girl No. 1 turns up, a widow, with two children. She is determined to win me back and threatens to tell my betrothed that I am the father of her eldest child.

There is not a word of truth in her story, but it is likely to put a stop to my marriage. What can I do?

HUMANIST says: Be logical. You can easily disprove this woman's story by comparing the date of her marriage and the date of the child's birth registration, though, as you were out of her company for months before her marriage, why worry? People who use threats are blackmailers, and should be ignored.

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Parents or Future

I AM at a secondary Scottish school, having won a bursary for three years. I want to leave the moment the three years are up, and get regular work, but mum and dad are urging me to try hard for a further three years' bursary.

Dad isn't strong. He can only do light jobs; the doctor fears a development of lung trouble, and wants to get him into an infirmary.

He and I have agreed not to mention this to mum at the moment, because she has her own worry, failing eyesight, through sitting up far into the night doing sewing, knitting and rug-making.

So I feel I must confide in someone or burst. He is dad likely to be away, mum in [illegible] of losing her sight, and yet they want me to go on educating myself.

I get up at six and go out first with papers, then with milk and rolls, and after school I do a round of evening papers. All day Saturday I work as "souper" in a barber's shop.

I see what a help earning these few shillings is, so don't you think I ought to leave school at the earliest moment and try for a whole-time job to help a lot more?

HUMANIST says: Your thoughtful care for your parents does you every credit. All the same, I must advise you that if your parents wish you to go on with your education, you really must take their advice.

Scottish people have always laid great value on securing sound education for their children.

I should not like you to disappoint your parents in this respect. A good education is the foundation of future success in life. You will, I am sure, be able to think of many famous Scots of whom this is profound truth.

• • •

Mercenary Lover

AS a barmaid at an hotel in a seaport town, I became engaged to a sailor. When his ship sailed, we parted with expressions of mutual affection.

Later he wrote from a Continental port asking me to wire him £4 to get him out of a temporary difficulty. This I did, and when later he asked for a loan of £5, I sent him that also. I have got the certificates, and also his I O Us, but I have never seen him since.

I get no answer to my letters. I have been ill, and, because this man has had my savings, I got into debt. Shall I employ a solicitor?

HUMANIST says: No. Don't send good money after bad. Forget the man and consider yourself lucky that the rascal did not cost you more than £9.

• • •

Blackmailing Threat

I AM in a tragic dilemma. During the war I was made a sergeant very early. I was compelled to charge a young chap in my platoon with desertion in face of the enemy. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. This sentence was duly carried out.

Back in civilian life, I fell in love, married and have been very happy for seven years.

Now there has come to reside in our neighbourhood a man from my old company. He knows all the facts and says he can prove that the boy who was shot was my wife's brother.

He threatens to tell my wife that I was responsible for her brother's death. All she knows now is that the lad was "killed in action." The truth would turn my wife against me and break up our home.

I am so wretched I could take a gun and shoot this fellow. What can I do to shut his mouth?

HUMANIST says: Do nothing. Those who would torment relations with such gruesome stories are best described as "touched in the head." If this fellow continues his threats treat him as slightly deranged.

The war has been over for ten years, and it is preposterous for this man to turn up with such debatable details. He is obviously out for blackmail, but to undertake his personal chastisement would lend colour to his yarn. Ignore him, and when he finds he can make no capital out of you, he will disappear.

As for the story itself, since all war is ghastly and horrible, why stress one detail? You will find relief from your own memories in working strenuously for peace.

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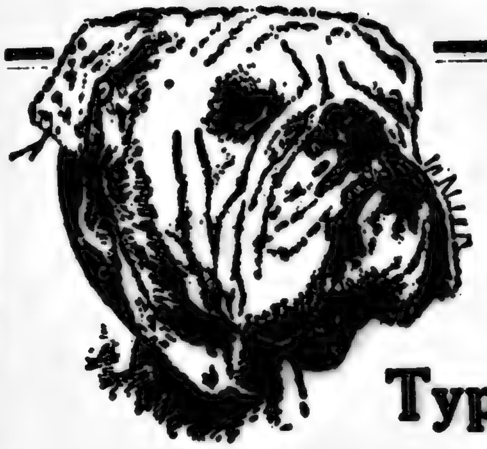

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We will also pay £1 1s. each week for the best suggestion for the topic for the next week's "Letter Parliament."

Miss K. M. Sales, 115, Drakefield Road, Brockley, S.E., wins the guinea this week for the above suggested topic.

My Strangest Christmas

AT dawn on Christmas Day, 1917, I was on guard at Bethlehem. While all civilised humanity was commemorating the birth of Christ, I was actually at the very spot where the Saviour was born! Sentry-go seemed prosaic enough, but my breast surged with emotions which I thought warfare had stifled. And then—the supreme moment. Just another sentry humming a carol to which I had been a stranger for what seemed a century. That was all. But nothing has so strangely moved me as hearing a comrade sing "O come, all ye faithful" in that most sacred of places.—*G. Doran, Walsall.*

Goodwill Off

On Christmas Day, 1884, I was a tram conductor. Mother brought my dinner to New Cross Gate. The tramcar staircase was my dinner-table. Later, an inspector discovered a passenger without a ticket and reported my "neglect." At night I left Blackfriars with car full. At the "Elephant and Castle" a policeman informed me I would be summoned for overloading. A summons was served upon the company's manager, who handed it to me, with my licence, and dismissed me forthwith. At Southwark Police Court I was fined three shillings.—*"Juggins," Surrey.*

Ghost in a Bread-Pan

My strangest Christmas experience occurred when I was a girl. I had five brothers. My father was thrown out of work owing to a severe frost. We came downstairs on Christmas morning full of glee. There were no toys for us, neither was there any breakfast. On enquiring about breakfast, father said he had seen a ghost for the first time. He led the way to the pantry, and lifting the lid from the bread-pan, which was empty, said, "There." That was the only ghost I have ever known. Truly an experience I have never forgotten. — *C. A. C., Lancashire.*

Merry Message

The year was 1918, the place North Russia; our enemy the Bolsheviks, who had flanked round and cut us off from the base by destroying several railway bridges behind us. Rations were always scarce previously, but after this happened, an occasional "biscuit" became our staple diet. Our tobacco was the cook's discarded tea leaves. Rum was but a memory of the past. However, just after midnight on Christmas Eve, a messenger managed to get through to us. Imagine our joy—then what our later feelings were when we learned his message. It was, "The King wishes his officers and men a merry Christmas."—*T. Kay, Darwen.*

Killirg Stopped

My strangest Christmas was whilst in the trenches at Ploegstraat, France, in 1914, when without orders we went over the top unarmed and met the Germans in No Man's Land. They asked us for their dead, so we brought them from amongst our barbed wire. They buried them in a great grave. German and British stood bareheaded whilst a German officer performed the burial service and thanked us for bringing over their fallen comrades. To see us, British and German, talking and smoking together in No Man's Land when we should have been killing one another was God's own work. — *H. Birchall, Preston.*

Room to Mansion

It happened five years ago. I had been out of work a long time and had a wife and child. Just before Christmas a lady asked me to do some temporary work. A day or two later she came and said she was going away for Christmas and would we look after the house. Christmas Eve saw us installed in a big house on the sea front. All the best Christmas fare had been provided, including toys for the kiddy. It was a strange experience, leaving a small room we rented, to have the run of such a big place, and the friendship thus formed has continued.—*J. Williams, Lancashire.*

Haunting Memory

My strangest Christmas experience was on the Christmas day of 1916, while I was a nurse in a London hospital. Late on Christmas Eve a woman was admitted suffering from severe concussion and quite unconscious. I was given charge of the woman on Christmas Day and spent the day in a darkened room, listening to the groans of an unconscious woman, and on the alert for any sign of the light of reason returning to try to discover her identity, but I waited in vain. Later in the evening I went off duty to a party, but my enjoyment was clouded by the thought of that soul drawing near the gates of death. She died next day, never identified, but the memory of that day will always remain.—*Mrs. H. Clarke, Tunbridge Wells.*

Uncanny

My strangest Christmas was spent in the midst of a vast field of pumice-stone floating in the Indian Ocean. On December 24, about four months after the destruction of Krakatoa, our clipper sailed into the field, and by noon on Christmas Day had reached the centre. From the mast head the field resembled a grey plain. The grating noise as the ship forced her way through the pumice, added to the uncanniness of the experience. Next day we were in blue water again. The field was estimated to be 200 miles in extent.—*J. Wheelen, London.*

Gruesome Decorations

On Christmas morning, 1917, I was in Tanganyika, superintending the burial of about thirty deceased native carriers. Beginning to feel unwell, I left the job in charge of my head boy. Next morning, I went for a stroll a little way into the bush, and there were all the corpses propped up amongst the branches of trees. Needless to say, punishment was meted out, my strange Christmas trees unloaded, and their "ornaments" properly interred.—*Frontiersman.*

With a Madman

I remember, when a lad of twelve, staying with an aged relative one Christmas in an old farm-house. Grand-dad was a bit queer, but not dangerously so, and all would have been well had not my father been suddenly summoned away. By the offer of an unlimited supply of apples, grand-dad cajoled me up into the little attic, locked the door, and then, by threats, made me pluck feathers from a dilapidated feather bed. "Plucking Mother Carey's chickens" he called it. No food, no rest, alone with a madman who, a few hours later, was removed to an asylum, I spent a terrible day.—*T. Wilberforce, Berks.*

Fresh-Air Dinner

Some years ago while staying at Pernambuco, Brazil, my wife and I on Christmas morning thought a sail would give us an appetite for the traditional dinner of turkey and pudding, which in spite of the heat we intended to have. But when we were some miles out a squall snapped off the mast like a carrot and there we lay helpless, and so remained throughout the day and night. Our Christmas dinner consisted of fresh-air and anxiety, and when we were picked up next morning, bedraggled and disappointed, Christmas was all over, and the only chance we have ever had of a Christmas dinner in tropical surroundings was gone for ever.—*F. L., Aylesbury.*

Prison Carols

My strangest experience of Christmas was seven years ago. I was one of His Majesty's guests at Winson Green Prison, Birmingham, doing twenty-one days for the non-payment of a rate. My breakfast consisted of 8 oz. bread, 1 pint unsweetened tea, and half a pint of gruel. For dinner there was 1 pint of soup, 12 oz. potatoes, and 2 oz. bread. Tea and supper, 1 pint cocoa, 12 oz. bread, 2 oz. margarine. Some fare for Christmas day. We sang carols in the prison chapel on Christmas morning, and in the afternoon were entertained by a band. This over we filed back to our cells to be left to our thoughts for the remainder of an imperfect day.—*Tom Spencer, Burton-on-Trent.*

Alone in a Mine

I was ordered on Christmas morning to go to a stable underground to dress a wound of a pit pony. I took my lamp and dressed the wound. I started out through a disused airway. About half-way out there was in front of me a fall of roof, and I tried to push through, but my lamp went out. I scrambled back and had to wait in the darkness till late that evening when my friends came in search of me.—*J. O. Davies, Cwm.*

Dark Day

In all my life I have never had such a strange experience as I had last Christmas. Looking forward to a jolly time as usual, my hopes were shattered. My sight failed me and I went stone blind. Just imagine my plight, to be led about all Christmas after always being able to see. Now I am pleased to say that, with the advice of four doctors and a special treatment, my sight has returned.—*Ivy Ashworth, Leek.*

* * *

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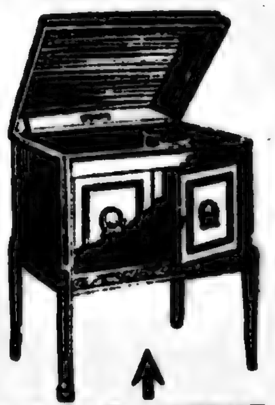

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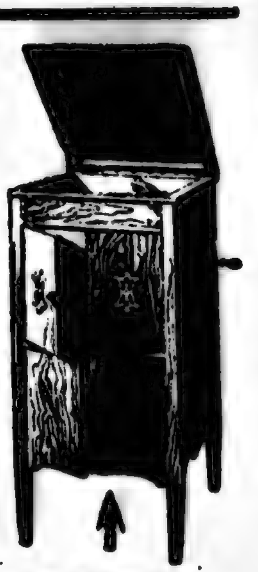

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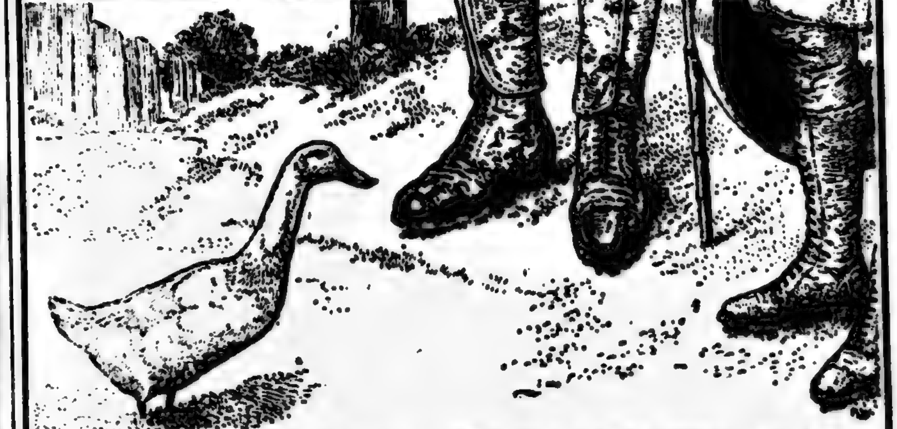

"It's all very well," said the farmer, "telling me it is simply because I have faith in 'Yadil' that it cures me. That duck never read the 'Yadil' book, but a week ago 'Yadil' saved its life. We gave 'Yadil' to the old mare and her cough stopped. Was *that* faith or was it the 'Yadil'? In my opinion, whether you believe in it or whether you don't, it'll do the trick."

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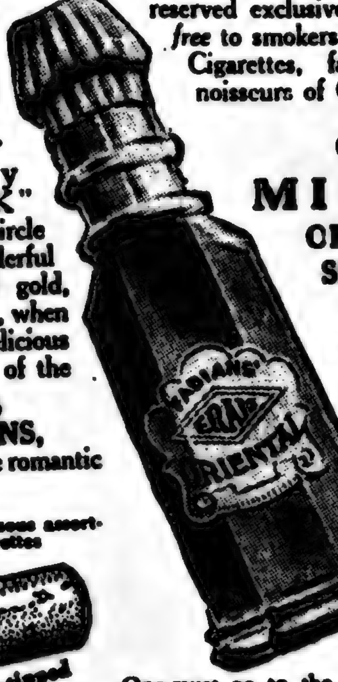

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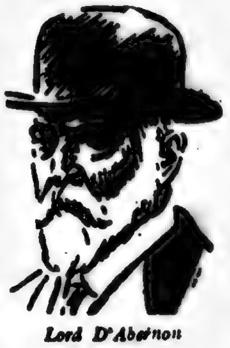

Lord D'Abernon

ONE of the prominent members of the Betting Control Board, Lord D'Abernon, hopes that, in the course of time, the machine will not deduct more than 5 per cent.

IF it is much more than this, I am afraid the punter will punt no more, and, on the other hand, if this is the fixed rate, it is difficult to see how the many promised Turf reforms are going to be carried out.

WITH a larger deduction the Government, owners, breeders and racecourse proprietors may be satisfied with their share of the "will," but the backer who attends the meetings cannot, like the poor relation, be left out in the cold. All said and done, he is the man who lays the golden eggs and makes racing possible, and unless he gets a square deal he will stay at home. Five per cent. should be the maximum deduction, whoever else suffers.

HIS lordship referred to the 16 per cent. deduction in Germany and France's 11 per cent., but he did not mention other parts of the globe where the backer and bookmaker receive lenient treatment. Comparisons may be odious, but they can be very illuminating.

IN the Transvaal 2 per cent. is deduced from the takings of the Tote. The course bookmaker pays 2½ on his winnings. Tasmania is satisfied with 2½ on the machine's takings and does not mulct the layer. Victoria's only tax is on tickets, issued by the bookmakers, which varies from a penny to sixpence.

AUSTRIA adopts a blood-sucking method, but it merely makes the game a sport for the monied classes. In addition to a graduated charge of from 5 to 40 per cent. on all amounts paid out by layer or Tote, a charge of 6 per cent. is levied on all Tote takings and 5 per cent. on all stakes with pencillers. The bookmakers are fettered, too, by an annual charge of 20 per cent. on their winnings.

WHILE on the subject, one other interesting point is the innovation in South Australia, which provides a five-shilling booth for the exclusive use of the ladies and another of half-a-crown for the use of the small backer.

A PLEASING sign which points to the fact that the flat will be here before we know where we are is the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap, which are due this week. Dark Lantern II. is almost certain to figure in the list, and I expect punters will fall over themselves to take a price about Mr. Boyd Davis's horse. Personally, I suggest waiting for the weights, as a "packet" will probably induce Mr. Davis to race the horse in France.

ALL the little village of Frant, in Sussex, where the colt is trained, had "something to come" when the French-bred colt waltzed away with a three-year-old event on the Carholme last March, and later he put the seal on his capabilities by winning the French Two-Thousand Guineas in hollow style. Therefore he has the same credentials for the Lincoln as Sir Galahad and Tapin, who made us sit up and take notice and, incidentally, enriched our Continental cousins.

DARK LANTERN, by the way, is another example of a wonderfully lucky purchase. Mr. Boyd Davis, owning in partnership, secured him as a yearling for 2,000 francs at the Beauville Sales. Later on the partners decided to dispose of their stock and Mr. Davis bought him outright for 180 guineas. To-day the colt would fetch three or four thousand guineas.

TO settle a wager I have been asked to name the 'chaser with the best Grand National record. The palm goes to Manifesto, who won the great race at Aintree twice, was placed three times, and unplaced three times.

MANIFESTO'S first outing in the 'chase was as a seven-year-old, and his last at the ripe old age for a horse in training of sixteen. In '99 he carried 12st. 7lb. to victory—a feat equalled, but never bettered—and the following March ran into third place to Ambush with the terrific burden of 12st. 13lb. The bottom weights carried 9st. 7lb.

WITH all due regard to the amazing billiards played by Willie Smith against Fred Lindrum at Newcastle—nothing like it has ever been seen before—we are in great danger of having too much Smith. Even brilliance will pall, and if we know what Smith is going to do before he does it, what's the good?

FOR business reasons Smith may only play on one make of table, and so does not enter the professional championship. Consequently, whoever may be champion this year or next year is there by the courtesy of Smith—a most unedifying business, whichever way you look at it.

THE first public meeting of the proposed new Boxing Board of Control will be held on Friday at Australia House. If the Board is constituted as planned, and if it can get the necessary support, the new legislators will proceed to license boxers, referees, managers, promoters—in fact, everybody who makes money out of the game. Without a licence out of business you go, and so everyone must do as the Board says.

IT all sounds very nice, but will it come off? Unless the Board can get at least 90 per cent. of those professionally interested in the sport to accept its authority it may as well put up the shutters from the start. Promoters, in particular, will be difficult to convince that this move is good for them. Throughout history they have done as they pleased. Under the new regime they will have to do as they are told.

"SILVER RING."

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H R U A N C J W P V 3 S Q D

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

UPMJKMLKCJM would read FIRECRACKER.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 19, to Tuesday, December 25.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"The Greatest of These—"

(*Continued from page 34.*)

Daniels (Redditch), 1s.; S. O. T., 4s.; With Love, 1s.; L. Hill (Liverpool), 2s.; Forest-Rider (Epping), 3s. 6d.; O. A. P. (Fareham), 1s.; A Well Wisher, 3s.; C. Crook (Swansea), 2s. 6d.; A Real Winner, 1s.; E. K. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; R. H. (Sunderland), 2s.; A Very Grateful Reader, £5; G. S. (Blackpool), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. A. Connor, 1s.; 6447, 10s.; Overtime, 2s. 6d.; Fruit (Croydon), 2s. 6d.; Sally, 6d.; T. Weaver (Bolton), 1s.; J. C. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Davis Best Wishes, 5s.; No. 17 (Leyton), 6d.; M. Harris (Liphook), 1s.; C. M. B. (Wendover), 1s.; Anon. (York), 10s.; Every Little Helps, £1; A. D. Ware, £1; With Love, 1s.; Anon. (West Butterwick), 5s.; A Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; Laura (Addiscombe), 5s.; We Three (Barlby, Selby), 1s. 6d.; Pimple, 2s.; F. (Barry, Glam.), 1s.; R. T. Woot, 2s. 6d.; First Ninth (Sedburgh), 1s. 1d.; Exonion, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; E. Wilde (Market Rasen), £1; Mr. W. A. Swift (Blackpool), 1s.; A. Heart (Bps. Waltham), 2s. 6d.; Tinribs, 1s.; P. Scunthorpe, 6d.; L. S. (Brixham), 3s.; Alexandra (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; A. C. D. (Ystrad Mynach), 2s.; T. T. C., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. M. Crees, 1s.; Mr. Em. H. Norton, 2s.; Mr. W. F. Dobson, 5s.; Mr. F. Weatherhead, 2s. 6d.; J. M. H. (Forest Oak), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; J. E. Sanderson, 2s.; Cymro, 4s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; Mrs. A. E. Maham (Morecambe), 10s.; E. M. J., 6d.; Grateful Mother (Forest Gate), 2s.; Consolation (Twickenham), 10s.; "P." 1s. 7d.; A Mother of Ten, 6d.; Better Luck, 1s.; J. G. O'Connell, 5s.; Mother of Four, 2s.; J. Mather (Brighton), 1s.; Widow Jane, 10s.; (Bramerton), 1s. 6d.; G. H. Pegg (Ardwick), 1s.; Mary (Weston-super-Mare), 1s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; Mrs. A. C. Welling, 2s. 6d.; In Future, 2s.; Widow, 6d.; Ucalite, 1s.; Haward (Anerley), 2s. 6d.; F. Allen (Birmingham), 6d.; A Regular Reader (Brixton), 6d.; Tone, 6d.; Mrs. J. M. Mackay, 6d.; Acg, 6d.; Mrs. Neville, 1s.; For Kathleen's Sake, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Wheeler, 1s.; C. A. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 5s.; M. S., 1s.; With Love, 6d.; Mr. C. A. Brewster, 5s.; L. V. (Surbiton), 1s.; A. Labourer 2s. 6d.; Carlton's Ninth, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; W. Miller (Babbacombe), £2 2s.; Mrs. F. K. Perkins, 5s.; Dazey's Prize, 2s. 6d.; Harry Oates (Blackburn), £1; C. S. (Matlock), 2s.; Xmas Box (Walton-on-Naze), 5s.; F. P., 5s.; Widow, 6d.; Mr. A. A. Clark (Croydon), 2s.; Reader No. 2, 6d.; Grateful (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; A Chapman (Crouch End), 2s. 6d.; My Lucky 9th (Church), 1s.; Mrs. A. Blunt (Brighton), 10s.; G. W. R., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. T. Hardman, 4s.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; G. V. G. Grantham (Lincoln), £1; Anon., 2s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Parnell, 1s.; Mrs. C. Rigby, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Marie Orme, 2s.; With Love, 3s.; K. E. M. 20, 7s. 6d.; Parnin (Essex), 6s.; Mrs. Emson, 2s.; Mrs. M. Barrett, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Kenner, 5s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from E. H. (Luton), Purrie and Micky (Reading), H. (Highgate), Lawrence Eastwood, No. 5 Plumstead, Mr. Nicholls (West Drayton), J. C. M. (Oxford), Mrs. E. B. Ellison, Leonard Cuttle, L. B., Mrs. J. Workman, Mrs. Thompson (Droxford), D. M. A. (Little Shelford), Mrs. Nicholls, Leslie (Blackpool), I. M. H. (Gillingham), M. E. Morley (Rugby), East Ham Reader, Mr. H. Latford (Bakewell), Mrs. C. A. Bamford, Mrs. Pike.

(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

A Good Tip for Boxing Day!

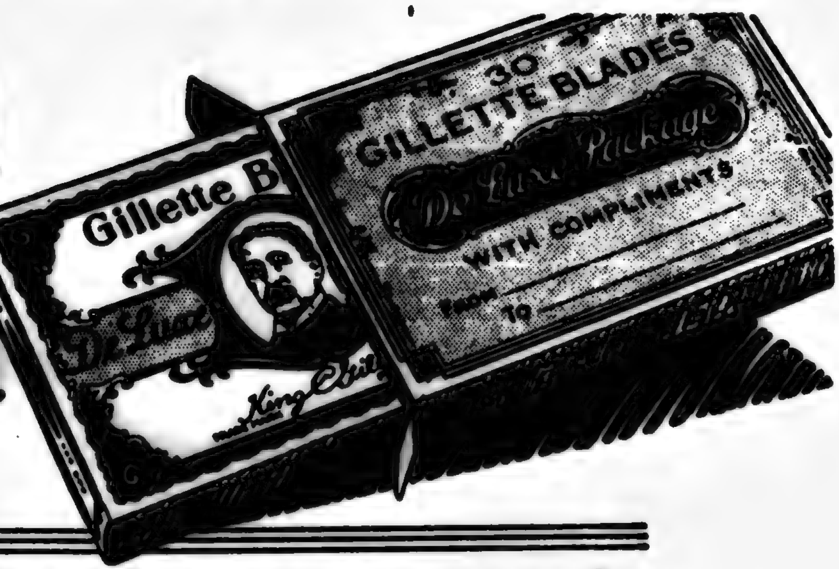
THERE are no daily papers on Boxing Day, but you will find in the "*Sporting Life*" WEEKLY EDITION all the Racing Programmes for the following week with notes and selections by experts on the staff who attend all meetings.

The Football Section shows at a glance how all Clubs have fared home and away to date. "The Wizard" gives his famous selections and "Winning Combinations."

The Sporting Life Racing & Football WEEKLY EDITION

Every Saturday—2d.

A grand gift to *any* man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De Luxe
King C. Gillette
30 GILLETTE BLADES
De Luxe Package
WITH COMPLIMENTS
FROM
TO

Shaving Joy for many months

SEND each of your man friends a Gillette De Luxe Package this year. You can make no mistake with *that* gift—every man shaves, and to send a supply of really good blades is to send something which is most definitely worth while. It's the gift a man would suggest for himself if you asked him—especially if he knows of the *new* De Luxe Package.

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DE LUXE PACKAGE *of*
30 Genuine Gillette Blades
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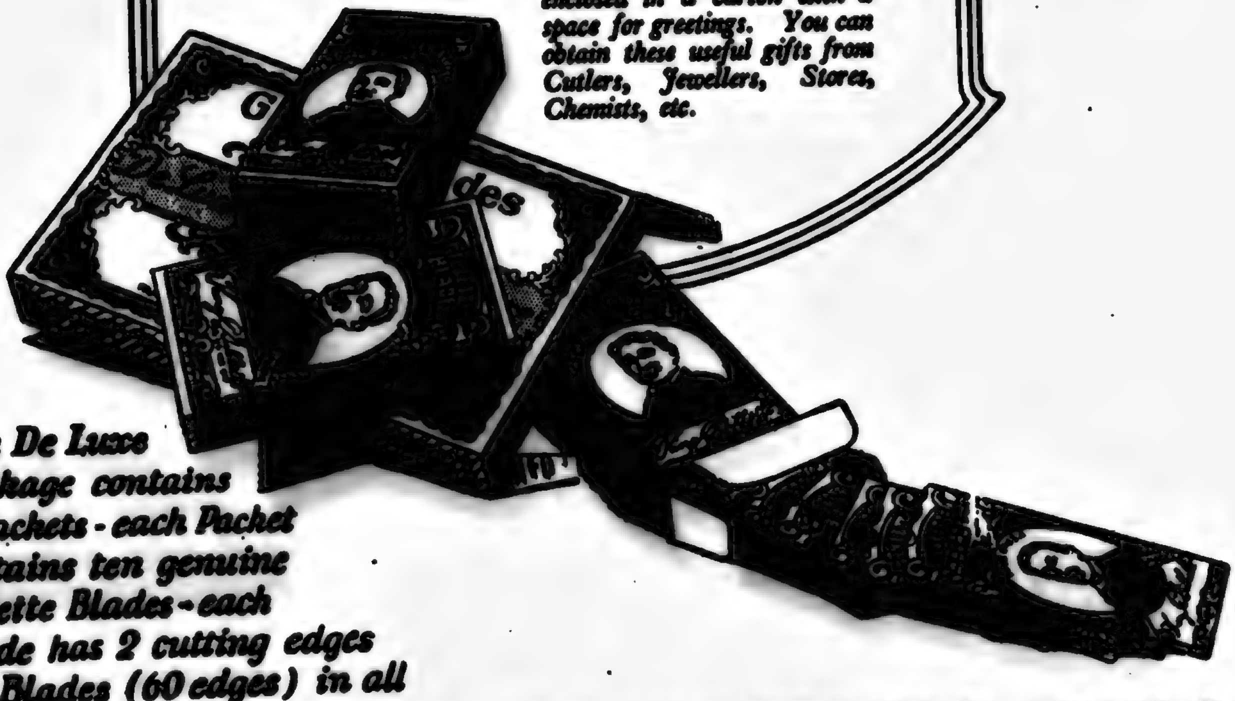
The De Luxe Package is enclosed in a carton with a space for greetings. You can obtain these useful gifts from Cutlers, Jewellers, Stores, Chemists, etc.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des
King C. Gillette

The De Luxe Package contains 3 packets - each Packet contains ten genuine Gillette Blades - each Blade has 2 cutting edges -30 Blades (60 edges) in all

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184-188, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Dr CASSELL'S TABLETS

Nourishment The ONLY REAL ANSWER TO BAD NERVES & INDIGESTION

Wonderful recovery at 79!

"I am 79 years old, and have been a sufferer for twenty years. My complaint was chronic indigestion, with stomach cough, and flatulence: due to nervous depression. One day I read a Dr. Cassell's advertisement; and decided to try them. I would not be without them now. I can eat and sleep well, my cough has gone, and I am able to go for regular rides on my bicycle."—Mr. George Tinson, 23, Tugela Road, Chippenham.

Dreadful pains in the Head

"I feel I must let you know of the good I have derived from taking Cassell's Tablets. I feel a different being. My nerves were in a very bad state; dreadful pains in the head which prevented me from sleeping. But, after taking a course of your Tablets, I am pleased to say I feel quite my old self."—Mrs. L. Watts, 42, St Loys Road Tottenham.

Your DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU that pain-killers, stimulants and sedatives are no *real* remedy for nerve and dyspeptic troubles. He will tell you that SPECIAL NOURISHMENT is the only REAL REMEDY; because ONLY nourishment can restore the depleted nerve cells and impaired digestion to health and strength. This nourishment can be obtained in two ways: (1) By a long stay in a nursing home with special diet; or (2) BY A COURSE OF A GOOD TONIC, getting as much rest as possible and avoiding worry. This way suits most cases—*when* the TONIC IS

CASSELL'S TABLETS

No expense, or trouble, has been spared in making CASSELL'S the IDEAL TONIC for NERVE and DYSPEPTIC troubles; CASSELL'S TABLETS are a HOUSEHOLD WORD to-day because they ARE the MOST COMPLETE and MOST SCIENTIFIC form of NOURISHMENT ever devised for this purpose. THOUSANDS of people buy Cassell's every day; and the LETTERS we receive PROVE THAT THEY GET WELL. Cassell's succeed where pain-killers, sedatives, stimulants and palliatives fail, CASSELL'S TABLETS are *STILL* the only SURE, SAFE and PERMANENT WAY to get REALLY WELL AND STRONG.

WHAT CASSELL'S DO

CASSELL'S TABLETS are the most SUCCESSFUL means of COMBATING ILL-HEALTH due to MODERN CONDITIONS. They combine the functions of a great NOURISHING TONIC and a "corrective"; especially valuable for all NERVE and DYSPEPTIC TROUBLES. Cassell's are a fourfold treatment, consisting of:—HYPOPHOSPHITES to build up depleted nerve, brain and spinal tissue. BLOOD NUTRIENTS to enrich the Blood Stream. DIGESTIVE ENZYMES to assist in obtaining the utmost nutritive value from diet. And STOMACHICS to correct acidity and flatulence and to stimulate vigorous appetite.

WHAT THEY DON'T DO

Cassell's Tablets DO NOT stop pain at the SACRIFICE OF GENERAL HEALTH. Cassell's CANNOT HARM the nerve tissues, the heart, or digestion; because Cassell's CONTAIN NO Aspirin, or other harmful drugs. TEMPORARY RELIEF is not followed by TERRIBLE REACTION, because Cassell's bring PERMANENT RELIEF straight away. No "HABIT" formed with Cassell's because after a few weeks YOU WILL be quite well. YOU ARE SAFE, and FEEL SAFE in taking CASSELL'S.

1/3 & 3/- per box.

Are you NERVY — TIRED — DYSPEPTIC — GLOOMY — PALEFACED — IRRITABLE ?

If so — SHAKE IT OFF WITH DR. CASSELL'S

Veno Drug Co., Ltd.

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

A. N. (Barford).—" I want hard work." We suppose hard labour wouldn't do ?

P. E. (Stoke).—" All marriages should be happy." Yes, but what would novelists have to write about then ?

T. C. (Nuneaton).—" You would be excited if I told you my real name." Why, is a reward out for you ?

L. B. (Staines).—" The next time I write to you will be the last." Then write soon and let's get it over.

T. Y. (Southampton).—" He is a man I would trust to the ends of the earth." What an ideal slate club secretary !

S. B. (Brighton).—" Three husbands in this street have run away." What are the wild wives saying ?

T. C. (Roxley).—" You can't discourage me from writing to you." We are beginning to realise that.

J. T. (Bath).—" P.S.—Please destroy this letter." Why didn't you say that at first ?

L. B. (Crewe).—" I listened to his pathetic story and parted with £5." He must have had a catch in his voice.

L. N. (Penge).—" There are a lot of girls who don't want to get married." Have you been asking them ?

L. T. (Dunchurch).—" She is very, very hard." Perhaps a diamond would make an impression on her heart.

P. N. (Merton).—" I was happy at school." Most men have tender memories of their headmasters.

G. W. (Harwood).—" He bought a motor-car for cash." What an original idea !

P. T. (Portsmouth).—" This joke is very rich." It's very poor, and has gone begging for years.

J. B. (Stanmore).—" The story of my life is as follows." Yes. But it doesn't follow here."

M. C. (Chelsea).—" I have just finished writing a play that has taken me three years to complete. What would you call it ? " " Love's Labour Lost."

G. L. (Shoreham).—" My wife went into a shop for an inch or two of lace and kept me waiting an hour." Lucky she didn't want a yard, wasn't it ?

F. A. (Heaton).—" Our maid is always singing now she is engaged to a window-cleaner." What does she sing ? " Pail Hands I Love " ?

G. N. (London, S.).—" I am now interrupted in the middle of my letter, so must stop." Whoever interrupted you was late.

N. K. (Maltby).—" I must ask you to withdraw the statement that my article might be worse." Certainly. It couldn't be worse.

T. C. (Ipswich).—" What a nice world this would be if clothes were abolished." But the backer of horses would not then be able to put his shirt on his fancy !

S. Y. (Leyland).—" What do women want ? " What don't they ?

S. B. (Kildale).—" Marriage makes all the difference." And many of the differences.

C. T. (Oakley).—" Getting on the stage is quite easy." The difficulty is getting on when you are on.

E. W. (Rochford).—" It's always easy to find a fault." Yes, and it's generally someone else's.

MADGE (Ayr).—" How can one find a husband in London ? " Where did you lose him ?

M. H. (Newport).—" What is the best way to make a fishing net ? " Get some holes and tie them up with string.

W. L. (Baldock).—" This world is full of fools." So your presence really does not make much difference.

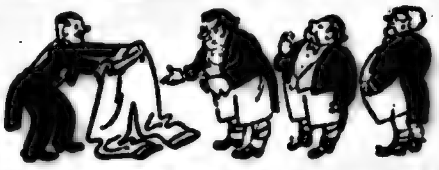
C. D. (Fulham).—" The devil takes the hindmost." Then you had better push up to the front a bit.

F. T. (Sevenoaks).—" Does my wife's mother become mine after marriage ? " No : you become hers.

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

" ST. AUSTELL GUARDIAN " :—" Their losses are regretted very much, but the society is confident of FILLING THE BREECHES from the extensive musical talent of the town."



" PICTURE SHOW " :—" Mechanically her feet crossed the floor, TURNED THE DOOR-HANDLE, and went into the outer room."

" EVENING CHRONICLE " :—" At 3 o'clock only the skeleton of the building remained and the FIREMEN WERE EMBERS."

" YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR " : " Found lying in the pig market, —— was fined 10s. FOR HAVING BEES DRUNK."

" PEG'S COMPANION " :—" Amid the hush and beauty of the flower-filled church Arline and Prince Ivan BLIGHTED THEIR TROTH."

" LLANELLY AND COUNTY GUARDIAN " : " Throughout the men's quarters there were 17 beds, 96 OCCUPIED AND 21 EMPTY."

" BATH CHRONICLE AND HERALD " :— " No news has been received of the MISSING MAIL CARRYING A SEAPLANE."

" DAILY MAIL " :—" He speaks with a MANCHESTER ACCIDENT, and is a heavy smoker "

" DUBLIN EVENING MAIL " :—" Wanted, KIND HOME FOR MANX KITCHEN."

Our Free Advice Service :

" A Merry Christmas " is a farcical wish to one borne down with worry and anxiety. But there is hope yet. Send particulars of your trouble to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. Experts will tell you what to do to get rid of your worry, and you will then be able to join wholeheartedly in the joyousness of the Christmas season.*

E. P. (Watford).—" I have never sent you a poem before." You escape under the First Offenders Act.

N. C. (Purley).—" The cheque I enclose I wish to be regarded as anonymous." We thought so. You didn't sign it.

T. R. (York).—" The Ancient Greeks wore short skirts." So do some Ancient Britons !

R. C. (Yarmouth).—" What is the best food to eat just before a Channel crossing?" The cheapest !

E. G. (Clacton).—" I tell my wife everything." That's unkind, because it doesn't give her curiosity any scope.

P. L. (Maidenhead).—" I am engaged to a certain girl in this town." We'll bet she was certain about it first.

I. C. P. (Dawson).—" I try not to annoy other people." You don't try very hard not to write to us, do you ?

F. M. (Hendon).—" I haven't given her an engagement ring yet." Can't you get it back from the last one ?

A. N. (Beckenham).—" I am writing this letter with my new fountain pen." A lot of silly remarks have leaked out of it.

P. C. (Littlewick).—" I have changed considerably since my boyhood days." You must have been a clever little chap.

M. F. (Blackpool).—" I called her 'Acushla !' and she was quite insulted." Perhaps she thought you had hiccoughs.

MRS. F. (Lambeth).—" The dog jumped up and bit my sealskin coat." Perhaps it is fond of rabbiting.

J. B. (Nelson).—" If I get a new hat she immediately copies it." Imitation is the sincerest form of cattery.

F. M. (London, S.).—" The bride wore a pink bouquet on her left shoulder." And a pale bridegroom on her right arm ?

B. N. (Tolcross).—" Prohibition has been proved a failure." America was dried—and found wanting.

J. R. (Epping).—" I prefer the old-fashioned open coal fire." There's no fuel like the old fuel.

A. L. (London, N.).—" The car swerved and I was thrown out." So you left it in the lurch.

W. H. (Dewsbury).—" Which is the best round game for Christmas ? " Hunt the *Bullet*. You find the words and we find the £600 for you.

T. E. (Taplow).—" The blows of Fate merely amuse me." We would like to hear your merry chuckle when you hit your thumb with a hammer.

P. C. (Leeds).—" Two editors refused to publish this article. Could you tell me why ? " Oh, yes. They evidently read it.

JOHN (Cambridge).—" I have formed the finest brass band in the country." We take it you blow a trumpet of your own !

L. W. (Mansfield).—" My deliberate opinion is that the less a man eats, the better he is." So, according to you, the ideal state is death from starvation.

T. F. K. (Lee).—" My employer thinks me stupid because my eyelids twitch through nervousness." We fear he must take you for a blinking idiot.

J. P. L. (Ruislip).—" I have myself taught my young son to be quite handy with the gloves." And now, we suppose, he'll be expecting you to give him a Christmas box.

T. R. (Benham).—" I believe in myself." Credulous fellow !

V. L. (Loughton).—" He has a promising career ahead of him." He must be standing for Parliament.

T. B. (Finsbury).—" I rang the bell, and a waitress immediately came to my table." What a pleasant dream !

E. L. (London, E.C.).—" I bought her a pair of black lady's gloves." What on earth did she want with the gloves of a black lady ?

L. P. (West Ham).—" I couldn't speak as I was full of emotion." You should have taken more soda with your emotion.

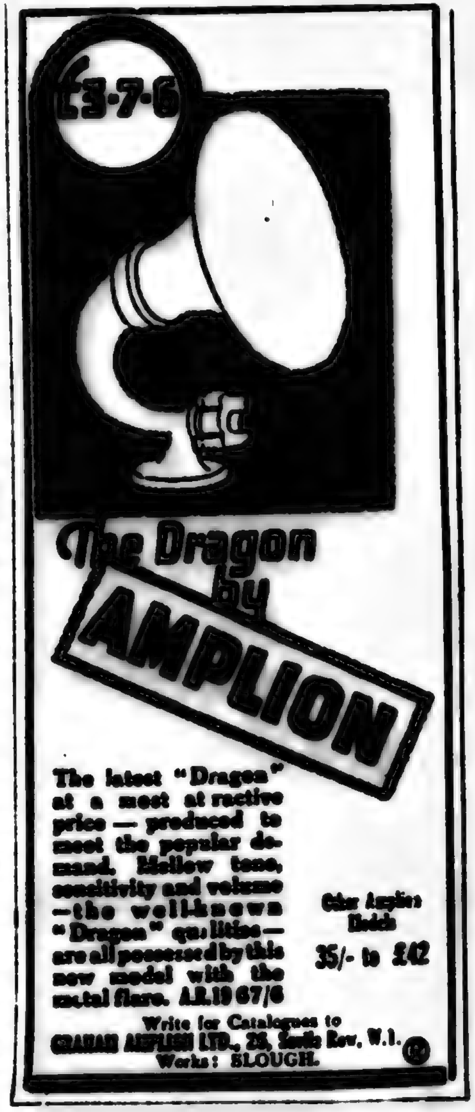
L. T. (Egham).—" I tell you quite frankly that the enclosed poem is not much good." You're right. We're on your side.

MISS P. (Selby).—" What is the difference between a seaside *place* and a seaside *resort* ? " The resort is where natives live on one lot of summer boarders until the next comes round.

R. A. (Cardiff).—" I have an extremely inventive mind if I could find a chance to exercise it." One marriage and a few late nights will provide you with any number.

B. S. (Cambridge).—" It seems a bit off that a male cook can command more salary than a college professor." But look how much more popular their courses are.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



The latest "Dragon" at a most attractive price — produced to meet the popular demand. Mellow tone, sensitivity and volume —the well-known "Dragon" qualities— are all possessed by this new model with the metal flare. A.R.19 67/6

Other Amplion Models
35/- to £42

Write for Catalogues to
GRAHAM AMPLION LTD., 25, Savile Row, W.1.
Works: SLOUGH.

The CHRISTMAS DINNER for the LITTLE ONES

Will You Let Them Go Without?

THE Queen, in her appeal for the miners, asks for help to " brighten the lives of the little ones." We help as many of the miners' families who appeal to us as we can.

Here is one such appeal from a miner's wife whose husband has been out of a job since 1924. She has five children and expects another:

" My children do not have sufficient to eat by a long way. I am without a home as well as being short of food. My eldest little boy, aged ten, is very delicate. He has no clothes, and no boots."

Another poor Durham miner is trying to make merry this Christmas on a weekly relief ticket of 22s. for six of them. His children's ages range from twelve years old to three, and his wife expects another.

He broke down with chest trouble in July, 1927, started work again the following August, broke down and was sent to a sanatorium. Soon after his discharge, he caught smallpox from his eldest child, and both father and child were in hospital for eight weeks.

Dread of Christmas

They are now half-starved, are in danger of losing their furniture, bought on the hire-purchase system, and, as he cannot pay his rent, his landlord threatens to turn them out.

What a prospect for a happy Christmas! One of his mates reports that they have not a stitch of clothing in the house for the coming child nor for the wife.

But unemployment and consequent distress are not confined to the miners. Mothers all over the country view the approach of Christmas with dread, knowing that bitter disappointment is in store for their little ones.

Here are a few sentences from stacks of letters begging for help:

" I am appealing to you to try and help me get my little ones a Christmas dinner. I am expecting to be confined any day, and I am in a very poor state."

" I should like to make it a happy Christmas for my children, but I have not the means of doing so, as my husband is out of work."

" Could you kindly assist me in getting a Christmas dinner, as I have two young children, and my husband out of work."

" Could you give any assistance in the way of a Christmas dinner, as I have seven little ones and we can hardly make ends meet?"

Tragic discovery

And a mother who has sold and pawned all her possessions to keep the home going says: " Now we have Christmas coming, and the little ones are asking what are they going to have."

Alas! there are many bitterly tragic homes this Christmas, where poverty has much to answer for.

A poor man writes that when he returned home from a fruitless effort to find work, he found his youngest daughter, aged thirteen months, had died in her sleep. " I am now," he says, " awaiting the coroner, to call, and am faced with doctor's fee and burial expenses."

His five remaining children do not stand much chance of spending a happy Christmas, and something ought to be done to cheer them up.

A somewhat similar case is before us to-day. A mother, who had spent all night with her sick baby, after soothing it to sleep, retired for a short rest. When she woke up, she found, to her horror, that her babe was dead.

A friend who called in states: " There was nothing in the house, not even a fire, and no food for the three children. The mother is in a very weak condition at present."

Then, in addition to the sad post, there is always a pitiful stream of callers at the fund's offices—all out of work; all striving to keep up their little homes on the " dole " or such relief as the guardians grant, or, failing both, faced with the workhouse.

A few questions asked, a few simple replies, and, in some cases, an almost insupportable load of trouble is revealed.

Don't deny the babies

A young father called the other day in terrible grief. He has been out of work five months. His wife, who had suffered with cancer for some time, but was hopeful of recovery, discharged herself from hospital because she was so anxious about her four young children.

The first night back at her home, she was in terrible pain, and, though her husband did all he could for her, there was no money to provide the brandy and things necessary for relieving her pain, and there was nothing for it but to get her back to hospital as soon as possible. She was taken away in the ambulance, and there is no hope of her recovery.

Her husband, worn out with his night's nursing, could not keep his tears back. He broke down completely when he told the story of his wife's hopeless struggle to keep alive for the sake of the children.

Then there was the poverty entailing endless worry. How was he to meet the expense of the ambulance, etc., out of his unemployment pay? And what a Christmas for his " little ones "!

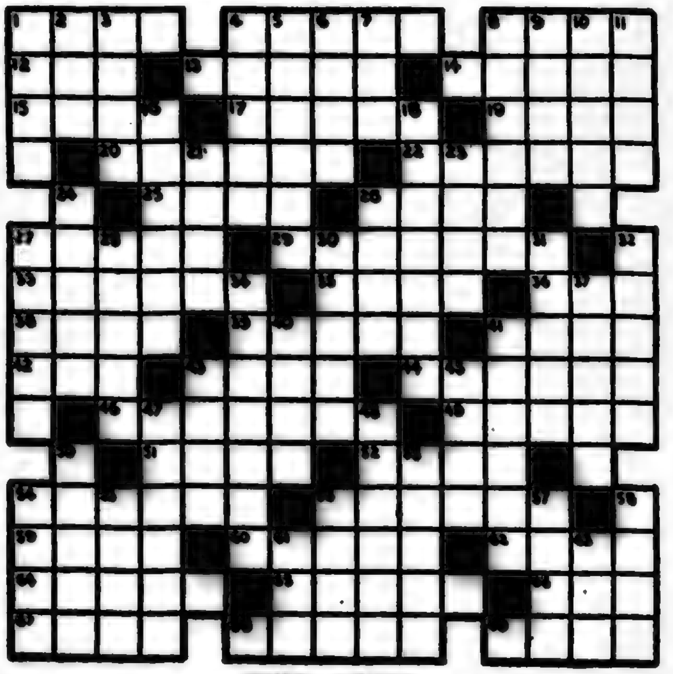
The fund has done very badly, so far, this Christmas, probably on account of the appeal for the miners. Don't deny the babies their Christmas.

No one likes to think of little children with pinched, wistful little faces seated round an empty Christmas table. So great a sacrifice was made at Christmas that it calls for sacrifice in giving.

" Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine?
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!"

Our Cross-Word Corner

YOUR FIRESIDE FRIEND



CLUES ACROSS

1. Mislaid.
4. Exclamation of disgust.
8. Thick fabric.
12. Largest deer.
13. To prance.
14. A rule.
15. Prepare.
17. John.
19. Cash-box.
20. Sampled.
22. Threefold.
25. Want.
26. Face.
27. Slang for "fellow."
29. Junior.
33. Stress of voice.
35. Top of the head.
36. Propels boat.
38. Beverage.
39. Nimble
41. Mighty.
42. An age.
43. To stupefy.
44. Monster.
46. Irritated.
49. To correct.
51. Pacify.
52. Handle.
54. To ridicule.
56. Silenced.
59. Heroic.
60. Peals.
62. A garment.
64. Smelly.
65. Rustic.
66. Male adults.
67. Allowance for waste.
68. Hindrance.
69. Three to a yard.

CLUES DOWN

1. Welsh emblem.
2. Aged.
3. Caricature.
4. Semi-fluid mixture.
5. Fast.
6. Chief.
7. Equip.
8. Worthless.
9. Ireland.
10. Flowering shrub.
11. A tax.
16. Oil ship.
18. Restricted.
21. Observed.
23. Fury.
24. Eruption of the skin.
26. Twofold.
27. Confused chatter.
28. The sea.
30. To suppose.
31. Red.
32. Tendency.
34. Idle talker.
37. Anguish.
40. Sea bird.
41. Basket.
43. Ornamental button.
45. Hasty.
47. To educe.
48. African millet.
50. Outcast.
53. Proof.
54. Skilful.
55. Ceremony.
56. Tow.
57. Cupola.
58. Curved.
61. Crude mineral.
63. Insect.

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 20.

JOHN BULL'S
Grand Distribution of Xmas Gifts.
Your last Chance before Xmas.
SEE PAGE 2 OF COVER.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to [illegible], W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by John Bull.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mr. J. Meade (Seaham Harbour), £1; Mrs. A. Whittle (Wigan), £1; Mrs. J. B. Hall (Wymondham), 2s.; "?" 2s. 2½d.; South, 1s.; L. E. E. C. 2s. 6d.; Merely Me, 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Camden Town), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Baxenden), 2s. 6d.; H. G. (Belvedere), 1s.; J. N. S. B., 1s.; Anon. (Holloway), 2s. 6d.; Targets Only, 1s.; N. Colville (Campbeltown), 5s.; Tony (Babbacombe), 2s. 6d.; E. Pond (Old Catton), £1; Mrs. E. Jones (Port Talbot), 1s.; T. W. Cavell, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; K. C. R. (Falmouth), 5s.; Anon., 1s.; W. Richards (Kew Gardens), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Griffiths (Southend), 10s.; M. Ryder (Worsley), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Thierry, 2s. 6d.; W. & H. C. (Faversham), 5s.; Verna, 10s.; H. W. E. (Camborne), 10s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Friday's Ninth, 1s.; E. H. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; A Reader (Battersea Park Road), 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. B., 6d.; Mrs. J. Bradford, 1s. 6d.; Glover (Carshalton), 5s.; E. K. (Durham), 1s. 6d.; South (Northants), 2s. 6d.; Spark, 2s. 6d.; M. 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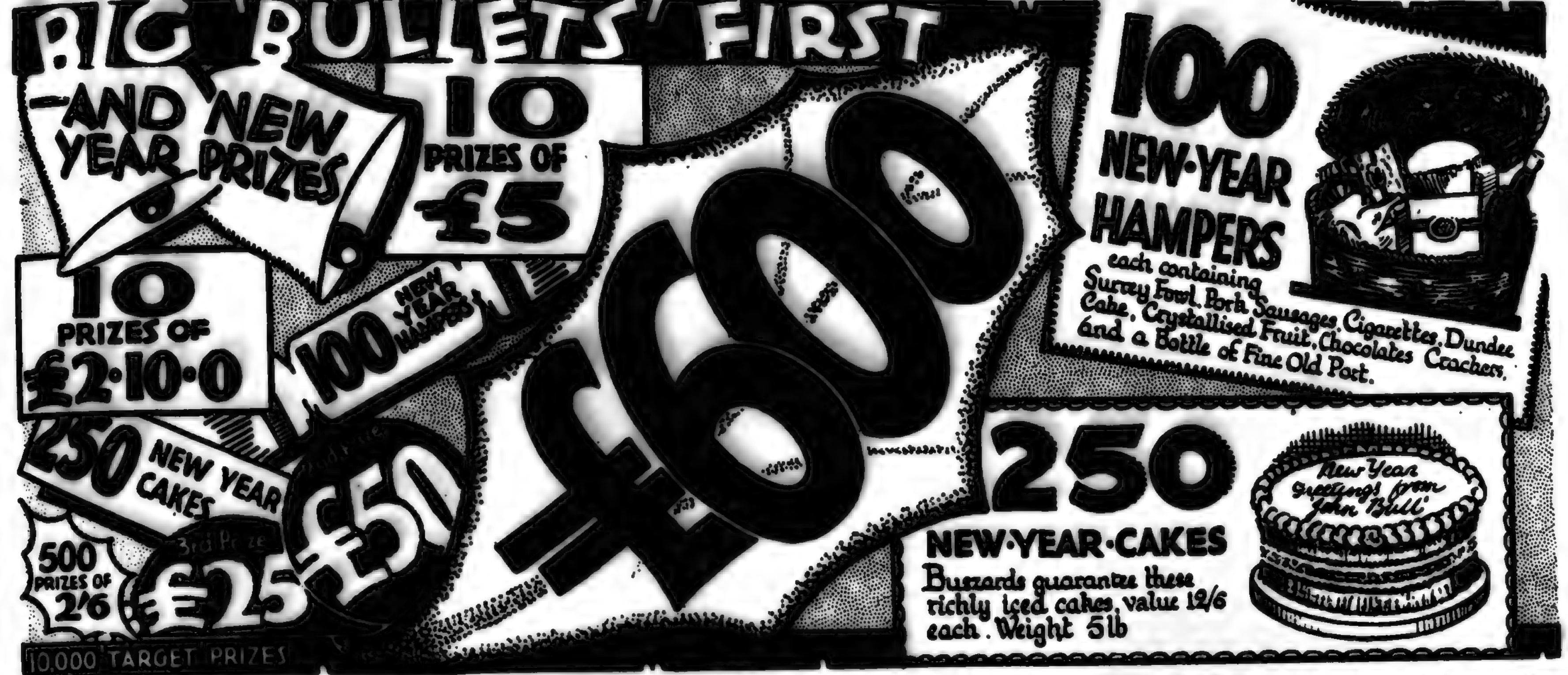
(Continued on page 30.)

BRITISH 11 JAN 29 MUSEUM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—AND NEW YEAR PRIZES
10 PRIZES OF £5
100 NEW-YEAR HAMPERS
each containing Surrey Fowl, Pork Sausages, Cigarettes, Dundee Cake, Crystallised Fruit, Chocolates, Crackers, and a Bottle of Fine Old Port.
10 PRIZES OF £2·10·0
100 NEW YEAR HAMPERS
£600
250 NEW YEAR CAKES
2nd Prize £50
3rd Prize £25
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
10,000 TARGET PRIZES
250 NEW·YEAR·CAKES
Buszards guarantee these richly iced cakes, value 12/6 each. Weight 5lb
New Year Greetings from "John Bull"

NEW YEAR PRIZES FOR XMAS "BULLETS."

LET "Bullets" give you a good start for the New Year! The Christmas atmosphere of the coming days should furnish you with bright ideas and the brightest *Bullet* received in this seasonable contest will head the first prize-list of 1929 with a substantial reward of £600. Numerous other cash prizes with 100 New Year Hampers and 250 New Year Cakes are this week's further attractions.

"Truly delighted with all the good things," wrote one winner of a New Year Hamper last year. This week's 100 winners will be just as delighted with their well-filled Hampers, while the 250 competitors who win a 12s 6d. New Year Cake from Buszards will also have good cause to congratulate themselves.

How to Make a Winning "Bullet."

BULLETS are not difficult to make. You have merely to select one of the *Examples* given, adding any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which pass the test of cleverness, aptness and originality. The result on this page will show you how winning *Bullets* are constructed and a few minutes with the *Examples* below may bring you a New Year prize.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 699

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE
GOOD WILL
THANKS TO THE POLICE
HUGE PROFIT
MAN OF HER DREAMS
ANXIOUS TIME
[illegible]
IN THE NEW YEAR
NO FOOL
GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE
DOWN ON THE FARM

FROZEN
MAKING HIMSELF A NUISANCE
AMAZES EVERYBODY
FOR THE CHILDREN
REAL SPORT
"HELP! HELP!"
OLD COMRADES
TAXED
DOWN UNDER
AT THE BANQUET
GRIT

THE KILL-JOYS
GUIDING LIGHT
STILL SURVIVES
MELODY OF LOVE
ONE BRIGHT SPOT
A [illegible] OF [illegible]
I'D LIKE A CAR, BUT
HOPING
LIKE A PANTOMIME
WHAT WE CAN DO

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 697

FIRST PRIZE OF £600:

MR. HARRY PEARSON, 11, Birch Cop, Quarry Bank, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Example:—Crash!
Bullet:—Stage Carpenter Also Amateur.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. E. MARTIN, 6, [illegible] House Bank, Tynemouth.

Example:—We Won The War, But
Bullet:—Yankees Claim "Talkie Rights."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. E. JUCKES, Woodville, Ledbury.

Example:—A Merry Christmas
Bullet:—The Father Criticised Pudding.

10 £5 and Hamper winners:

F. Hector, 48, Rigindale Road, Streatham, S.W.
Crash!—Then Silence—Next War.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. L. Jeune, 1, St. Mark's Crescent, Jersey.
Golden Age—"Mixing" Blood Without "Spilling."

E. Mattrass, 11, Bethany Gardens, Annfield Plain.
Blow For The Government—Million Not "Striking Blow."

J. H. Parry, 24, New Council Houses, Gorseinon.
Just One More—"By-product" Of Coal—Starvation.

Mrs J. Priestley, 212, Almondbury Bank, Huddersfield.
Crash!—Stopped To Read Warning.

Mr. F. J. Roberts, 33, Maud Street, Nottingham.
For Politicians—Thundering Defiance—Tiptoes Upstairs.

E. A. Sanders, c/o 22, King William Terr., Exeter.
The Path Of Duty—"Permanent Way" That Pays.

Mrs. J. Stenhouse, 20, Pool Lane, Gallatown, Kirkcaldy.
Danger To The Community—Congested Roads—Deserted Roadsteads.

Mrs. Tansley, 20, William Road, Stapleford, Notts.
The Man Responsible—For Peace, Unpunished Also.

J. Winter, 20, Old Tower Buildings, Wapping, E.
Danger To The Community—Making Mars "Film Star."

10 £2 10s. and Turkey Winners:

L. Brown, 15, Lon Isa, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.
Woman Of Forty—She Looks—He Doesn't.

Mrs. M. Chitty, 41, Embleton Road, Lewisham, S.E.
The Path Of Duty—Uneven, If Even Path.

Mrs. M. G. Danaher, 43, Lr. Beechwood Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.
Woman Of Forty—Claims "Twenty-four As Correct."

F. H. Harriman, 23, Layton Road, Leicester.
The U.S.A.—Releasing Dove—Reloading Shotgun.

A. H. Law, 10, Southbrook Road, Norbury, S.W.
Nowhere To Go—Useless "Calling On" Government.

E. W. Matthews, 41, Little Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells.
A Burning Question—City, Farming—Village, Politics.

P. May, 4, Manchuria Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
Danger To The Community—Lawless Who Know Law.

W. A. Phillips, 20, York Road, Edmonton, N.
We Won The War, But—We've "Surrendered Enough" Since.

Miss M. Pickett, 4, Upper Brook Road, Bristol.
The Man Responsible—For Monarchy's Continued Popularity.

H. Rowe, 18, [illegible] Road, Carshalton, Surrey.
Faster Than Ever—People "Over The Road."

(Continued on page 20.)

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 699, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

	Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(699) P.O. No. I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 20. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed Address

	Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(699) P.O. No. I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 20. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.	Signed Address

Use Two Three or Four words. [illegible]

	Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(699) P.O. No. I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 20. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed Address

	Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(699) P.O. No. I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 20. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.	Signed Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. [illegible] have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £[illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. J. Phillips, Victoria House, Pewsey, Wilts.

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TAKEN

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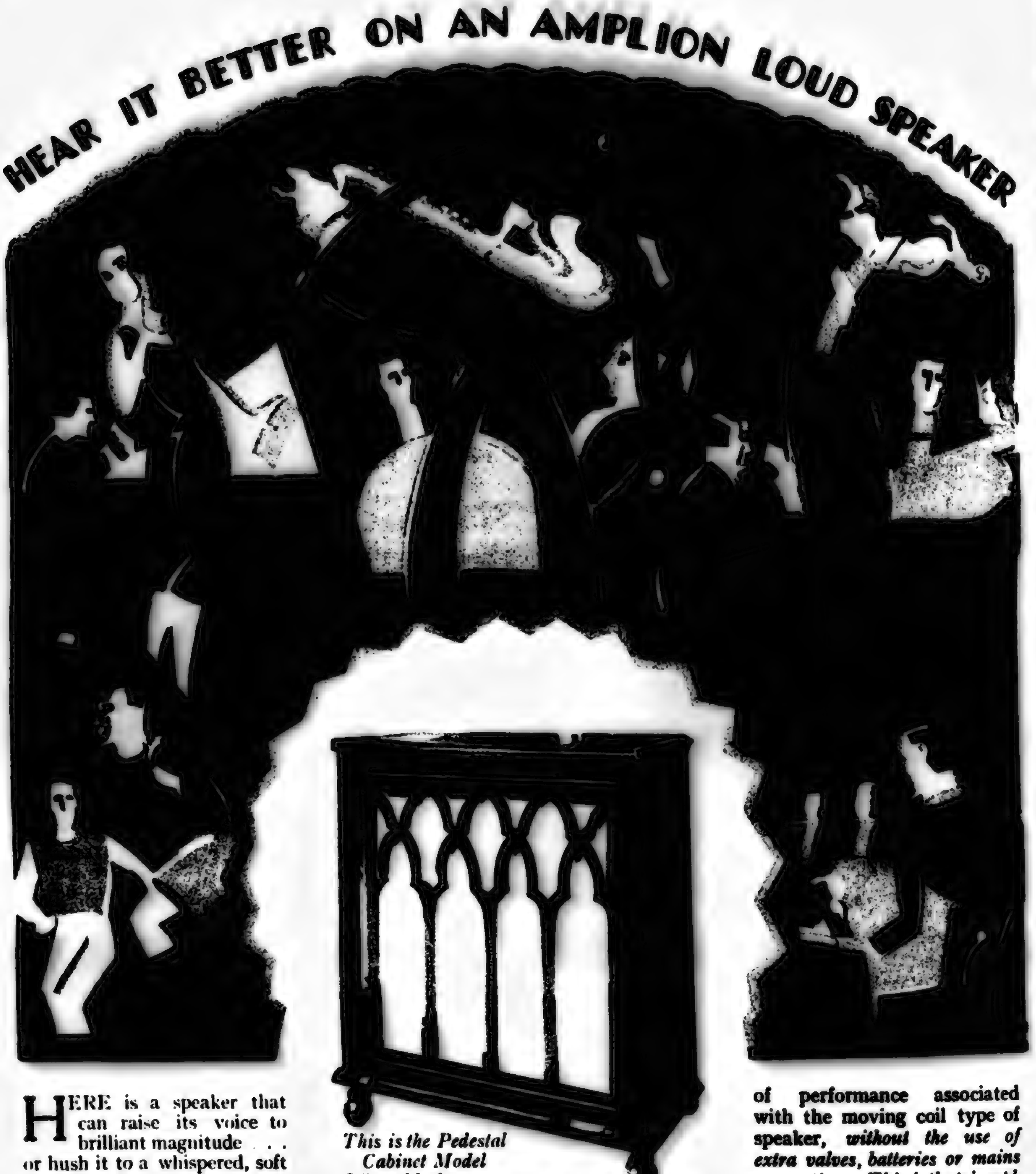
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HERE is a speaker that can raise its voice to brilliant magnitude . . . or hush it to a whispered, soft caress. All that the microphone hears, you hear. The Amplion adds nothing . . . and here is the greater wonder . . . it deducts nothing. All the depths of tone, all the subtleties and inflections, missed in the past, are present now.

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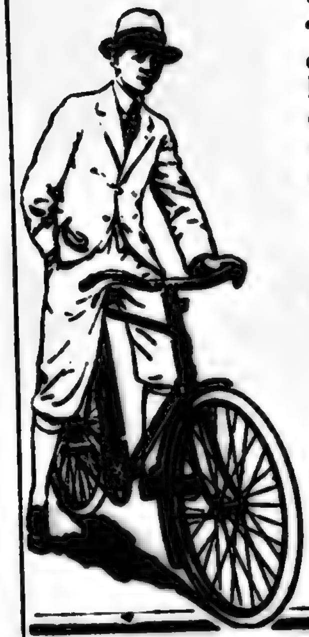

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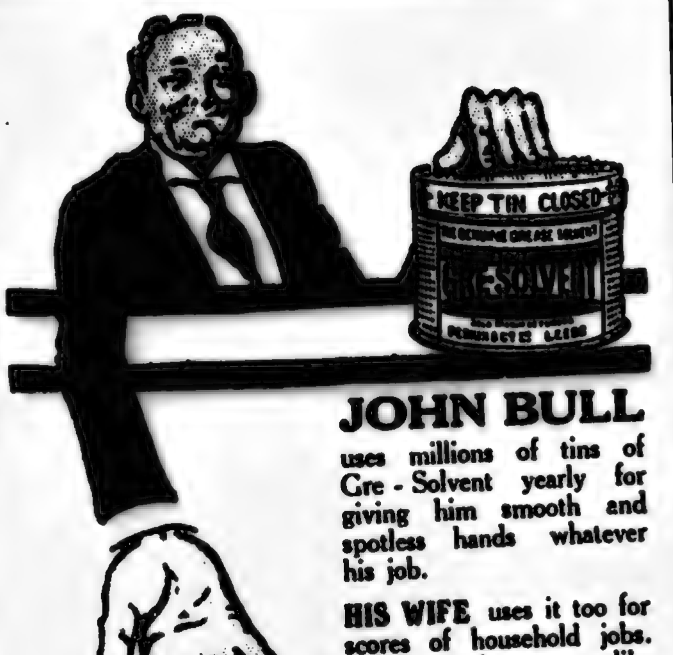

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5/14/6

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Extremely artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SELECTED OAK. Complete with famous powerful Collaro Motor, Fullotone Junior Sound-box, new type Tone Arm, and wonderful all-metal Sound Chamber.

Super Model No. 21 SOLID MAHOGANY

Super Model No. 21

9/17/6

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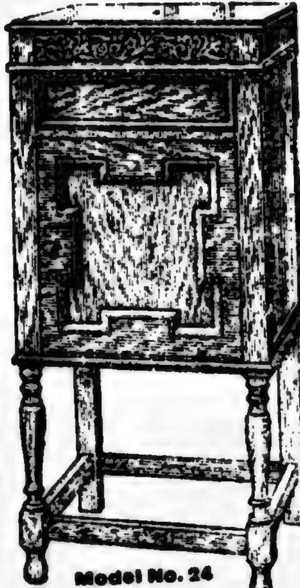
Super Cabinet Grand, SOLID MAHOGANY throughout, 31½ in. high, complete with DOUBLE SPRING Motor (plays 3 tunes at one winding), guaranteed sound Box, new type Tone Arm and the wonderful new treble length all-metal Sound Chamber. Produces enormous volume with exceptional purity.



Model No. 24

Improved Model No. 24

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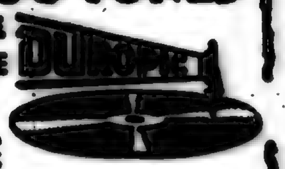

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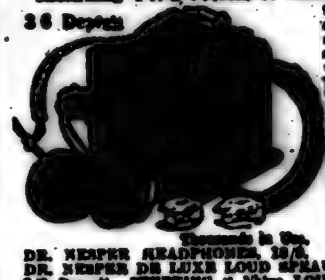

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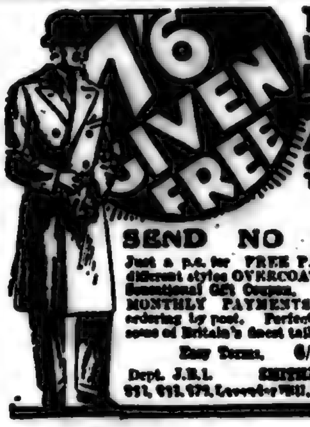

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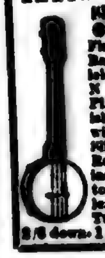

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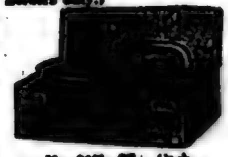

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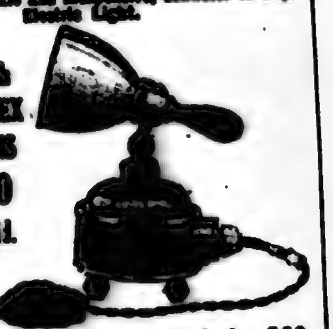

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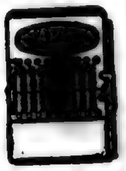

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MALIGNANCY, calumny and distortion have frequently won an apparent triumph over Truth, but Truth, in the end, will always conquer. It is seldom welcome on its first appearance, and the greater the Truth, the fiercer often is the opposition it will have to overcome before mankind accepts it.

E acclaim the name of Lister, but conveniently forget the years of malignant ition that sought to crush the brave apostle ntisepsis and to kill the truth he proclaimed. adil" has won through, and the very agony its travail is witness to its value. IT IS NOT A CURE-ALL, BUT NATURE IS.

THE use of "Yadil" is demanded because 95 per cent. of disease is of germ origin. Only Nature can rebuild a damaged cell or re-create the shattered fabric of the body. But "Yadil" can and WILL destroy attacking germs. It can and WILL remove toxic matter from the system. THE REST LIES WITH NATURE. She will rebuild. She will re-create once she has liberty of action. The recuperative powers of the body are miraculous once they are free to operate. It is the part of "Yadil" to establish such freedom.

HYGIENE more than medicine is saving and prolonging life to-day. It is hygiene which makes the city more healthy than the country. It was hygiene that kept our Army healthy in the trenches. "Yadil" carries the doctrine of hygiene a step further and brings health to the body. Internal purity follows its use, and from purity comes health; rich, robust, clean-blooded health, neither drug invoked nor artificially stimulated. The "Yadil" way is the way of Nature.

"Yadil" has been used with entire success in practically every disease of a known germ-origin, and the following list of complaints is only inserted as indicating the wide range where it may be employed effectively and where it has been successfully prescribed by qualified medical men:—

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Have you sent for your FREE copy of The Yadil Book of Home Treatment? If not, write to-day: it may save you from days of anxiety, illness and trouble.

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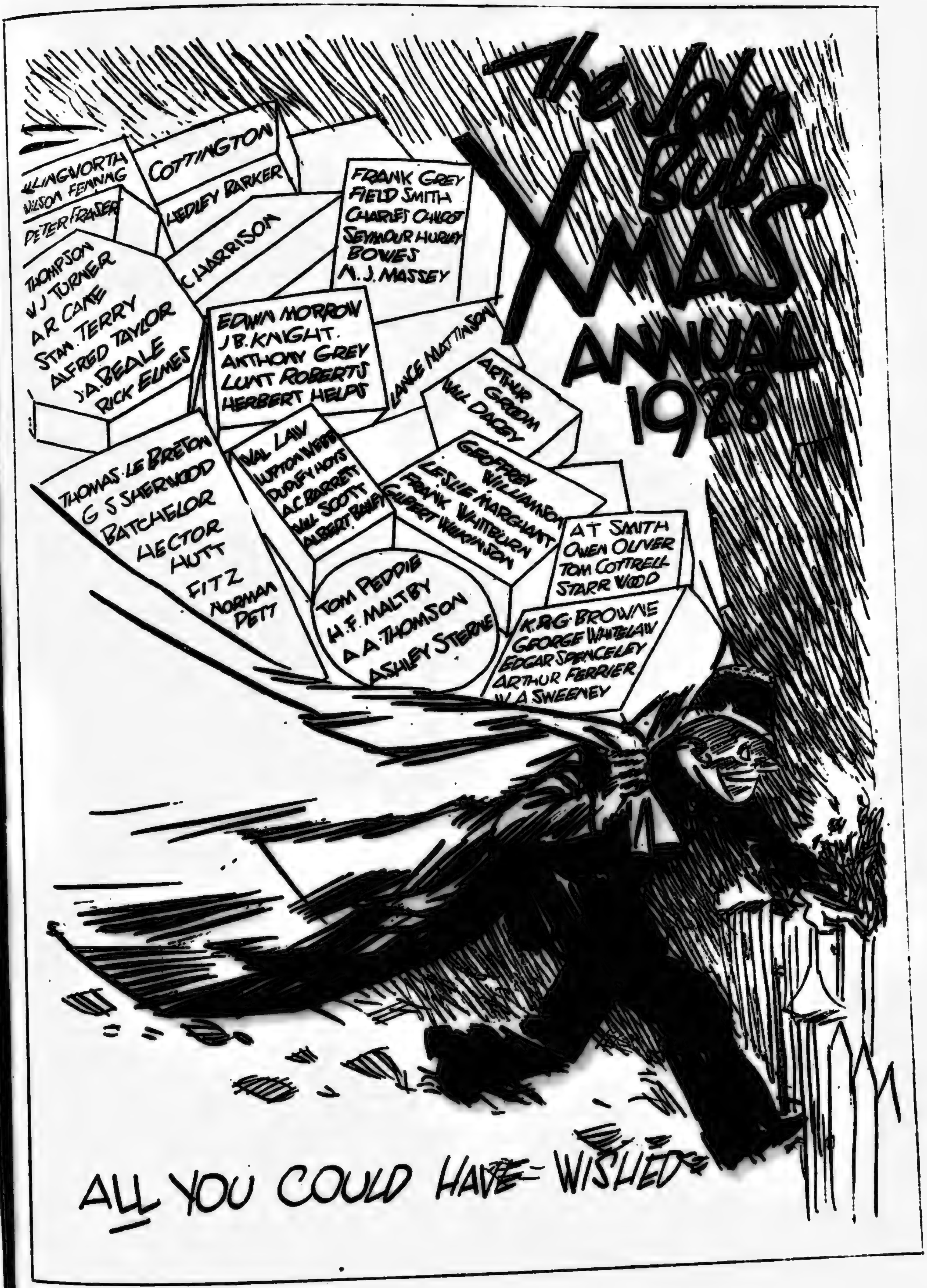
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These three delightful packings of 150 cigarettes for 7/6, 100 for 5/-, and 50 for 2/6 will provide for most of your Xmas Gifts

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FESTIVE FRIVOLITIES

YOU had better wish the next door dog a happy *Yowltide*.

* * *

IT is difficult to stand on skates and your dignity at the same time.

* * *

YOU may feel the turkey has a hard life, but he's never there to receive Income Tax demands on January First.

* * *

THERE is a tacit understanding that when we hang up our stockings it is up to Santa Claus to pull up his socks.

* * *

"WHAT," asks a sentimental publicist, "is stronger than family ties?" The language we use when we receive them as Christmas presents.

* * *

PREPARATIONS for Christmas feeding are as yet secret, but my young nephew promises to give me some inside information on the evening of the twenty-fifth.

* * *

"I'LL make my party a success!"
The angel-kidlet sang.
He dropped a match in the bon-bon box,
And the party went with a . . .
BANG!

* * *

WHEN selecting Christmas gifts, it is only fair to give your friends a choice between a useful present and something nice.

* * *

"I SHALL soon feel quite sauce-y," said the goose.
"Don't think I'm puffed up," said the mince-pie.
"I enjoy a good crack," said the walnut.
"I'm full of good spirit," said the bottle, "and I'm in for a corking time."

* * *

THAT wasn't a Christmas tree you saw walking up the garden path. It was only Father following Mother home with the Christmas shopping.

* * *

A PESSIMISTIC friend, who always gets a dreadful cold at this time of the year, wishes you all the compliments of the sneeze-on!

* * *

JONES MINOR'S worst nightmare after a Christmas visit to the greyhound races was to dream of being pursued round the arena by electric turkeys!

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of crackers;
I've toys and caps for cheery chaps,
And a bang to rouse the slackers!

ARTIFICIAL silk stockings are all very well, but the best material for Christmas stockings would be fine, strong elastic.

* * *

EACH mince-pie brings a happy month,
The sages all agree:
So I've secured my happiness
Till 1943.

* * *

A CHRISTMAS pudding is all the better for being surrounded by glowing, ardent spirits.

* * *

"I LIKE to be surrounded by gay young sparks," said the Yule log.
"Any little crumb of comfort pleases me," said the robin.
"Oh, blow everything!" said the winter wind.
"Set 'em alight!" said the candle.

WHATEVER the Christmas weather, it is safe to say that Father will be snowed under "with bills."

* * *

AND, talking of weather, if it can't be seasonable, it might at least be reasonable.

* * *

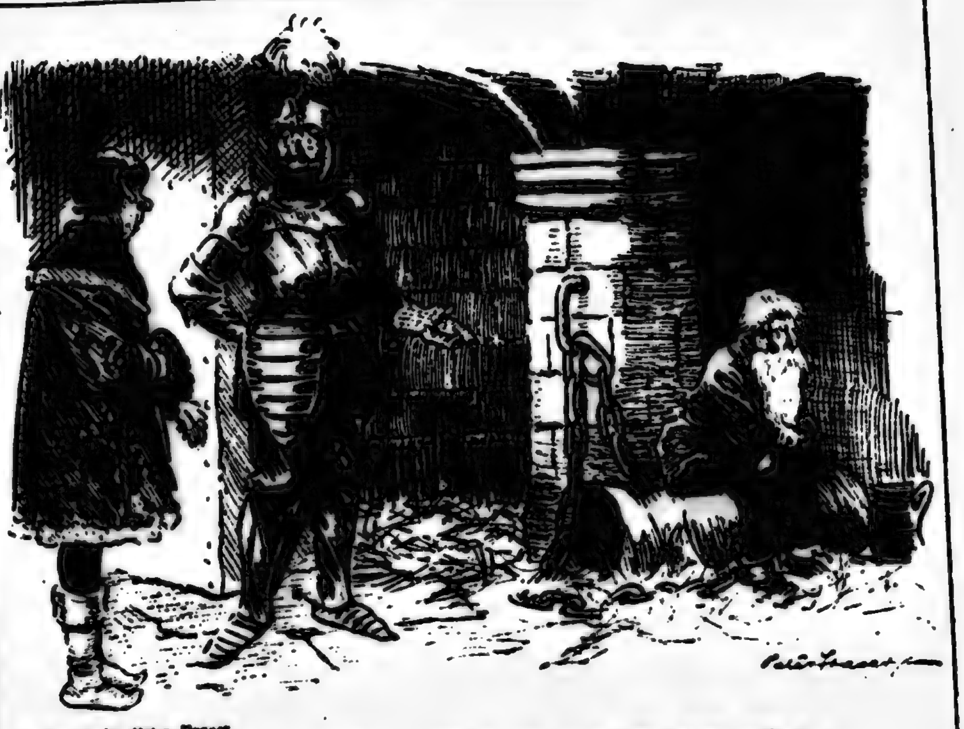
OH!

SWEET Jill, her eyes with love agl
Hung up a bunch of mistlet
But Jill's young brother, name of J
Put holly on the seat bel
Our lovers sat them down, and !
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh!

Oh.

* * *

THEN here's to you good English folk;
Here's fun and laughter, quip and joke!
With rugged face and kindly smile,
John Bull doth doff his honest "tile."
May Christmas find you all in clover!
I'm your humble page . . .
. . . Just turn me over!



Drawn by Peter Fraser.

MEDIÆVAL BARON: "Behold—our cook! He's been with us five-and-thirty years!"

Whether it be a palace or a hovel, when Christmas-time comes round nothing can take the place of Home.

There's NO PLACE LIKE IT

by WILL SCOTT

PADDINGTON Station was one gigantic draught, filled with whirling white flakes. They raced down the great tunnel-like building and settled on porters and passengers and the windows of waiting trains and the stacks of luggage and even on the covers of the Christmas Numbers on the bookstalls. They found their way through unsuspected gaps in the high glass roof and through the entrance hall and through the arches to the goods depôt.

But nobody minded. Even Christmases are more frequent than snowstorms. Christmas comes regularly once a year; but you must take your snowstorms as they fly.

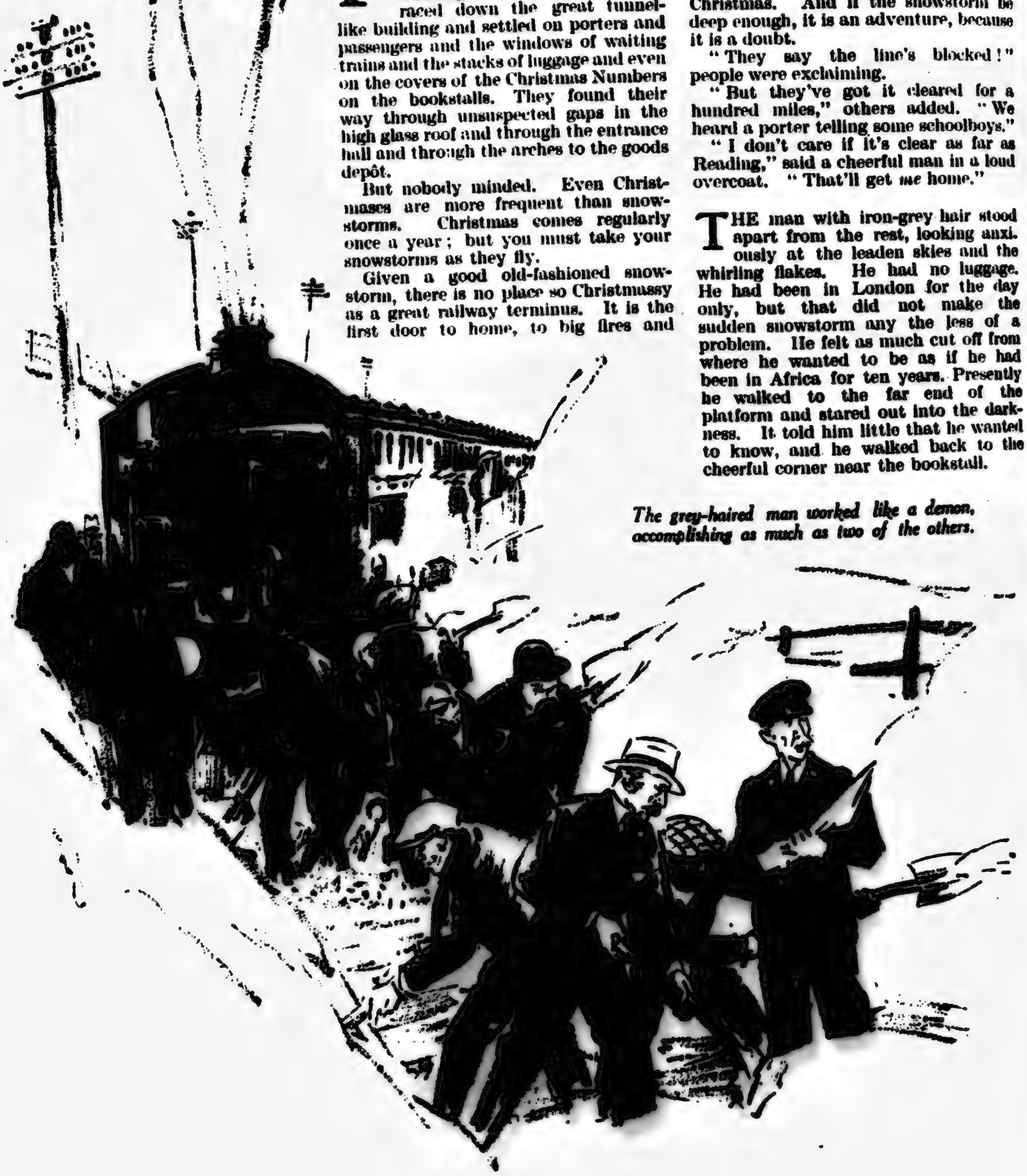
Given a good old-fashioned snowstorm, there is no place so Christmassy as a great railway terminus. It is the first door to home, to big fires and Christmas trees and plum puddings and turkey. It is a milestone from last Christmas and a milestone to next Christmas. And if the snowstorm be deep enough, it is an adventure, because it is a doubt.

"They say the line's blocked!" people were exclaiming.

"But they've got it cleared for a hundred miles," others added. "We heard a porter telling some schoolboys."

"I don't care if it's clear as far as Reading," said a cheerful man in a loud overcoat. "That'll get *me* home."

THE man with iron-grey hair stood apart from the rest, looking anxiously at the leaden skies and the whirling flakes. He had no luggage. He had been in London for the day only, but that did not make the sudden snowstorm any the less of a problem. He felt as much cut off from where he wanted to be as if he had been in Africa for ten years. Presently he walked to the far end of the platform and stared out into the darkness. It told him little that he wanted to know, and he walked back to the cheerful corner near the bookstall.



The grey-haired man worked like a demon, accomplishing as much as two of the others.

"Any news?" asked the cheerful man in the loud overcoat, who was willing to talk to anybody.

"I've been to the end of the platform; it looks pretty bad," said the man with grey hair.

"Well, as long as it's clear as far as Reading," said the cheerful man, "that'll get me home. Don't care if I'm late, so long as I *do* get home. Must be home for Christmas. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks," said the man with grey hair.

"You going Reading way?" asked the cheerful man.

"Farther," said the man with grey hair.

"Ah! Then I hope they get the line clear for you," said the cheerful man.

BEFORE very long the train for the west country steamed in backwards and the passengers climbed aboard. The cheerful man and the man with grey hair found themselves in the same compartment, and the former spent the time until the train started hanging out of the window and gleaning traffic bulletins from passing porters, which he promptly passed on to his fellow-passengers within. But at last they were off and the window was pulled up and the cheerful man was sitting back in his corner.

"Must get home for Christmas!" he said brightly. "Whatever we do the rest of the year."

"Quite," said the man with grey hair.

"You going home for Christmas?" asked the cheerful man.

"If the weather allows me," said the man with the grey hair, glancing anxiously out of the window. "If it doesn't, it will be the first time I have never gone home for Christmas. My wife and little boys will be waiting. They'll be wondering if I shall get through. I'm wondering, too. It wouldn't be like Christmas if I couldn't get home."

"Same here," said the cheerful man. "I've never spent a Christmas away from home either. At least—well, yes. I suppose that's right."

"How do you mean?" asked a man with a dozen parcels, sitting in the opposite corner.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said the cheerful man, with a quieter smile. "My wife says I oughtn't to brag about it. But I'm not bragging about it. That's what you can't get a woman to see."

"Well?" said the man with the parcels.

"Well," said the cheerful man, "it's this way. In my younger days I was a bit of a bad lad, and they had to put me away. Oh, you're quite safe! I'm not going to murder you and steal your parcels! It was nothing like that in any case, and I was only put away for ten months. But half way through those ten months was Christmas—and there was I in prison! Prison! Stone walls and clanking doors and awful-looking high towers! And Christmas!"

"Good lord!" said the man with the parcels.

"Well, I've got some spirit now, and I'd more in those days," the cheerful man went on. "Where is the man who would spend Christmas in prison if he could help it? Not likely! And so I set out to help it. I made up my mind to get out of prison. Not for keeps. I wasn't such a fool as to think you can get away with a thing like that for ever. The authorities aren't mugs. But if you catch 'em napping you can swing it on 'em for the time being. Say a day or two. And that's all I wanted. A day or two at home. For Christmas."

"And you did it?"

"I did it!" The cheerful man began to grin again. "It was what you call a superhuman effort, but I did it. Do you know why? Because I had in front of me all the time those terrible walls and black towers. Some horses can't jump a wall without a spur. Those walls and those black towers were my spur. I did it. I escaped and I got home, just as the bells were ringing on Christmas Eve. I believe I was half mad at the time. I'd the strength of a dozen. Anything to get away from that ghastly hole for Christmas. I didn't care if they stuck an extra couple of months on my sentence. As a matter of fact, they did, when they got me. But I didn't worry. I hadn't spent Christmas in prison. Lord! Christmas in prison! Can you bear to think of it?"

"Go on," said the man with the parcels. "What happened?"

"They came for me," said the cheerful man, "on the morning of Boxing Day. I didn't finish Christmas at home, but I'd had most of it. I was satisfied. I didn't give them any trouble. I've not given them any trouble since. I never shall—unless they try to make me spend Christmas in prison again. That's something that no real man could take without a kick."

"Ah!" said the man with the parcels.

"I'm not boasting about it—only I like to tell people," said the cheerful man. "It was the strangest Christmas I ever spent. And if anyone's spent a stranger I'd like to hear about it. What about you, sir?" And he looked at the man with grey hair.

"I'm afraid I can't interest you," said the man with grey hair. "I've always spent Christmas at home with my family. I hope I always shall."

"Sure," said the cheerful man.

THE cheerful man got out at Reading, wishing everybody a merry Christmas. The train went on, but more slowly. The anxious look on the grey-haired man's face increased. At one point the train was held up for twenty minutes while men with spades cleared the line ahead. The grey-haired man glanced at his watch and seemed worried. He borrowed a spade and helped the men in front of the train.

"An hour late!" he kept muttering. "Shall we do it?"

He worked like a demon, accomplishing as much as two of the others. And then, the line clear, he clambered back on the train and looked at his watch again.

"You're getting pretty excited," said the man with the parcels.

"You don't know my wife and my two little boys," said the grey-haired man. "We've never spent a Christmas apart yet. I've never been away from home before. It wouldn't be like Christmas if we were apart this time. They're waiting for me, at home."

On again, but slower than ever. Ten miles along the man with the parcels got out, and the grey-haired man had nobody to talk to. He was glad. He didn't want to talk. When they were stopped again he went to the guard.

"I'm booked to Stonecrest. Do you think we shall do it?"

"I think we shall do it, sir," said the guard. "The telephone's working here, and we've news that they're clearing the line Stonecrest way. Unless there's another fall we shall get through."

"I'm going home for Christmas to my wife and two little boys, you see."

"I see, sir. Well, I hope we get through."

THEY got through. They were five hours late, but they got through. They got through to a station that was like a desert, but of snow, not sand. They got through to a station that was deserted, for the good people had long despaired of the train reaching their little town that evening—had given up waiting hours before and gone to their homes. Even the taxis had gone back to their garages. Stonecrest was deserted.

The grey-haired man did not grumble. The look of anxiety had passed from his face. He was not to be deprived of that for which he had so keenly looked forward. The record of years was not to be broken. Christmas was going to be spent, after all, round his own hearth, his wife by his side, his boys on his knees, the Christmas tree alight, the candles glowing, the goose on the table.

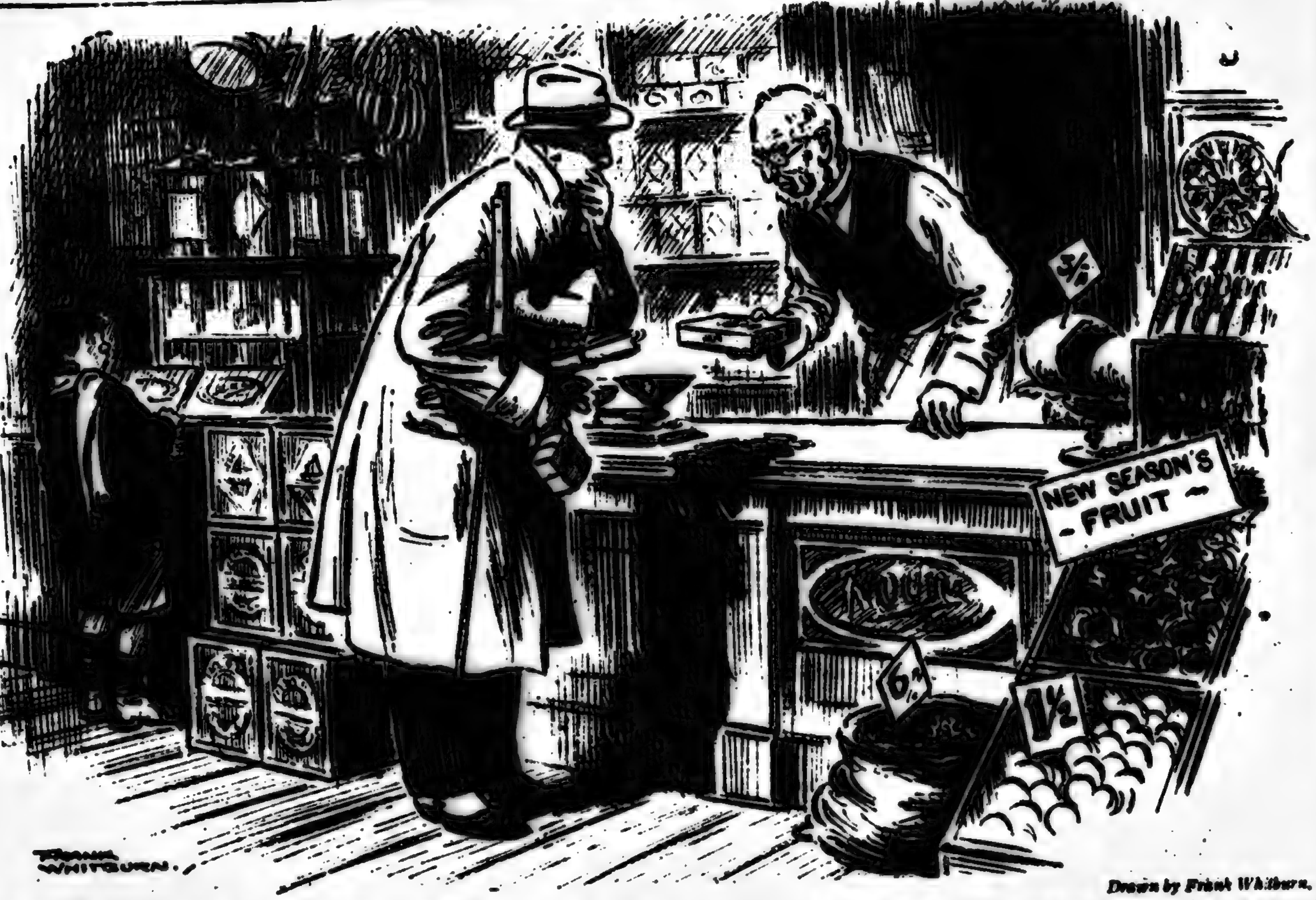
When he was clear of the station-yard and dignity did not matter he took to his heels. He ran through the thick snow, singing a jolly little song he had heard in London that afternoon. He would have sung it much louder, but that he did not wish to annoy the people in the cottages he passed. These cottages were trimmed with holly and filled with the sounds of festivity. He wanted to wish the people inside a merry Christmas as he went by.

He ran up a steep hill, beginning to pull little gifts for his wife and his boys out of his pockets. He came to a grim stone wall with a barred gate set in it. Laughing aloud, he passed through the barred gate. He crossed a grim stone-paved yard and came in sight of high walls with barred windows and tall black towers. Everything was silent as the grave. In the far corner of the yard was a little door covered with iron studs. He flung it back and entered a dark hall. And there, suddenly, he let out a great yell.

"Doreen! Billy! Bobby! I'm here! I got through! Come and see what I've got!"

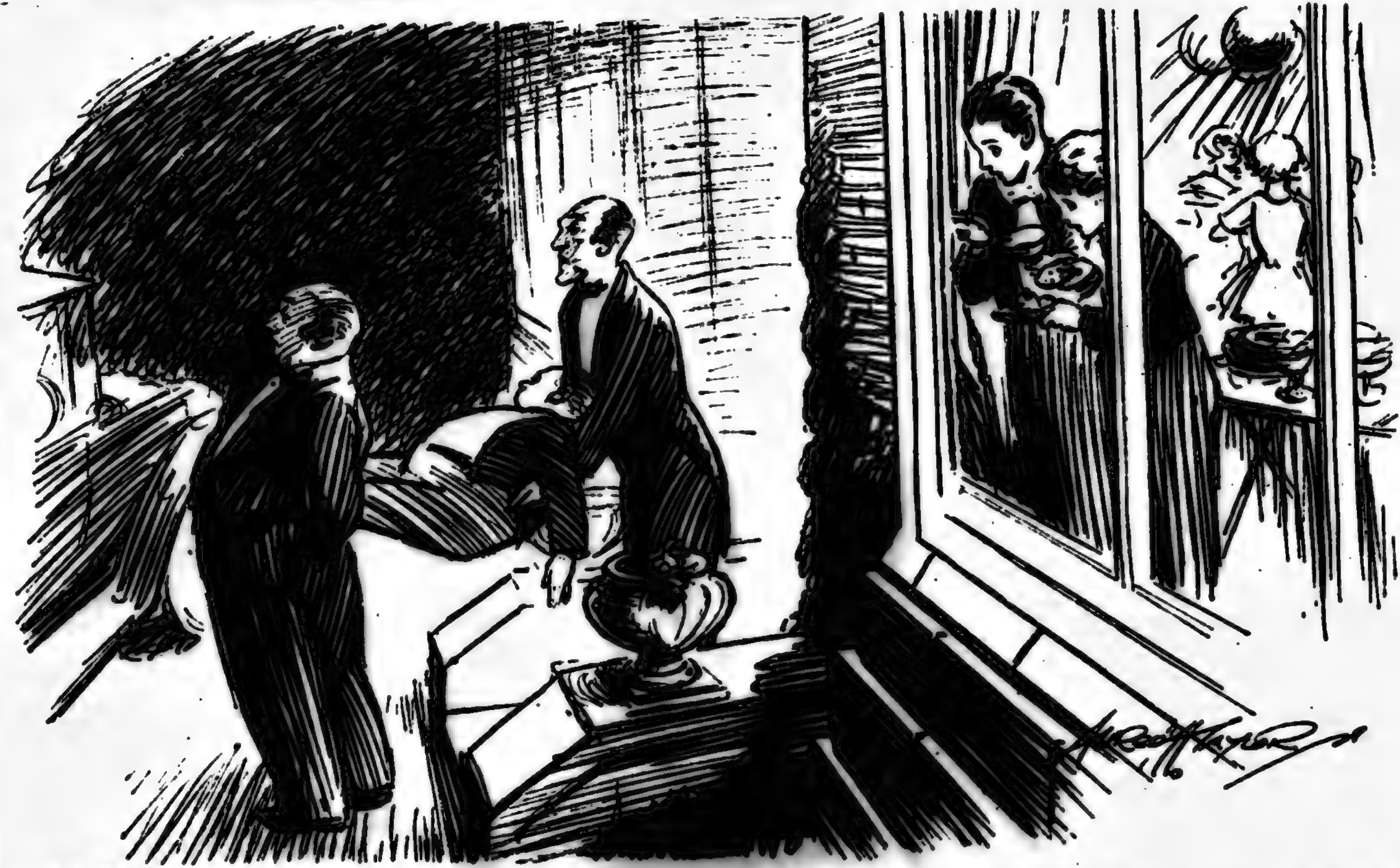
A moment later he was showing them what he had brought for them. His face was wreathed in smiles. He was the happiest man in England at that moment. And his wife was the happiest wife and his two boys the happiest boys.

For the Governor of Stonecrest Jail had got home for Christmas.



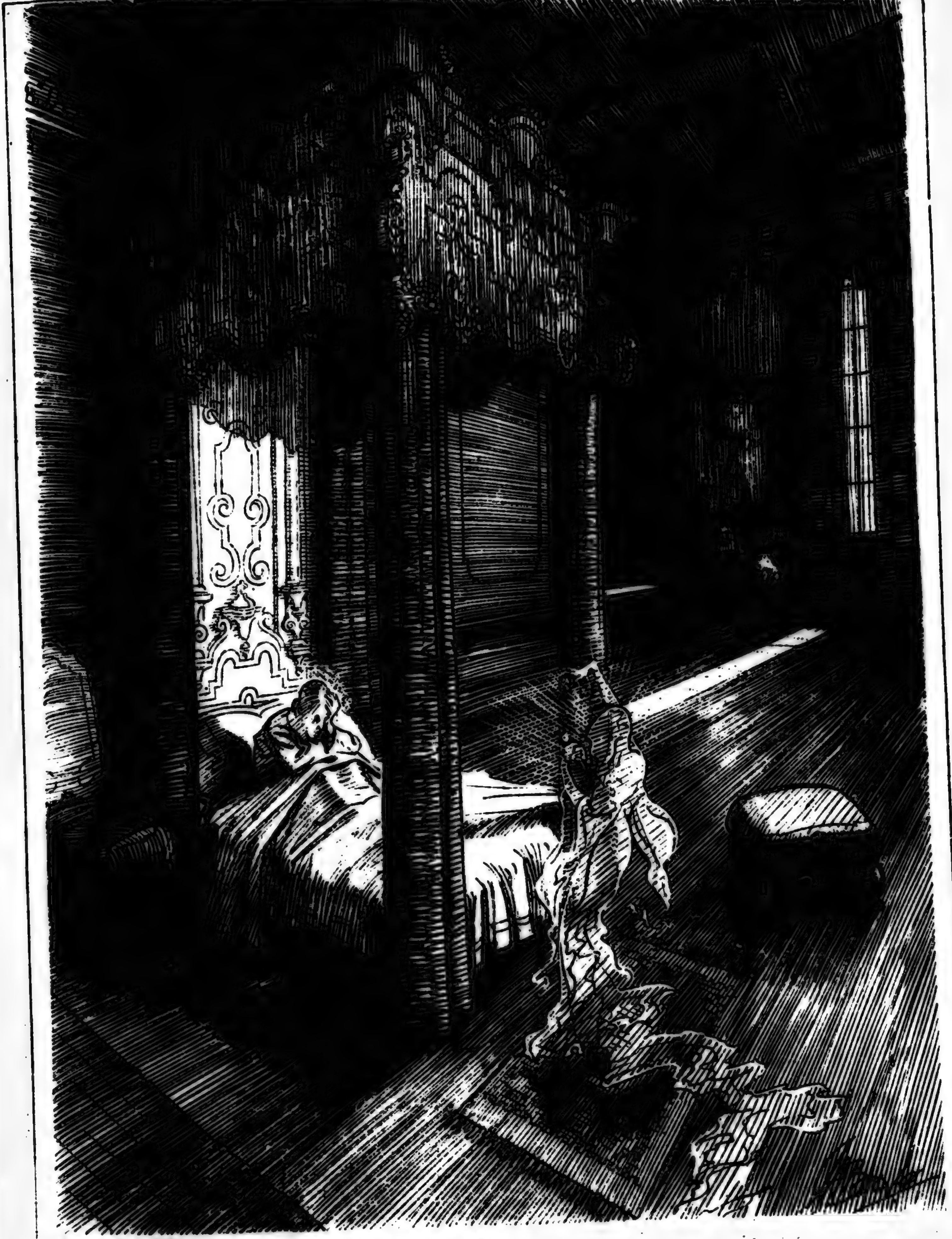
Drawn by Frank Whitburn.

SHORT-SIGHTED VILLAGE GROCER (producing doubtful looking box of fruit): "It's got 'Dates' on the top of the box, ain't it, sir?"
CHRISTMAS SHOPPER: "Great Scott, yes! Season 1890-91!"



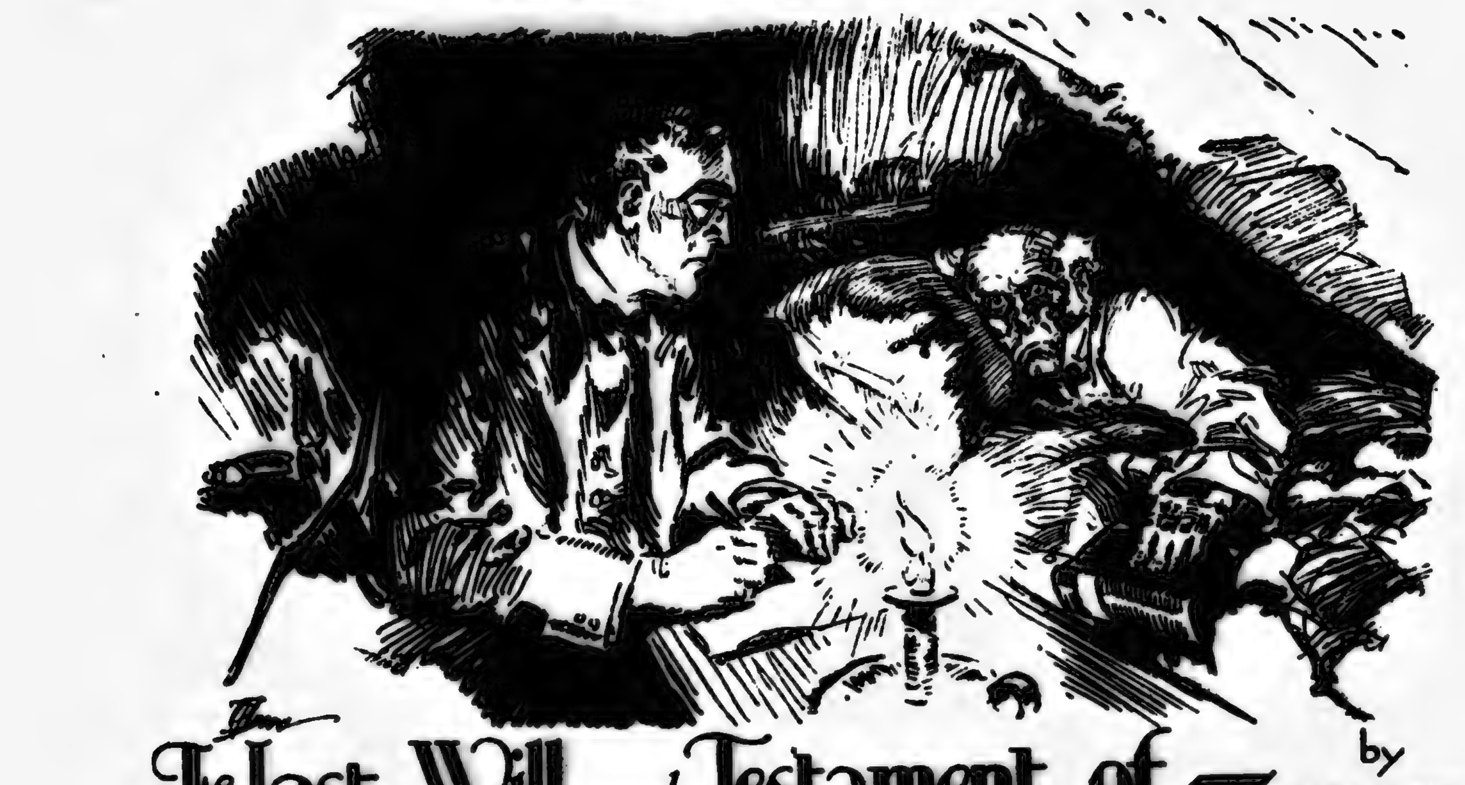
Drawn by Alfred Taylor.

SMITH MINOR (watching victim of Christmas party): "Of course he did tuck in rather frightfully. What did the doctor have to say about him?"
BROWN MINOR: "He thinks he'll get over it, all right, but he says he'll never be quite the same shape again!"



Drawn by J. A. Beale.

THE GHOST: "Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!"
THE GUEST: "I beg your pardon?"
THE GHOST: "Ooh! Ow! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ow! Ooh!"
THE GUEST (victim of a bad supper): "My dear fellow, don't groan so distressingly. I agree with you. She is a rotten cook!"



The Last Will and Testament of —

by H. F. MALTBY

A strange will, drawn up in remarkable circumstances, provides a stranger sequel.

IT is most inconsiderate of people to carry through a big business deal just when the Christmas season is at its height.

They seem to forget or ignore the fact that other people may want a little relaxation just once a year.

I felt very strongly on the point as I sat in my office wading through title deeds, mortgages and goodness knows what else connected with the one million pound Real Estate deal that my firm had the handling of.

I had been at the thing all day, and now, at 6.30 in the evening, I realised the fact that if I was to have the hang of it all by to-morrow morning I must put in at least another hour's work to-night.

I hate the office when all the clerks are gone and the whole place is closed up; so I decided to take my papers with me and finish up the job at home.

On arriving at my house in St. John's Wood, I was met in the hall by my wife.

"You're awfully late, darling," she began; "you'll have to hurry up and get dressed!"

"Why?" I asked.

"I thought you'd forget it," she commented. "We are going to the Savoy to-night for dinner and a dance, with Charlie and Kate."

Kate is our only daughter, and Charlie her husband. Both were staying with us for the Christmas holidays.

I had forgotten clean about it. That wretched Real Estate deal had knocked everything else out of my head.

"I'm awfully sorry," I stammered, "I'm afraid I can't come!"

"What's this?" enquired my son-in-law, coming down the stairs at the moment. "I've got a table engaged and everything is fixed up."

I explained to them how impossible it was for me to go with them.

"What will you do about dinner, then?" my wife asked.

"I'll dine here," I replied, in surprise.

"Cook's out," she informed me. "Thinking we were all going to be out, I gave her the evening off. I've given Parker the evening off, too. She has some friends in London from the country."

"Are there no servants in the house?" I asked, annoyed.

"I'm afraid not," she replied. "It is Christmas time, you know; one must be lenient. And believing we would all be out, I let them all go. I'm afraid if you want some dinner, you'll have to put up with what you can find in the larder."

I assured her that I would be quite content with that, and shortly afterwards they departed for the Savoy. How I envied them! But business is business, and this was something that could not be neglected.

I SCROUNGED up quite a respectable cold collation from the larder, and, having finished my meal, lit a cigar and settled myself in my study to work.

I had been working about a couple of hours—for it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of half past nine, when I was surprised to hear the front door bell ring.

Forgetting I was all alone in the house, I paid no attention but went on with my reading.

Presently it rang again, and this time it was followed by two or three loud knocks.

Wondering who it could be calling at that time of night, and cursing whoever it was from the bottom of my heart, I rose from my chair and, opening the study door, crossed the hall to the front door and opened it.

Standing on the step with her hand to the bell, as if about to ring again, was a small, bedraggled, frightened-looking girl.

She looked about sixteen or eighteen, but something about her suggested that she was probably an undergrown twenty or twenty-three. She was poorly and untidily clad, and looked as if a square meal would not do her any harm.

"Does Mr. Porteous live 'ere?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "I am Mr. Porteous. What do you want?"

"Are you Mr. Porteous, the lawyer?" was her next question.

"Yes," I snapped, "what about it?"

In reply, she pointed her hand vaguely into the darkness.

"You're to come at once!" she said.

"What do you mean—'come at once'?" I retorted. "Come where and why?"

"'E said I was to bring you with me," she replied.

"Who said you were to bring me, and where?" I asked.

"'E did," she answered cryptically. "'E give me five shillings for the taxi."

"Look here," I said, losing all patience; it was bitterly cold, and I did not relish being kept standing in the draught. "Is this someone's idea of a joke—or what is it?"

"It ain't a joke," she replied, in a scared voice. "'E's dying and 'e told me to fetch you!"

"Who's dying?" I asked, in spite of myself catching from her a little of her concern.

"The old man wot lodges with us," she replied.

"What's his name—do I know him?" was my next question.

"'E ain't got no name—not that we knows of. 'E's only been with us three days. 'E's just an old man."

"But I don't understand!" I expostulated. "If he's dying, why does he want me? You've made a mistake; he wants a doctor."

"No," she insisted, "he's 'ad a doctor to 'im. 'E says 'e can't last out the night. 'E wants a lawyer—to make 'is last will and testament."

A light broke in upon me.

"But why on earth do you come to me?" I asked. "This isn't my office. There must be plenty of lawyers practising round here. Why don't you go to one of them?"

"'E said you were the nearest," she replied. "'E found you in the telephone directory."

"Well, I don't know what to do!" I observed, more to myself than to her.

Her reply was almost in a tone of command.

"You're to come at once!" she said. "'E says that 'e can't die 'appy unless 'e makes 'is last will and testament. 'E says that if 'e don't 'e won't rest in 'is grave . . . that 'e will 'aunt us all our lives!"

IT was all most annoying. I felt that "'E," whoever he was, ought to know better than to shuffle off this mortal coil at such an hour. Why couldn't he do it during business hours, and give the job of his Will and Testament to someone else . . . I didn't want it.

"You're coming, aren't you?" she broke in on my thoughts, in a tone that reached my heart.

"All right," I said, with a bad grace, "fetch a taxi—there's a rank round the corner. I'll be with you in a minute."

I pulled on my overcoat and muffler, and, going to my study, picked from a drawer a few sheets of foolscap paper; those were certain to be needed.

In the same drawer as the paper I came across a small automatic pistol I keep—Heaven only knows why! I hesitated and then put it in my pocket. It was as well to be on the safe side, I reasoned. On the safe side? What about my gold watch and chain and cigarette case? And the wallet of notes in my pocket?

I relieved myself of them, and put them in my safe. If there was going to be any "monkey tricks," I thought, I'll be on the safe side.

I opened the front door. She was back on the doorstep, and beyond the gate of the carriage drive I could see the lights of a waiting taxi.

"14, Plantation Street," she directed the driver, and we got inside.

I vaguely knew Plantation Street. It was off some main road; I had seen it from the top of a 'bus and remembered that it consisted of rows of slum houses.

Now that I was fairly started on the adventure, I began to think what an absurd business it all was.

Here was I, the senior partner of one of the oldest established and most respected firm of solicitors in the city, sitting in a taxi with a little slum child, on my way to make out the last Will and Testament of an old man who was dying in—probably a doss house! What had he to leave, I wondered, that he could not die happy until he had disposed of it? . . . £20—perhaps £50 at the most.

The taxi slowed down, and stopped. My companion, who had not vouchsafed a word during our journey, rose from the seat beside me.

"'Ere we are!" she said.

I rose and followed her out, instinctively putting my hand in my pocket to pay the fare, but she was before me.

"'E said I was to pay," she remarked. "'E gave me the money."

At any rate, my new client possessed some sense of decency.

"This way," directed the girl, when she had settled up with the driver.

"One minute," I interrupted. I addressed myself to the taxi man. "I'll be wanting you in a few minutes; you'd better wait."

She led the way across a muddy patch that had once, probably, been a front garden, and through the open door of the house to which it belonged.

The passage and stairs were innocent of any sort of covering, and were lit by the dimmest of dim gas jets.

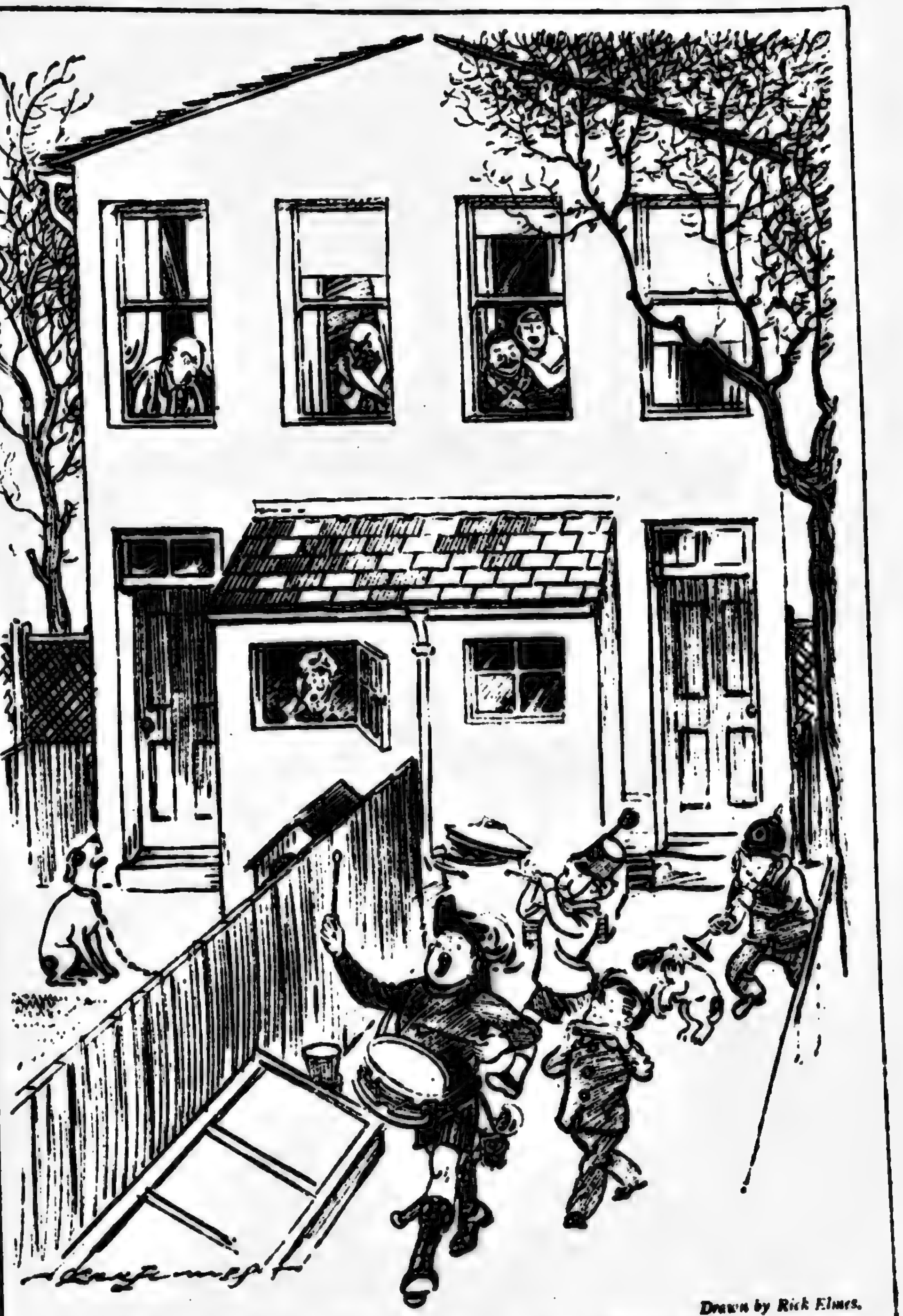
It did not require much perspicuity to guess that this was probably a common lodging-house.

We mounted the creaking wooden stairs, and reached the first landing, turned the corner and mounted again.

We gained the second floor and again mounted, reaching the third. . . . "Surely," I thought, "we must be at the top."

"There 's just four more steps," my companion informed me; "will you take my 'and?"

She clasped my hand tightly and together we ascended what felt like a rickety step-ladder.



Drawn by Rick Elmes.

PROUD FATHER (on Christmas morning): "I bet the neighbours envy us our happy, contented children!"

"'Ere we are!" she said.

At the same instant, I heard her knock at the door.

"Come in!" replied a weak voice, from the other side.

A door opened, and half dragged by my guide and half stumbling, I found myself in an attic room.

The room, which was lit by a solitary candle, seemed to be all ceiling. It slanted from a chimney stack at one side of the apartment to the floor at the other.

Of furniture there was practically none—the most conspicuous thing being the bed.

It was of the old-fashioned chair-bedstead order, and upon it lay a little frail old gentleman with a wrinkled face, white mutton-chop whiskers, and a bald head. What his age was I could form no conjecture, but I imagined it must be somewhere about four score.

One almost transparent hand rested upon the rough patchwork quilt, and in it he held a volume of Bacon's Essays.

HE smiled feebly as I entered.

"This is indeed good of you," he remarked, in a singularly refined voice. "King Charles II. is said to have apologised for being an unconscionable time dying. I must apologise for being such an unconscionable nuisance about it. Had I known that my attacks were going to recur this evening I would have got through this business earlier in the day; in which case, I would not have troubled you. But Death, my dear sir, is a capricious fellow. He loves to play us tricks."

"But are you sure——?" I began.

"That I cannot last out the night?" he asked, with a smile. And then, before I had time to reply, he went on. "Positive. For years I have suffered from a certain painful malady. I understand its symptoms better than any doctor. To-night I have received the final call; it is only a question of hours. As a matter of fact, it is purely will power that is keeping me alive now."

I was silent. There was no doubt that he was very, very ill, but it seemed hard to believe that this little old gentleman who was so calmly discussing his own end was so very close to the other side.

He seemed to read my thoughts. He tapped the book he held in his hand.

"I have just been reading my friend Bacon on the subject," he remarked. "He says—'Men fear Death as children fear the dark.' He is right. As a child, I never feared the dark, and now, as an old man about to cross over, I have no fear of Eternity. But a thousand pardons," he broke off—"Nellie! A chair for Mr. Porteous!"

He watched the girl remove a cracked enamel basin from a rickety wooden chair—a grim smile upon his face.

"Our one and only chair," he remarked, "is at present a washstand, and as such, I fear, will not be used by me again. Hardly a spot to invite anyone to, but I shall not detain you long. And now, Nellie," he went on, "you can run away and play while Mr. Porteous and I discuss our business."

He paused for a few seconds.

"You know the business I want you to conduct for me?" he asked at length.

"I understand that you wish to make your will," I said.

"That is so," he replied. "It may seem curious to you that one in these surroundings should bother with a will, but appearances are often deceptive; and until that will was made I felt I could not rest. It was good of you to come."

I waived his thanks aside, remembering with what bad grace I had obeyed his summons.

"Have you ink and paper?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," I replied, with a start. My extraordinary surroundings had caused me to forget what I was there for.

I put my hand in my pocket for the foolscap, and in doing so it encountered the little automatic pistol.

I smiled to myself at the caution that had prompted me to bring it with me.

"You will require my full name, of course," he began, when I had arranged the paper and had taken out my fountain pen.

"That is necessary," I agreed.

"Henry — Percival — Calwood — a family name," he explained. "I will spell it to you." He did so. "Seabrightest."

I looked up in surprise.

"Any relation of the Seabrightests of Northumberland?" I asked.

He nodded.

"That is so," he replied, "but with your permission we will not dwell upon a subject that is painful to me."

"Address?" I asked.

"I have none," he answered, "but as I have lived here for three days and shall shortly cease to live here, I think this will suffice?"

I nodded, and inscribed, "of 14, Plantation Street."

He watched me closely while I wrote down the usual first clause which deals with the revoking of all former wills, etc.

"I appoint as my sole executors, Messrs. Lloyds Bank, Ltd.," he dictated, and I wrote, wondering what was coming next.

"I declare that I am of sound mind," he went on, "and that this my will is made for the sole purpose of insuring that none of my nephews, nieces, or any relatives who have so long and so impatiently awaited my demise, shall profit one penny piece by it."

"SO that's the secret," I thought. "Revenge! This old man, so near Death, could not die in peace if he thought any of his relatives would benefit."

When I had finished writing, I looked up for him to continue.

"I leave and bequeath to Our Dumb Friends League, to the Hospital for Incurables, to St. Dunstan's, and to the Charing Cross Hospital, the sum of £5,000 each."

I was staggered. We were dealing in big figures, it seemed, but the other bequests that followed surprised me more.

Unless he was mad, this little wreck of a man must be worth over a hundred thousand pounds. And every penny of it he was leaving to charity.

"The remainder of my estate," he dictated, "I leave and bequeath to the London Parks Committee, as a small return for the many pleasant nights I have enjoyed upon their free benches in preference to the so-called comfortable beds that I could easily have afforded to engage."

And thus ended the most remarkable will I have ever drawn up, and in the most remarkable circumstances.

In company with the small girl, who brought me to the place, I witnessed it.

"The only matter that now remains to be settled," he observed, when the business was concluded, "is your fee. I have already written out your cheque . . . it is payable to 'Bearer.'"

He drew from beneath his pillow a cheque which he handed to me. It was for £100.

"But," I protested, "£100 is excessive."

He silenced me.

"I consider you have done me more than a £100 service," he insisted. "Pray accept it."

MY taxi was waiting, and giving the driver my address, I got inside.

My mind was so occupied with what I had seen and the little drama that I had just assisted in, that it was not until the driver opened the door for me that I realised that we had stopped at my house. I settled with the man, discovering that I had been over two hours with my extraordinary client.

On entering the hall, I realised at once that something had taken place during my absence. Hats and coats were strewn about anyhow. I entered my study—it was in the wildest disorder.

The contents of all my drawers lay scattered on the floor; my safe had been forced and everything of value was gone.

I rushed wildly from room to room; it was the same everywhere. The house had been ransacked. I seized the telephone, but the wire had been cut.

I tore out into the street, encountering a policeman at the corner of the road, and to him I told everything. Together we went to the police-station, and thence to No. 14, Plantation Street.

The little frightened girl met us at the open door. She was with another woman I took to be her mother; it was evident they were both in a great state of agitation.

"Oh, sir!" she gasped, on seeing me, "'E's gone!"

"Dead?" I asked.

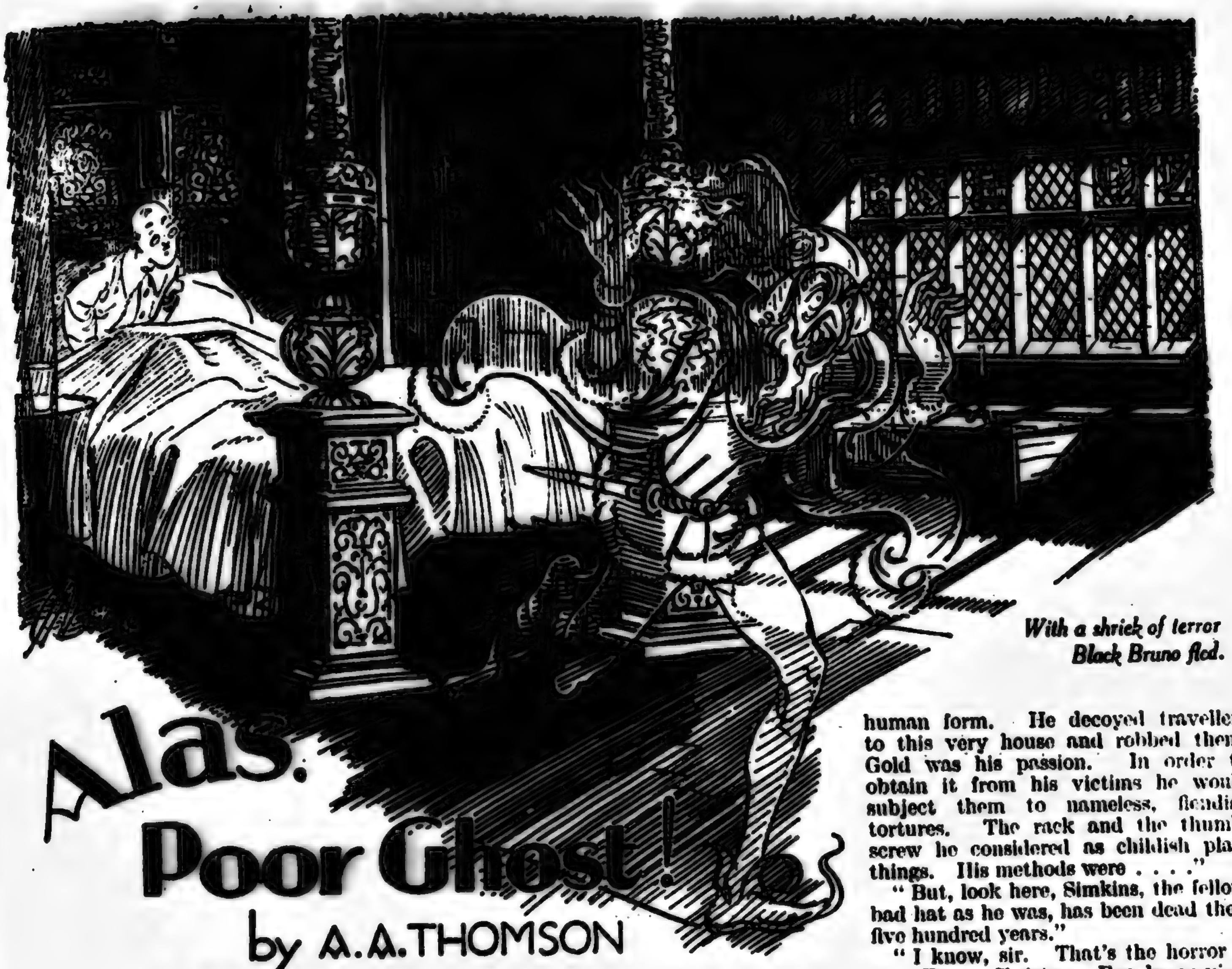
"Dead, my boot!" replied the elder lady. "If I 'ad known 'ow much alive 'e was, I'd 'ave sloshed 'im as 'e lay in bed! Directly you 'ad gone, 'e slipped out of the 'ouse without anyone seeing 'im. 'E ain't even paid 'is rent, or for the soups and things I've got 'im."

"Has he left nothing behind?" I asked.

"Only this," replied the girl.

She held up the Will in my handwriting, and across it in blue pencil was scribbled the single word "RATS."

The cheque for £100 duly came back. That was not marked "Rats," but two words that convey the same meaning . . . "NO ACCOUNT."



With a shriek of terror
Black Bruno fled.

Alas! Poor Ghost!

by A. A. THOMSON

Mr. Smith was more than a match for the fiercest Ghost.

IT was Christmas Eve. All day long the driving snow had swirled in icy blasts around the lonely manor house that stood upon the edge of a tract of wild, bleak moorland. Through the blackened, creaking branches of the trees in the deserted garden the winter wind wailed like a soul in torment. There was a sinister, haunted air about the house itself. The dim light that came from its two illuminated windows gave the impression of glow-worms in the eye-sockets of a mouldering skull.

Within the library at Coffyn Grange some faint attempt at cheerfulness had been made, but an air of clinging gloom and impending disaster hung over the room with its sombre oak furniture and guttering candles. Even the fire in the wide, open chimney emitted a dull smoke instead of a comforting blaze. In a deep arm-chair sat Sir Horace Dumble, the Grange's new owner. He was a wealthy man, being, indeed, the second largest manufacturer of synthetic cowcake in the country, but, as he fingered his book, it was obvious that he was ill at ease. The air of the library depressed him utterly. It seemed as though unseen fingers plucked at him and silent voices mocked with fiendish glee at his discomfiture. Suddenly he glanced up with a start. The figure of a white-haired old man in rusty black stood beside his chair.

"Lord, Simkins, how you startled me," gasped the baronet.

"I wanted to ask, sir," said the butler in his cracked, high-pitched voice, "if you wanted anything before I went home."

"What do you mean, went home?" demanded Sir Horace.

"I always go home, sir. All the other servants have already gone."

"Then where do you sleep, Simkins?"

"In the village, sir."

"But, good heavens, man, you can't walk seven miles across that lonely moor on a night like this."

The butler's aged figure shook and his teeth chattered.

"I'd rather do that, sir," he stammered, "than spend Christmas Eve in this house."

"Come, pull yourself together, Simkins. What are you afraid of?"

The butler's voice sank to a ghastly whisper.

"I'm afraid of . . . of Black Bruno, sir."

"And who the devil is he?"

"Oh, don't speak so harshly, sir. I can't bear it. Black Bruno was the fourth baron of the Coffyn family. He lived in the fifteenth century and was known as the cruellest monster of his time. Men said he was a fiend in human form. He decoyed travellers to this very house and robbed them. Gold was his passion. In order to obtain it from his victims he would subject them to nameless, fiendish tortures. The rack and the thumbscrew he considered as childish playthings. His methods were . . . ."

"But, look here, Simkins, the fellow, bad hat as he was, has been dead these five hundred years."

"I know, sir. That's the horror of it. Every Christmas Eve he re-visits the scenes of his atrocities. In the Black Room you can hear the screams of his victims and his demoniac laughter as he flays and tears them limb from limb. Don't ask me to stay, sir. I'm an old man. I can't bear the horror of it. I can't——"

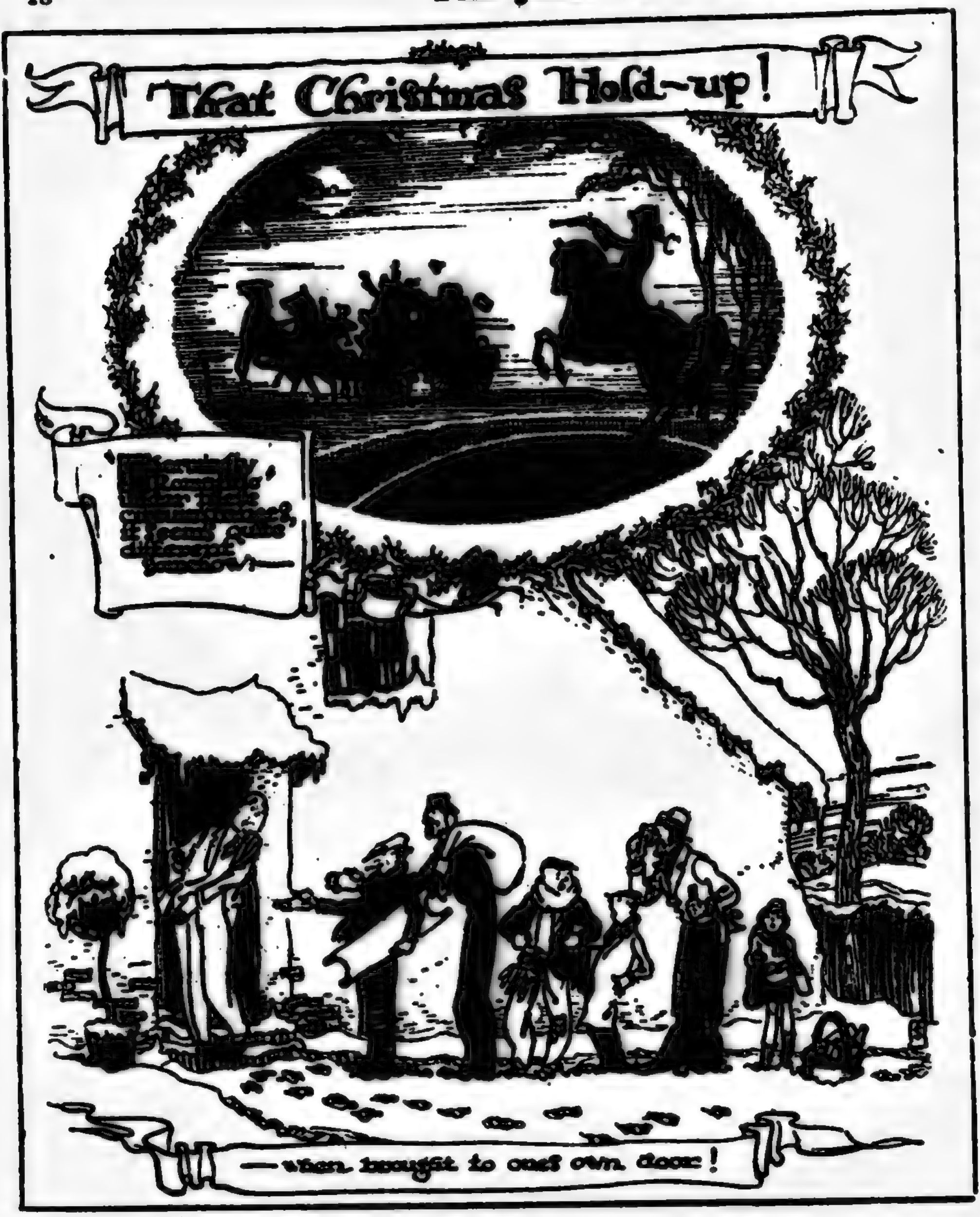
"Now, look here, my man," began Sir Horace sternly. But the trembling Simkins had fled.

SHRUGGING his shoulders, Sir Horace mixed himself a strong brandy and soda. Picking up a book from the shelf he looked idly at the printed page. "*Such was his cruel rapacity*," he read, "*that, were his victim possessed of but a florin, he would torture him over a slow fire until he did disgorge it.*"

Quickly he glanced at the cover of the volume. It was entitled "The Legend of Black Bruno." The grandfather clock in the hall boomed out the hour of midnight in hollow tones. What was that? The sound of a cracked bell rang through the house, followed by the loud rapping of a knocker. There was someone at the front door. Gulping down another peg of brandy, Sir Horace strode out into the hall and withdrew the long, creaking bolts. A blast of icy wind assailed him as the door swung open. On the threshold stood a stranger.

"Excuse me," said the newcomer in a mild voice, "but may I request a

(*Continued on page 18.*)


That Christmas Hold-up!
—when brought to one's own door!

ALAS, POOR GHOST! *(continued from page 17.)*

night's lodging? The weather is extremely inclement and I suffer a martyrdom if I have wet feet."

"Come in," said Sir Horace. (Here at least was an offer of companionship.) The stranger seemed a curiously meek and inoffensive person. His face was mild in expression and he wore gold-rimmed glasses. He also carried a small gladstone bag.

"Have you had supper?" asked Sir Horace.

"Thank you, I never take supper. I find it disagrees with me. If you would be so kind as to give me a glass of milk, I should be glad to retire to bed at once."

"Well, at least I can lend you some pyjamas."

"No, thank you," murmured the stranger confidentially, "I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt. I always carry one in my bag."

"I'm afraid," said Sir Horace lightly, "that I'll have to ask you to sleep in the haunted room. You're not afraid of ghosts, I suppose?"

"No," replied the stranger thoughtfully. "I'm much more afraid of draughts. Draughts, I find, are——"

"Then, that's all right," interrupted Sir Horace cheerfully. "I hope you'll sleep well."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "By the way, my name is Smith. You do not know me. But I know you, Sir Horace . . . ."

He laughed pleasantly as at some quiet joke of which Sir Horace had missed the point.

MR. SMITH sat up in bed, discreetly garbed in his ample nightshirt and sipping his glass of milk with satisfaction. Suddenly a blood-curdling shriek rang through the deathly stillness of the house. There was a low, piteous moan, followed by a clanking of chains.

"Dear me," said Mr. Smith.

At the foot of his bed stood a grisly, phantom shape that glowed in an eerie, phosphorescent light. Its repulsive, bearded face bore the mark of villainy incarnate; greed, cruelty and wolfish cunning were there to an inhuman degree.

"Good evening," said Mr. Smith.

"Peace, impious one," hissed the phantom. "Those shrieks you have heard came from the lost soul of Dickon the Tapster. I murdered him for half a groat. 'Twas all he had."

"Surely," suggested Mr. Smith mildly, "that was rather drastic, was it not?"

Over the scarred, repellant features of the spectre spread a look of ghoulish craftiness.

"I had to have that half-groat. I had to have it, do you hear? Money . . . I loved money better than my soul. For gold, I would cozen, burn, torture . . . No man ever crossed my path but I robbed him of his last ducat, even if I had to tear the flesh from his bones. . . ."

CONTEMPLATIVELY Mr. Smith stirred his glass with a teaspoon.

"This intrigues me," he observed tranquilly. "Please go on, sir."

"Faugh!" snarled Black Bruno. "What is that you drink? For myself, I was ever a drinker of blood. The evil that I wrought lies black upon my soul, but . . . what of it? I had my fun. No penance can take away the pleasure my evil deeds gave me. I loved the gold and jewels that I stole"—his ghostly features worked frightfully—"but there was something that I loved more. Do you know what it was?"

"Indeed, no," replied Mr. Smith. "I should be interested to learn what gave you so much pleasure."

"What I loved most," breathed Black Bruno malignantly, "was to hear the long-drawn screams of agony emitted by my victims in the torture-chamber. That was what made me happy. They swore piteously that I had had all they possessed and more. That only made me laugh the louder and give the rack another turn. 'Let us see, my friend,' I would say, 'if we cannot squeeze out another crown.' Ah, how—"

"You will excuse me," said Mr. Smith, "if I take an aspirin. I always take an aspirin before retiring. Thank you. Pray continue."

"Have you not heard enough?" shrieked the spectre. "Does your blood not curdle at my tale? I remember a little thing I invented—a neat gadget, which started with white-hot bodkins applied to the soles of——"

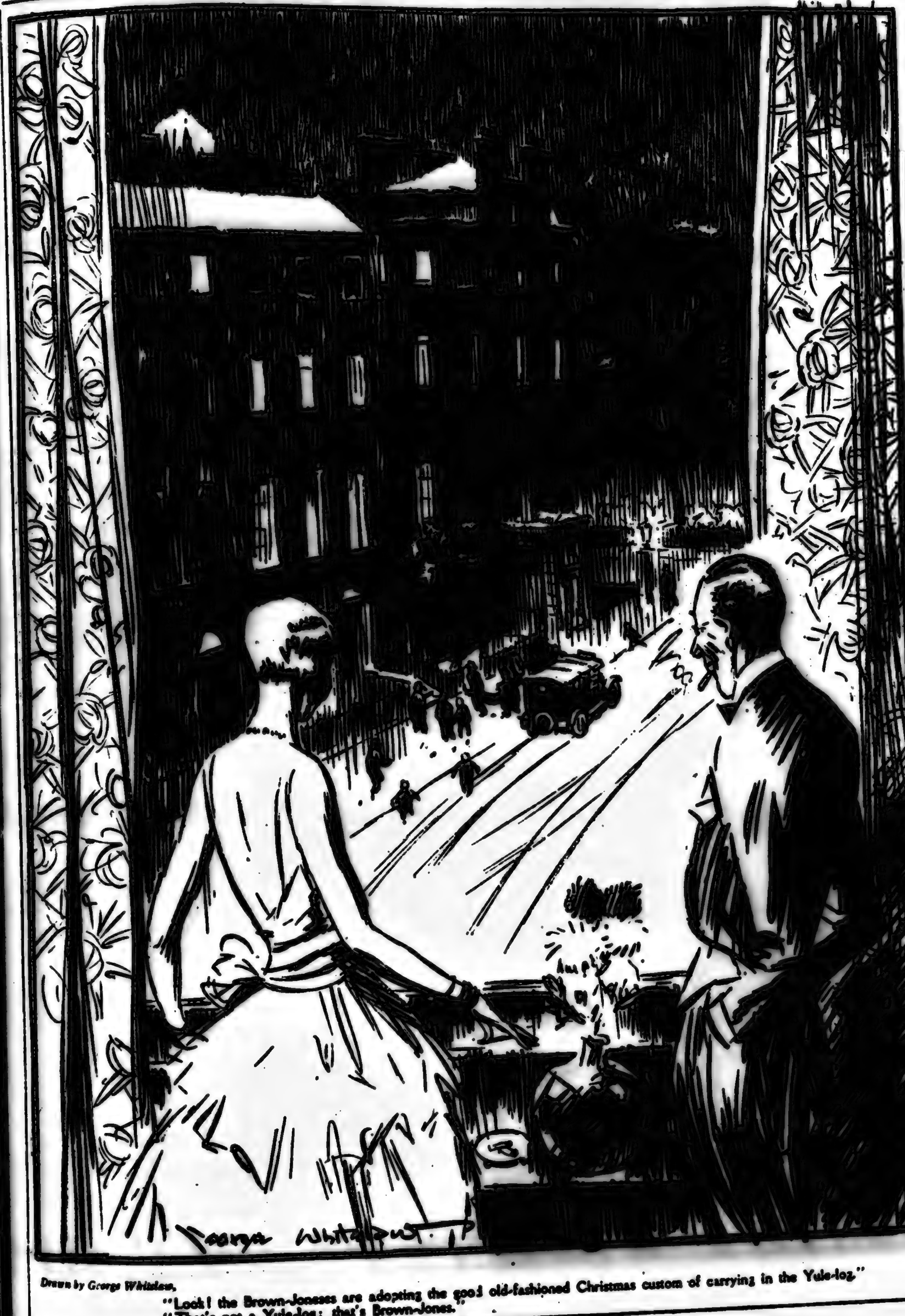
"That will do, I think," said Mr. Smith gently. He laid down his empty glass upon the side-table. There was just a suspicion of a steely glint behind his spectacles and a hint of a "snap" in his voice. "I have heard with a marked degree of patience, my dear sir, the blustering, vainglorious story of who you are and what you have done. I will now proceed to tell you who *I* am and what *I* do. Listen . . ."

Mr. Smith bent forward. As he spoke the spectre's pale face grew paler. He trembled violently. Then with a shriek of terror he disappeared into thin air and was never seen again. The phantom of Black Bruno was laid for ever.

WHAT Mr. Smith said to the ghost will never be known. He left the house early next morning after breakfasting on a lightly boiled egg and a cup of herbal coffee, and was never seen again. The only clue to his identity was a card which Sir Horace found upon his dressing-table:

Mr. J. SMITH
H.M. Inspector of Taxes.

Black Bruno had met his master!

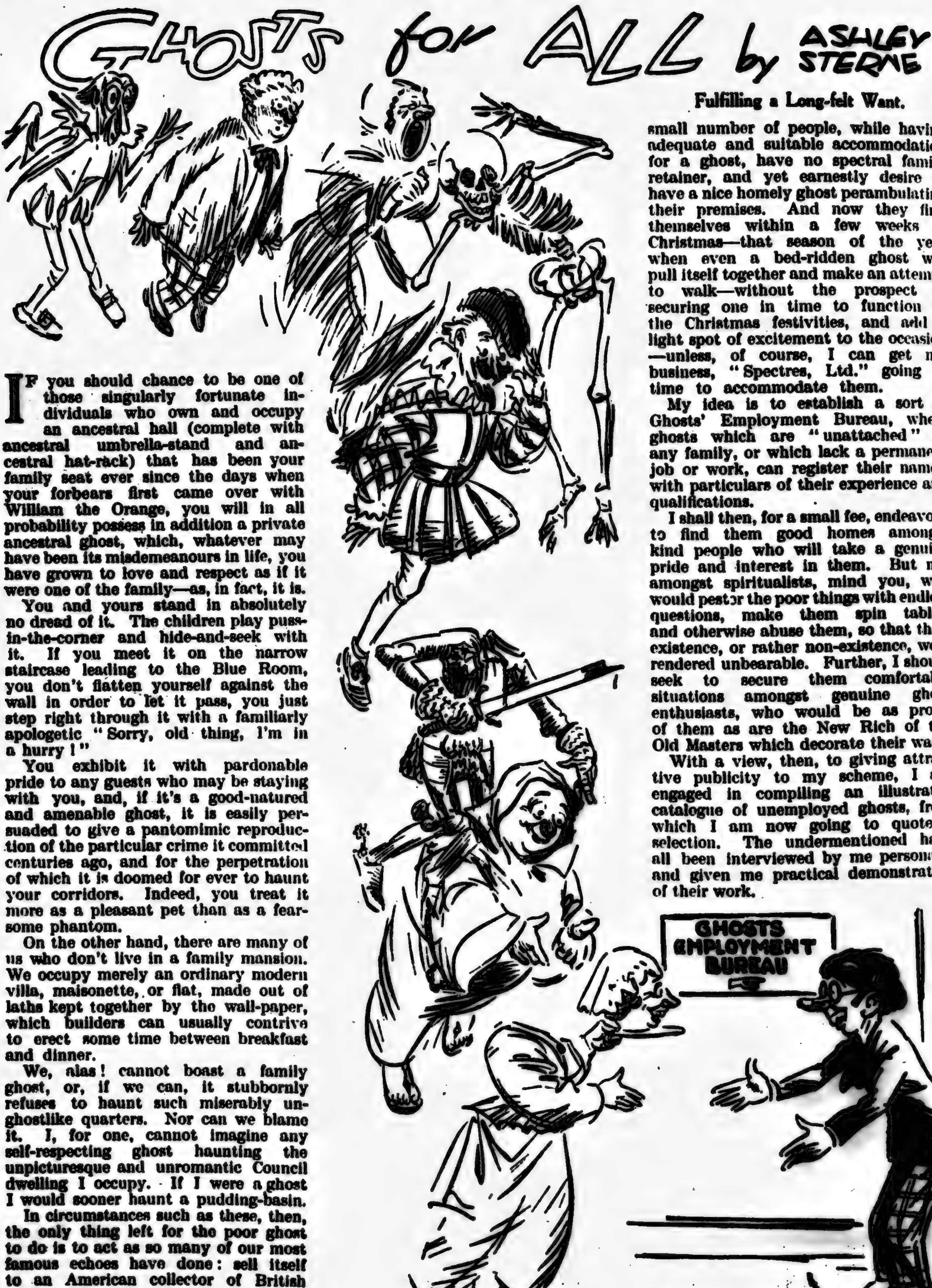


Drawn by George Whitelaw,

"Look! the Brown-Joneses are adopting the good old-fashioned Christmas custom of carrying in the Yule-log."
"That's not a Yule-log: that's Brown-Jones."

GHOSTS for ALL

by ASHLEY STERNE



Fulfilling a Long-felt Want.

If you should chance to be one of those singularly fortunate individuals who own and occupy an ancestral hall (complete with ancestral umbrella-stand and ancestral hat-rack) that has been your family seat ever since the days when your forbears first came over with William the Orange, you will in all probability possess in addition a private ancestral ghost, which, whatever may have been its misdemeanours in life, you have grown to love and respect as if it were one of the family—as, in fact, it is.

You and yours stand in absolutely no dread of it. The children play puss-in-the-corner and hide-and-seek with it. If you meet it on the narrow staircase leading to the Blue Room, you don't flatten yourself against the wall in order to let it pass, you just step right through it with a familiarly apologetic "Sorry, old thing, I'm in a hurry!"

You exhibit it with pardonable pride to any guests who may be staying with you, and, if it's a good-natured and amenable ghost, it is easily persuaded to give a pantomimic reproduction of the particular crime it committed centuries ago, and for the perpetration of which it is doomed for ever to haunt your corridors. Indeed, you treat it more as a pleasant pet than as a fearsome phantom.

On the other hand, there are many of us who don't live in a family mansion. We occupy merely an ordinary modern villa, maisonette, or flat, made out of laths kept together by the wall-paper, which builders can usually contrive to erect some time between breakfast and dinner.

We, alas! cannot boast a family ghost, or, if we can, it stubbornly refuses to haunt such miserably unghostlike quarters. Nor can we blame it. I, for one, cannot imagine any self-respecting ghost haunting the unpicturesque and unromantic Council dwelling I occupy. If I were a ghost I would sooner haunt a pudding-basin.

In circumstances such as these, then, the only thing left for the poor ghost to do is to act as so many of our most famous echoes have done: sell itself to an American collector of British antiques.

At the same time, I realise that no small number of people, while having adequate and suitable accommodation for a ghost, have no spectral family retainer, and yet earnestly desire to have a nice homely ghost perambulating their premises. And now they find themselves within a few weeks of Christmas—that season of the year when even a bed-ridden ghost will pull itself together and make an attempt to walk—without the prospect of securing one in time to function at the Christmas festivities, and add a light spot of excitement to the occasion—unless, of course, I can get my business, "Spectres, Ltd." going in time to accommodate them.

My idea is to establish a sort of Ghosts' Employment Bureau, where ghosts which are "unattached" to any family, or which lack a permanent job or work, can register their names, with particulars of their experience and qualifications.

I shall then, for a small fee, endeavour to find them good homes amongst kind people who will take a genuine pride and interest in them. But not amongst spiritualists, mind you, who would pester the poor things with endless questions, make them spin tables, and otherwise abuse them, so that their existence, or rather non-existence, were rendered unbearable. Further, I should seek to secure them comfortable situations amongst genuine ghost enthusiasts, who would be as proud of them as are the New Rich of the Old Masters which decorate their walls.

With a view, then, to giving attractive publicity to my scheme, I am engaged in compiling an illustrated catalogue of unemployed ghosts, from which I am now going to quote a selection. The undermentioned have all been interviewed by me personally and given me practical demonstration of their work.

The White Lady.—Until recently haunting Tottering Towers, Tottenham, the seat of the Hotspur family, now destroyed by fire. She is now homeless and without regular employment, but has lately been acting as *locum tenens* for the Grey Woman of Giggleswick, who is down with the mumps. In life (1643). was nursery-governess to the children of Sir Halibut Hotspur, Bart., but, on being jilted by the butler, poisoned herself with powdered electric-light bulbs.

Excellent walker. Good groaner (contralto). Speaks a little Italian. Head removable, which she sometimes carries under her arm and sometimes on a soup-plate. Has been recently re-bleached. Excellent references. Terms moderate.

The Moaning Monk.—Dates back to the Reformation. One time successfully haunted Davyburn Abbey. Is ardent teetotaller. Condemned to ghosthood for refusing to manufacture Benedictine when so ordered.

Moans adequate, but faint, owing to 400 years' wear and tear of larynx. Would prefer haunt vicarage, manse, or other ecclesiastical abode, but is not insistent. Jovial face. Photo on application. Fond of children. Would give services gratis in return for kind and congenial home. No boots, no washing.

The Headless Knight.—Very effective spectre. Only decapitated specimen on books at moment. Emanates very pretty pale green light. Shouts "Have at you!" and brandishes sword, but is not dangerous. Needs careful watching that he does not come to harm, as, owing to loss of head, he can't see where he's going. Head lost jousting with Ivanhoe. Has to walk earth until he finds it. Would accept either payment per appearance (as required), or small fixed salary. Live in.

Herne the Hopper.—Absolutely unique. Only apparition ever known to hop. Has only one leg, but otherwise in excellent state of repair. Necessarily rather noisy when "walking," but antics most amusing. Roars of laughter nightly. Can and will (if desired) play hopscotch with children. Wears effective and elaborate Elizabethan costume. Suit artist or theatrical costumier. Would like to be purchased freehold. Alternatively, would grant 99 years' lease.

The Creaking Skeleton.—Very weird and awe-inspiring. For many generations served as family ghost to Bonehead family. Skeleton complete, except for merrythought, which is missing. Thinks he lost it at Agincourt, but admits it may possibly have been stolen by souvenir-hunting Yankee.

If creaking found too disturbing, would consent to be fitted with silencer. Expert dancer. Speciality: *danse macabre*, performed to xylophone solo executed on own ribs. Would be happy to oblige at any time either as skeleton in cupboard or as skeleton at feast.

The Weeping Widow.—Otherwise known as Grizzling Gertrude. Cause of weeping unknown, but understood to be at loss of ninth husband, whom she murdered innadvertently by sheer force of habit. Sobs are very heart-rending. Gramophone record can be heard at office, or Widow would call and emit specimen sob on approval.

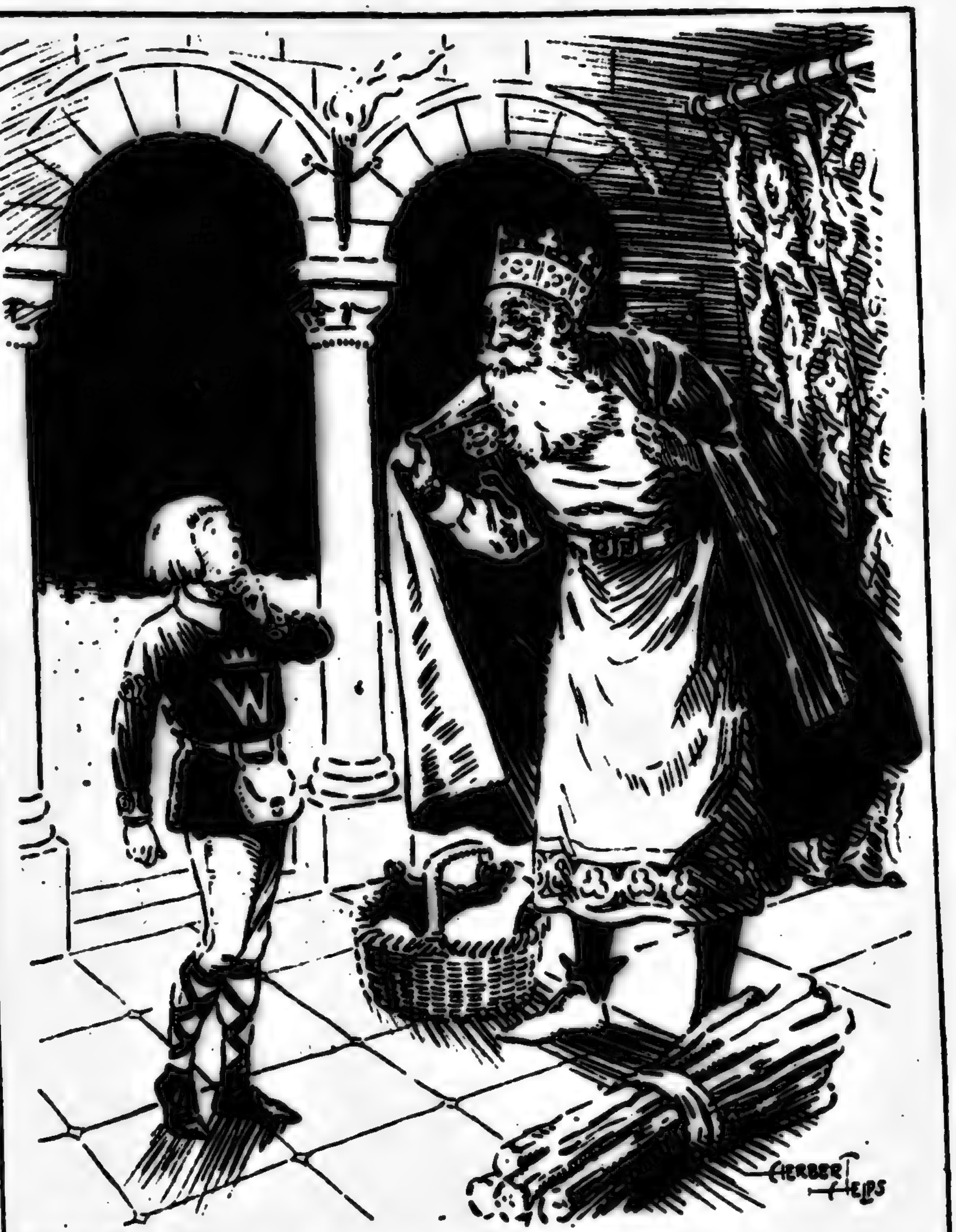
Harold S. Popplethwaite.—Just an ordinary phantom, and doesn't know why he is one. Thinks he was probably "raised" at a *seance*, and the medium forgot to dematerialise him. Has had no experience of haunting, but is willing to try. Is now taking Correspondence Course in same. Bachelor; height, 5 ft. 10 in. in socks; curly hair; left-handed; slight limp due to bunion; good tenor voice.

The Spectre of the Brocken.—Actually the original world-famous apparition of the Hartz Mountains, now given up business owing to lack of patronage by tourists. Unique opportunity to secure reliable and experienced ghost willing and ready to function in any capacity.

No reasonable offer refused and payment by instalments can be arranged. Would be delivered in own plain van. Moaning and groaning done either in English or in German. Drinks light lager; never touches spirits.

Well, there you have a few specimens available for your choice at the moment, while I am already in negotiation with other ghostly beings, including a Chattering Skull, a Phantom Dog, complete with Blood-curdling Bay, which is at present recovering from the distemper, and Little Effie, the Wonderful Child-Ghost, who bowls a hoop, skips and recites "Little Orphant Annie" most pathetically.

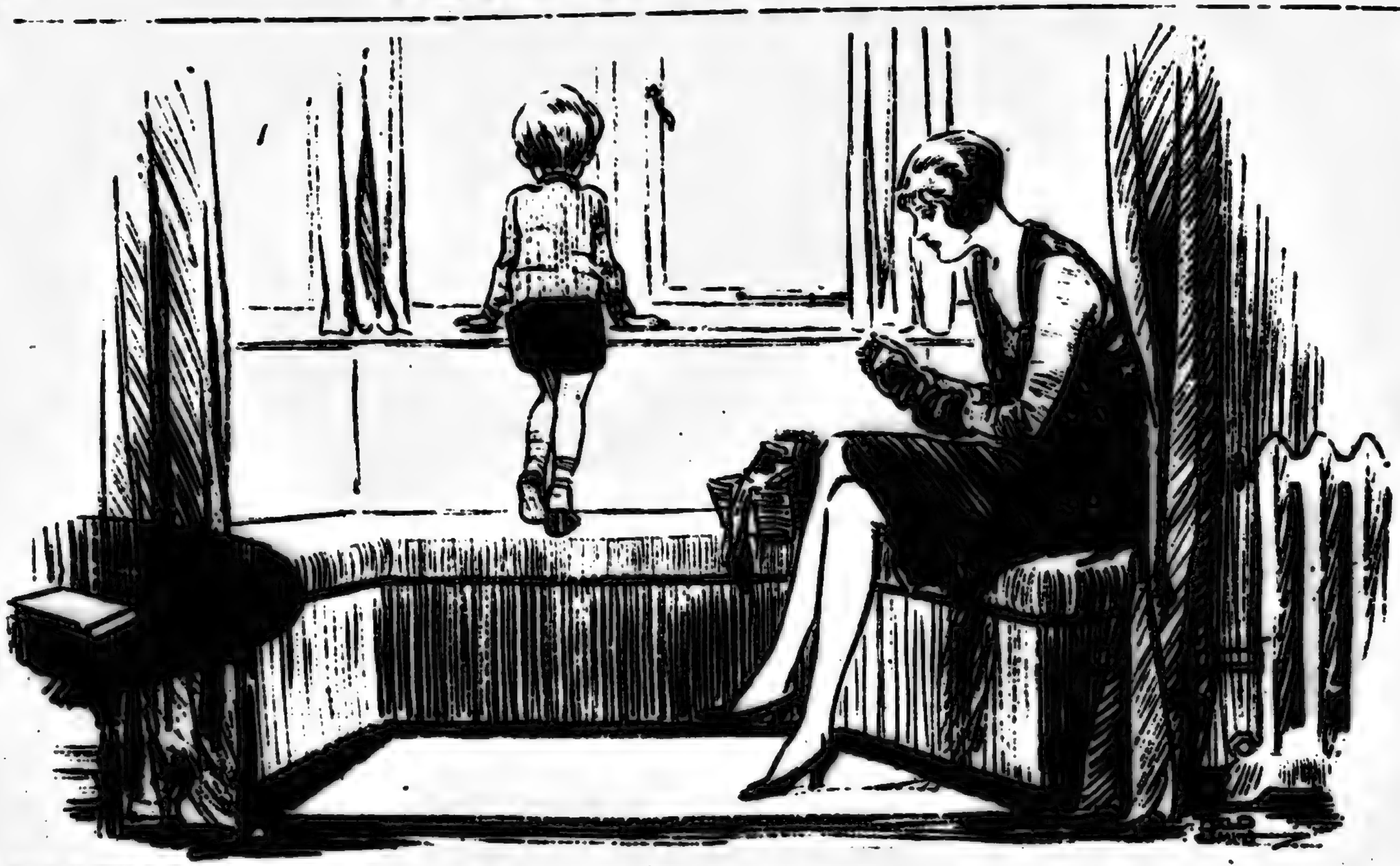
Meantime, any reader anxious to secure a phantom, wraith, apparition, eidolon, or other variety of spectre in time for Christmas, would be well advised to apply *immediately*. Otherwise, he won't stand a ghost of a chance of a chance of a ghost.



Drawn by Herbert Helps.

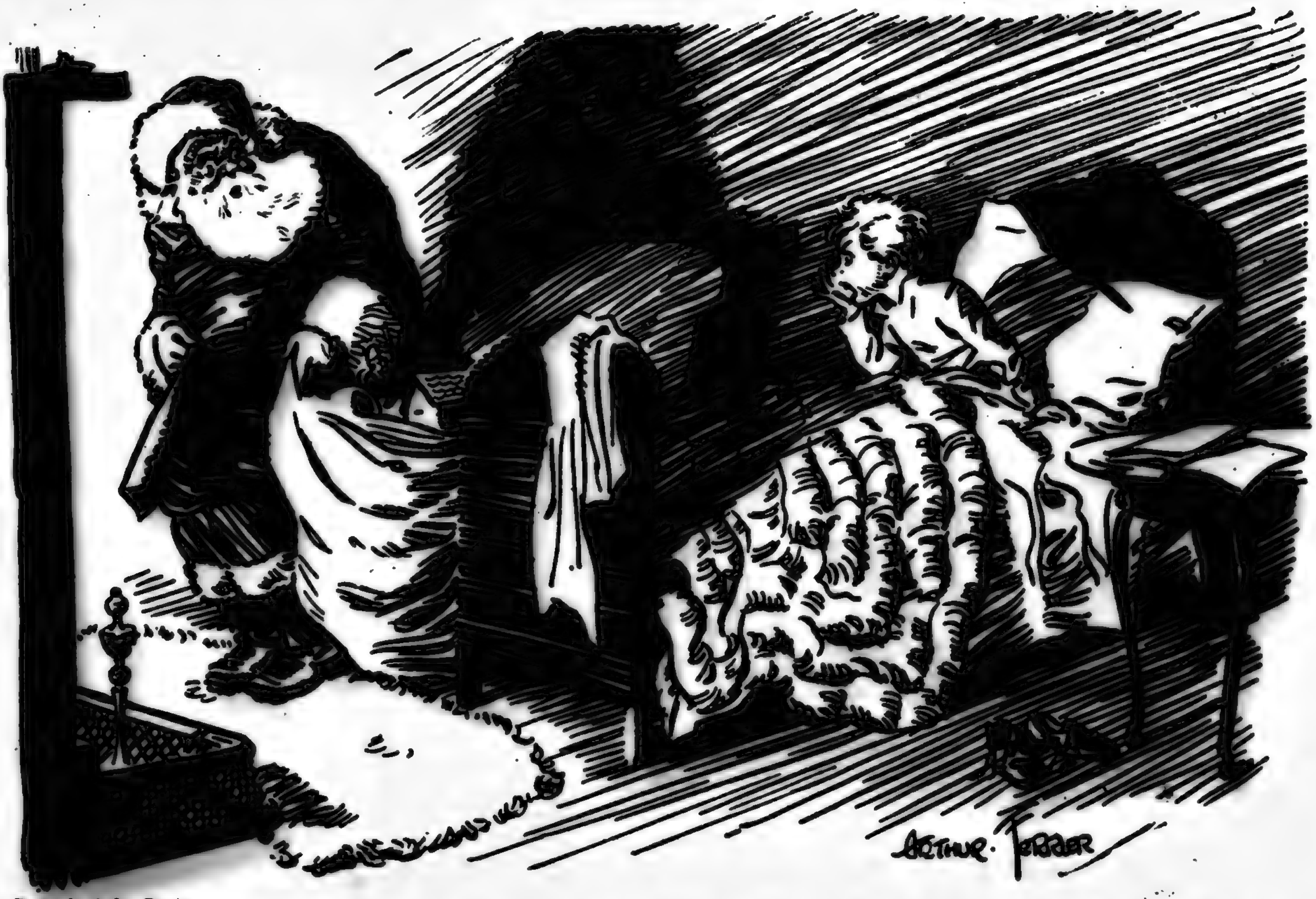
THE PAGE (anxiously): "Er—are we going to the poor man's dwelling again this year, your Majesty?"

GOOD KING WENCESLAS: "Yes; I must live up to my reputation! But it'll be easy this time. During the summer I arranged with my agent to give him a cottage near the Palace!"



Drawn by Field Smith.

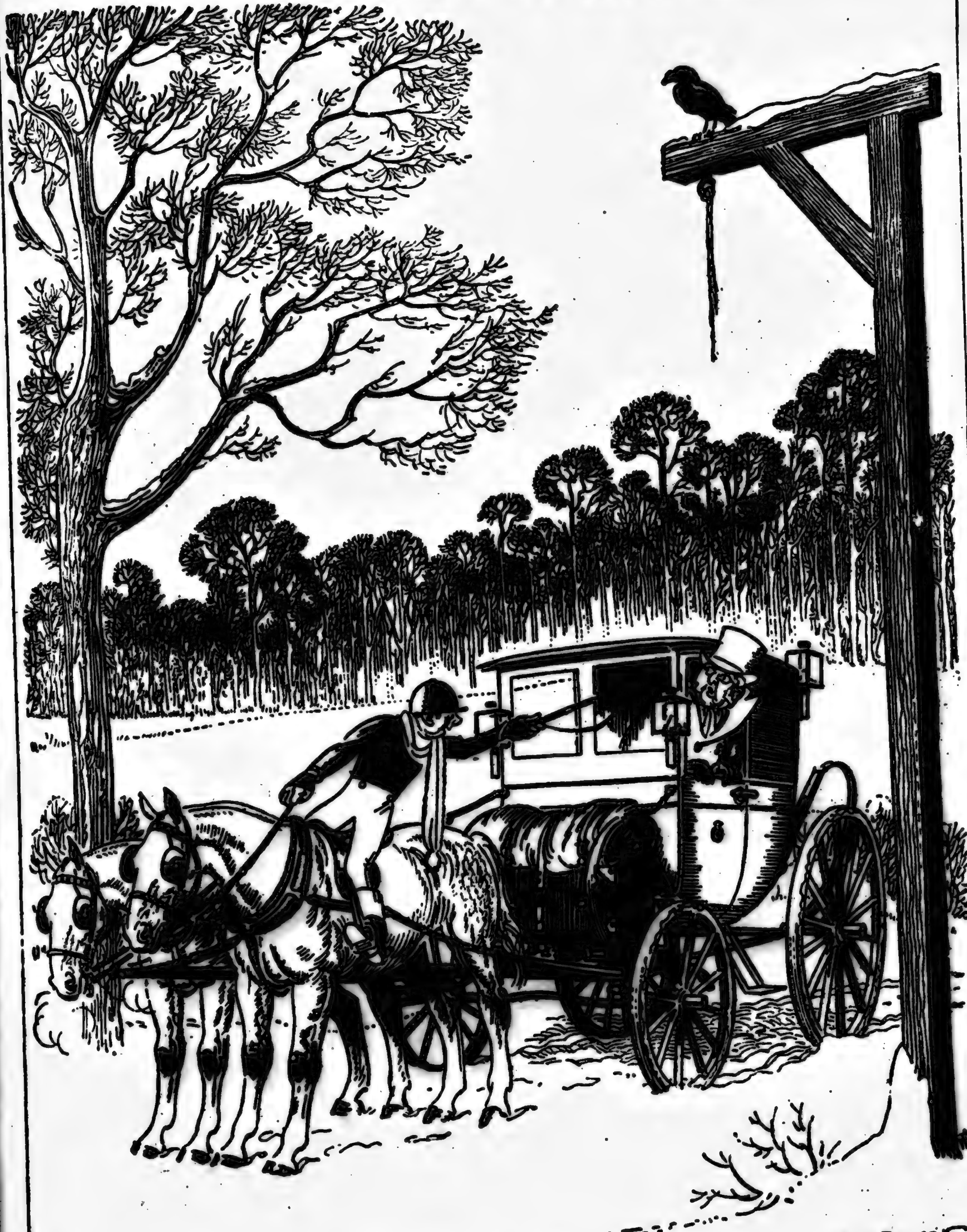
PETER: "May I go out and make a snow man, mummy?"
MOTHER: "There isn't enough snow, dear."
PETER (after a pause): "I fink there's enough for a snow baby, mummy."



Drawn by Arthur Ferrier.

THEATRICAL PRODUCER'S SON (with memories of his father at rehearsals): "Rotten entrance! Go back and try it over again."

THE JOYS OF TRAVEL IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



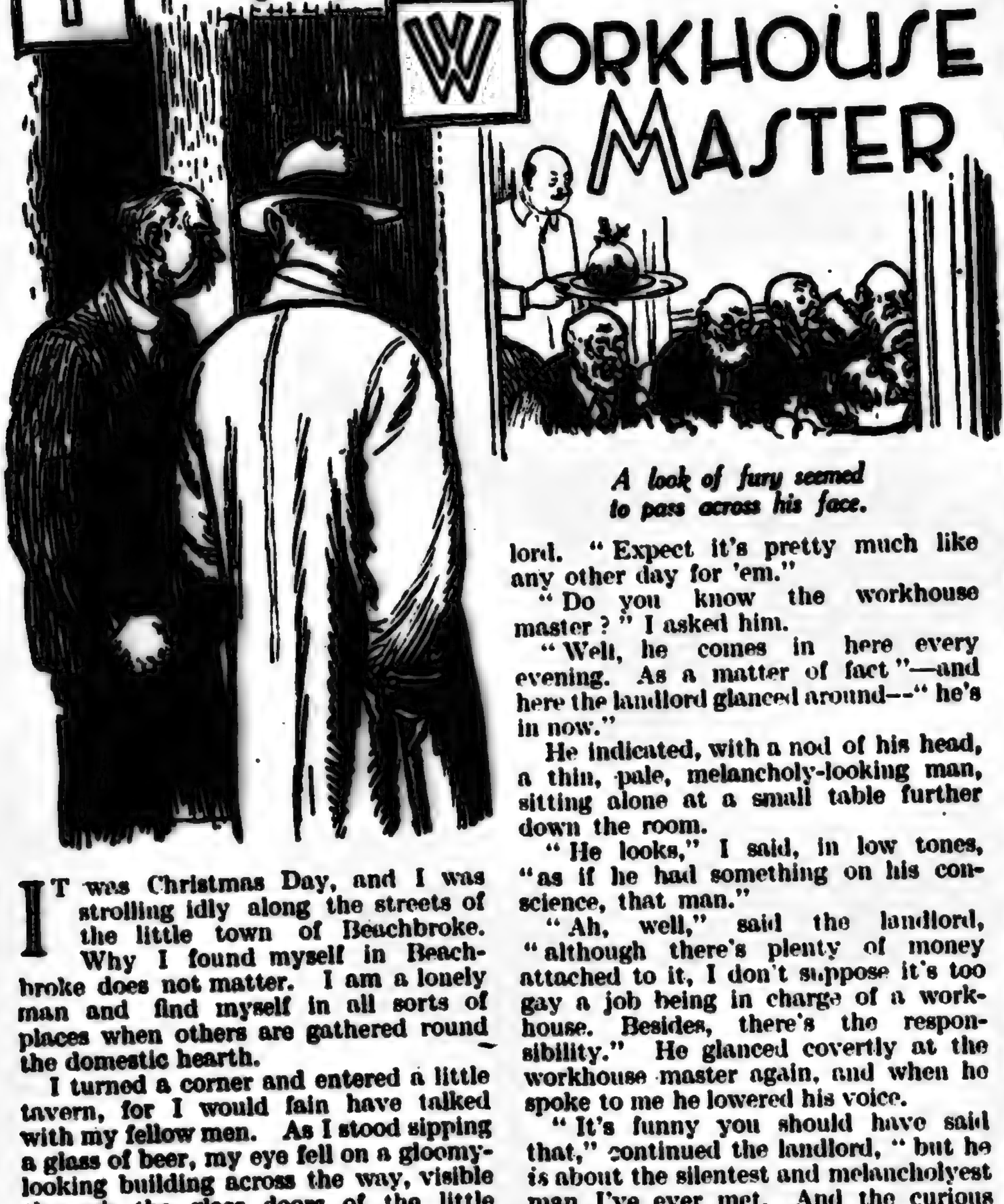
Drawn by A. C. Barrett.

POST-BOY (to nervous traveller): "That's the gibbet where they're going to 'ang Cut-throat Claude the 'ighwayman who 'aunts this road—when they catch 'im!"

THE MYSTERY OF THE WORKHOUSE MASTER

By W. A. SWEENEY

Christmas Day in the Workhouse—with variations.



A look of fury seemed to pass across his face.

IT was Christmas Day, and I was strolling idly along the streets of the little town of Beachbroke.

Why I found myself in Beachbroke does not matter. I am a lonely man and find myself in all sorts of places when others are gathered round the domestic hearth.

I turned a corner and entered a little tavern, for I would fain have talked with my fellow men. As I stood sipping a glass of beer, my eye fell on a gloomy-looking building across the way, visible through the glass doors of the little tavern.

"What's that building ?" I asked the landlord.

"That, sir," he replied, wiping a glass, "is the workhouse."

The workhouse! And it was Christmas Day. I stood plunged in gloomy meditations, still looking across at that sorrowful symbol of human failure. Once upon a time all the inmates of that prison-like edifice had sat round their own firesides on Christmas Day. They had eaten turkey and plum-pudding, cracked nuts and jokes in their own happy homes like the rest of men. But now—Christmas Day had dawned on them, and they had to hail it as paupers in the last refuge for human destitution.

"It's a pretty mournful idea, a workhouse on Christmas Day," I remarked to the landlord.

"It is that," he agreed. "I pities them. But, then, I suppose we shall always have workhouses and people to go into 'em."

"I suppose so," I said, "more's the pity. I wonder what they do on Christmas Day ?"

"Couldn't say," responded the landlord. "Expect it's pretty much like any other day for 'em."

"Do you know the workhouse master ?" I asked him.

"Well, he comes in here every evening. As a matter of fact"—and here the landlord glanced around—"he's in now."

He indicated, with a nod of his head, a thin, pale, melancholy-looking man, sitting alone at a small table further down the room.

"He looks," I said, in low tones, "as if he had something on his conscience, that man."

"Ah, well," said the landlord, "although there's plenty of money attached to it, I don't suppose it's too gay a job being in charge of a workhouse. Besides, there's the responsibility." He glanced covertly at the workhouse master again, and when he spoke to me he lowered his voice.

"It's funny you should have said that," continued the landlord, "but he is about the silentest and melancholyest man I've ever met. And the curious thing about it"—and the landlord looked at me very mysteriously—"is that on Christmas Day he's always more miserable than ever!"

I GLANCED casually in the direction of the man at the table once more. He had a bitter, hang-dog expression and a cynical mouth. With these characteristics and his pale, lean jaws and drooping moustache, he looked like a man who had committed secret murders.

"The modern Bumble," I murmured. "I'm sorry for the workhouse inmates."

The landlord said nothing for a while, and then he turned and put out fresh glasses on the counter.

"Christmas Day," he said, smiling cheerfully. "You must have one on the house."

"Mr. Welblow," he cried to the workhouse master, "what's yours, sir? You're having one on me."

At this the other condescended to get up and come to the counter. He ordered a small whisky and water, and we all wished each other A Merry Christmas. He sipped the drink in silence after that for a while.

"Merry Christmas," he said, presently, with a cynical grunt. "Can't see what the most of people have to be merry about. Every year I've got to go in and wish those wretches across the way A Merry Christmas—it's a kind of a regulation—and I feel like throwing something at them!"

I gazed at the man with mingled astonishment and disgust. More than ever I pitied the poor people in the workhouse.

"Why ?" I asked. "Why *not* wish them A Merry Christmas ?"

"Because," he said, turning on me savagely, "I don't believe in that sort of hysteria which we are supposed to indulge in, unreasoningly, once a year. What difference does it make to a man to wish him A Merry Christmas or not ? Is there some magic spell in the words that the very uttering of them must make a man merry even though he be as miserable as hell ?"

I SAID nothing to this. The man's philosophy appalled me somewhat. Then I had an idea.

"I wonder," I said, "would you think me impertinent if I were to ask a little favour of you. I am a writing man, and I have never been inside a workhouse. I should particularly like to see what it's like on Christmas Day."

"You've got strange tastes," he said, looking at me with a kind of suspicion.

"Merely professional curiosity," I replied. "Of course, if it would be putting you to any trouble——"

He glanced at his watch. "They'll be starting their Christmas dinner about now," he said, a cynical smile twisting his mouth. "You may accompany me if you wish to."

We left the little tavern and crossed the street, and entered the gloomy building.

"They will be in the dining quarters," said this strangest of workhouse masters, "so if you want to see the animals eating, we shall go straight there ?"

Outside the doors of the dining hall he paused and I regarded him with more astonishment than ever. *A look of sheer fury seemed to pass across his face!* Then we went inside.

Nobody paid any attention to us. They were all too busy eating. I stood gazing at the unusual scene of paupers eating their Christmas dinner with an absorbed interest. I saw heaped-up plates of roast beef, potatoes, cauliflowers, a tankard of beer, before every man; plates of Christmas pudding, apples, oranges, nuts; and the clatter of knives and forks was deafening.

I turned to my companion and was about to address him complimentary on the fare provided for these lost ones of humanity, but the words died on my lips. His jaw was set and his eyes were gleaming and there was an expression on his countenance which I would describe as of *pure hatred!*

"I don't suppose you want to see the women's quarters," he said at last; "they are just the same—the same food, curse them!" The last two words he uttered in an undertone.

I followed him out and we made our way to his own private quarters, where we entered his little dining-room.

"My wife is away," he said. "I eat alone to-day."

"Your wife away on Christmas Day?" I echoed.

"Yes," he snapped, "she's gone to eat with her relatives. I cannot ask you to stay to lunch, and have nothing to offer you to drink. I never have spirits or wines in the place, and I don't suppose you care to drink beer like the paupers."

HE laughed harshly, in a manner which puzzled me. "In any case," he added, with a rudeness which stung me, "your curiosity has been gratified. You have seen workhouse inmates eating their Christmas dinner."

"I was going to observe," I said stiffly, "that it seemed to me a very good dinner, too. However, I won't detain you any longer from your own Christmas dinner. I'm much obliged to you."

He caught my tone, and did not answer immediately. He stepped over to a drawer and took out a small, white powder, which he dropped into a glass of water with an angry gesture. I wondered what on earth was the matter with the man. He drank down the mixture, and then turned to me with clutched teeth and burning eye.

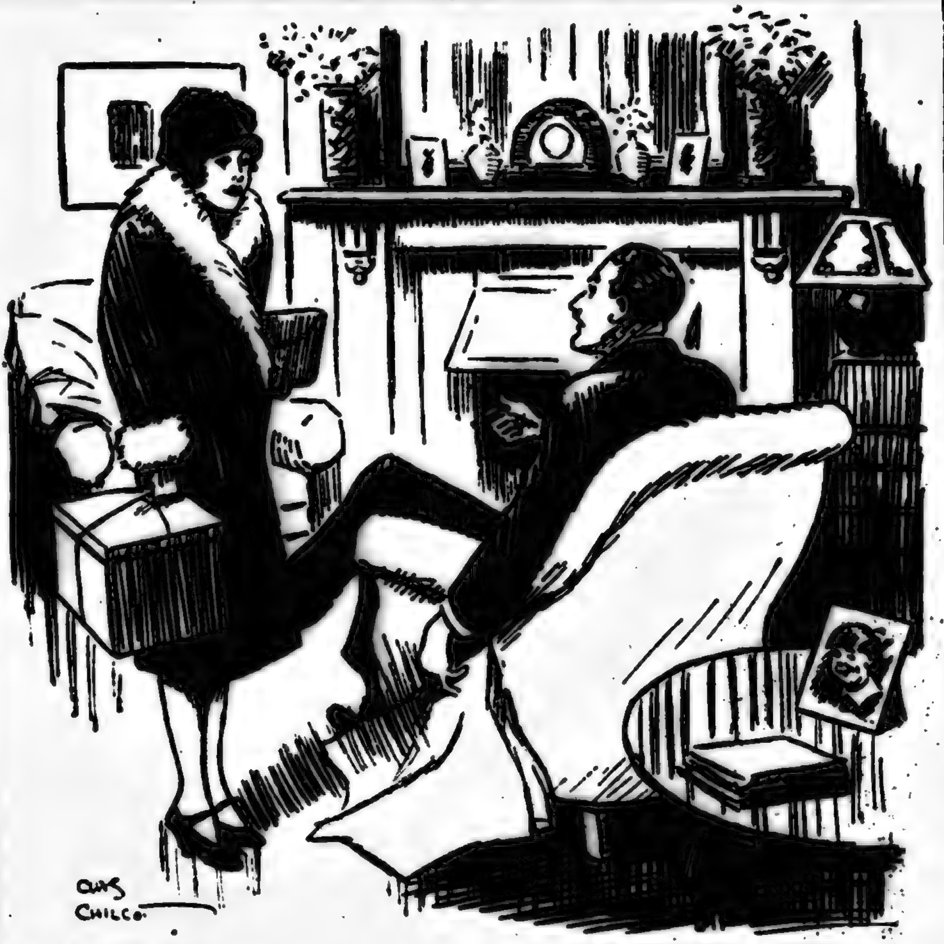
"No," he said, grinding his teeth in a most alarming fashion. "No, don't detain me from my Christmas dinner. I shouldn't if I were you."

I looked at him anxiously, and then, as he continued, *understanding* came to me, and I saw the reason for the murderous looks which I had seen sweep across his countenance at various times previously. His words came forth in an angry torrent, his voice rising in a crescendo of bitterness.

"No," he said, "don't detain me from my Christmas dinner. Don't keep me from my clear beef tea and my damnable green vegetables, and my accursed boiled fish, and——" here his voice rose to a kind of suppressed scream—"and my thrice-blasted glass of soda-water at the end of this Neronic banquet! The first course, the beef-tea, will be along in a minute. And I can hear that all the time—listen!"

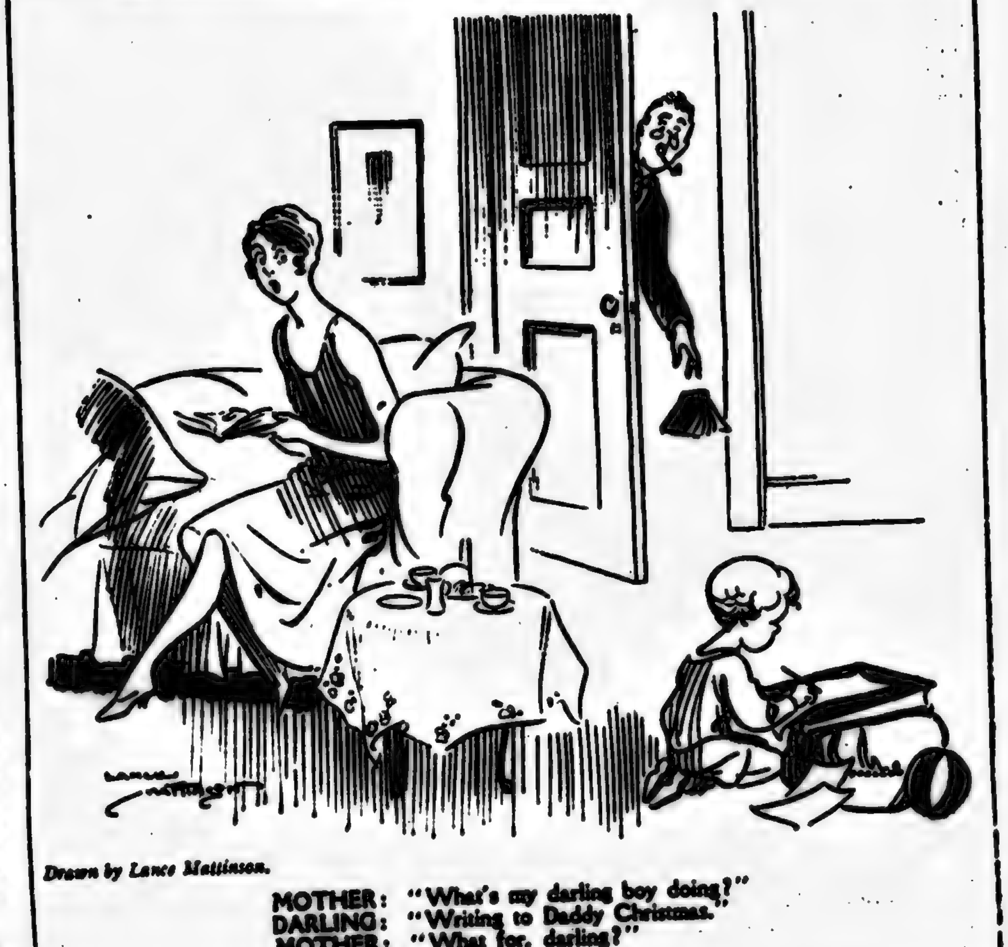
AS from afar came the merry rattle of the knives and forks plied by the paupers, ploughing their toothless way through roast beef and plum-pudding, I looked at the workhouse master. He was listening to the noise of his paupers with fiercely gleaming eyes in which, at the same time, there was an ineffable longing . . .

I put out my hand to him in silent sympathy—just as his beef tea was brought in.



Drawn by Charles Chilcot.

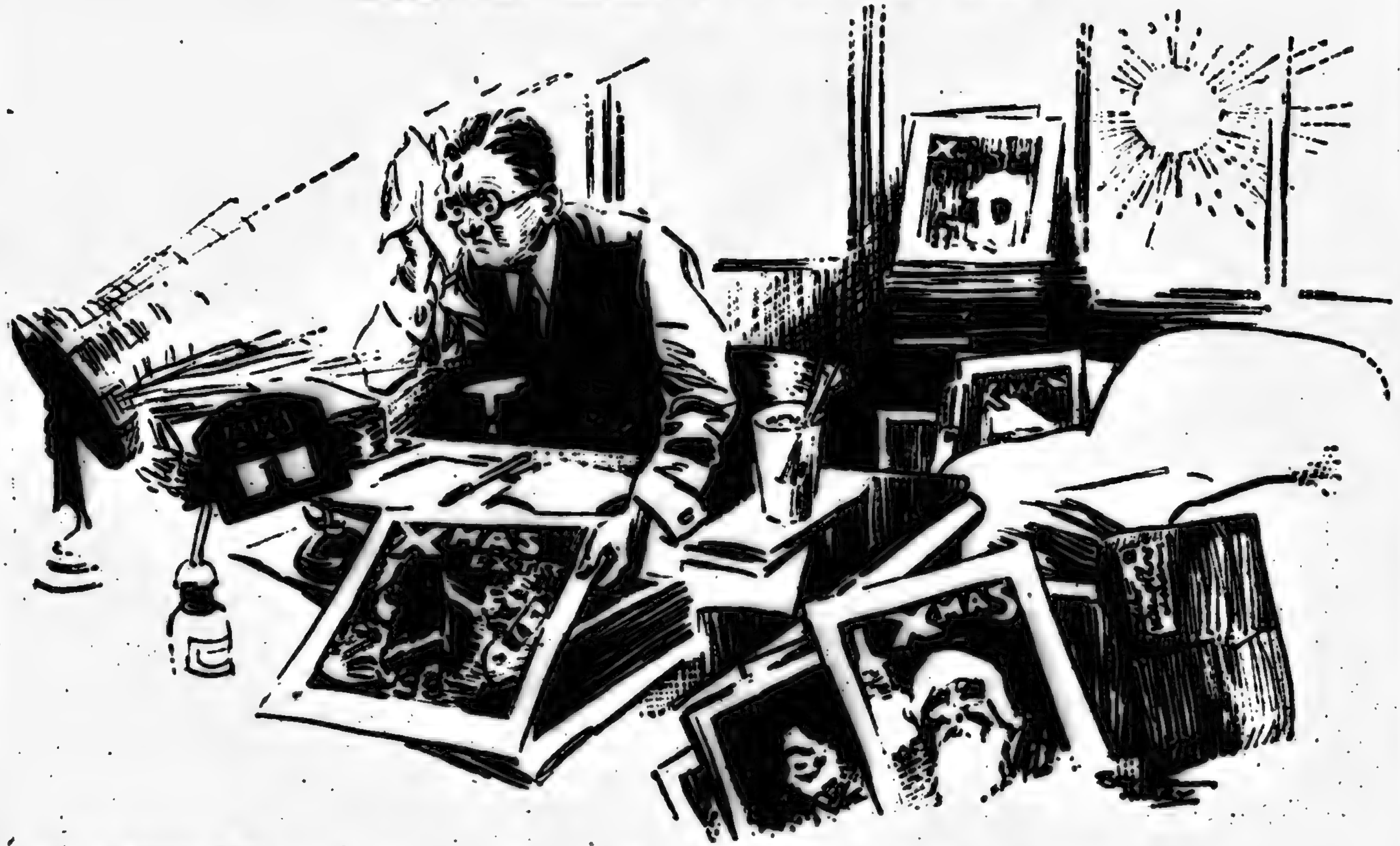
"I've brought Ronnie's Christmas present. Where am I to put it so that he won't find it?"
"Put it in the bath-room; it will be quite safe there!"



Drawn by Lance Mattinson.

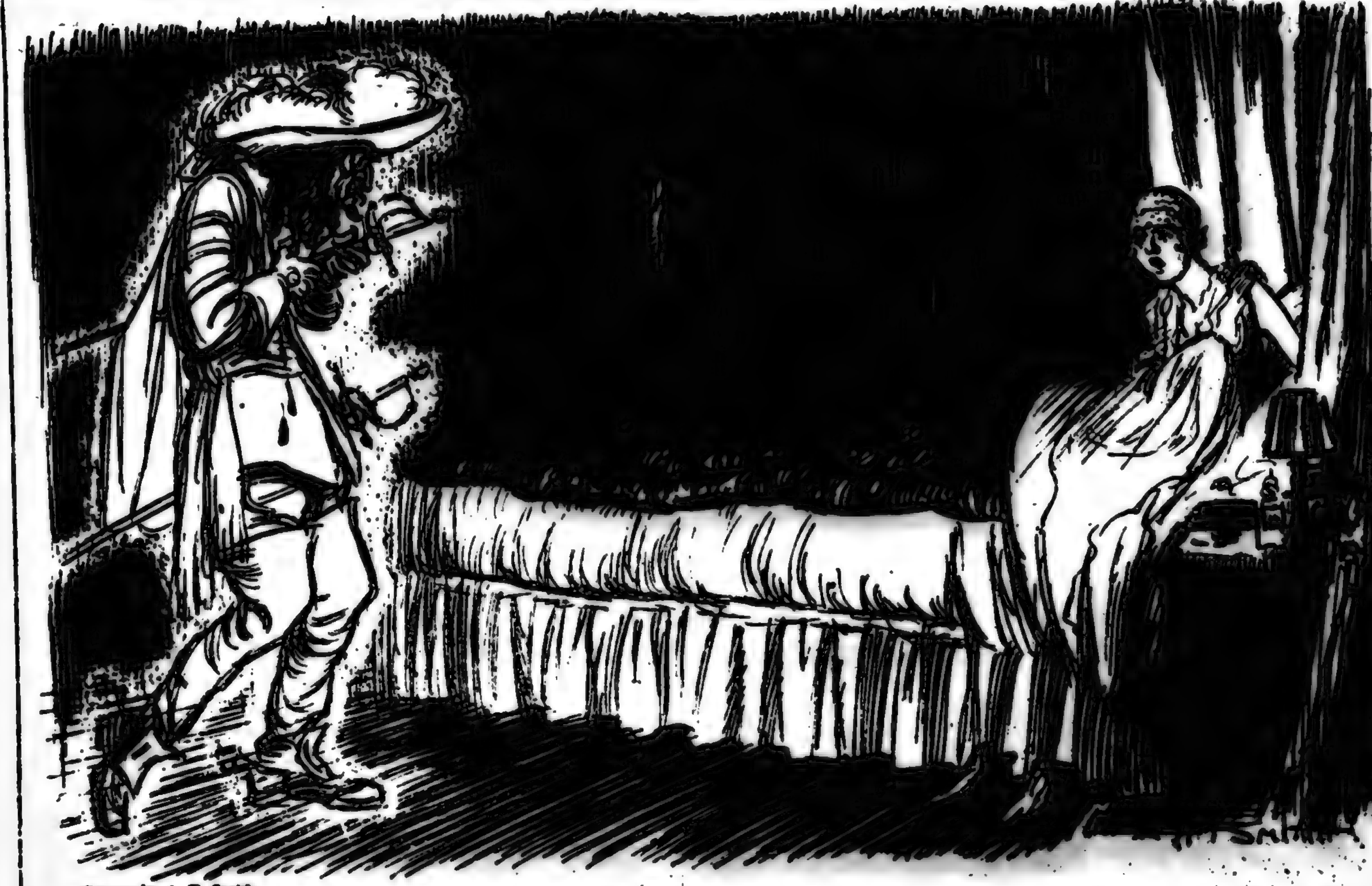
MOTHER: "What's my darling boy doing?"
DARLING: "Writing to Daddy Christmas."
MOTHER: "What for, darling?"
DARLING: "Twins!"

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!



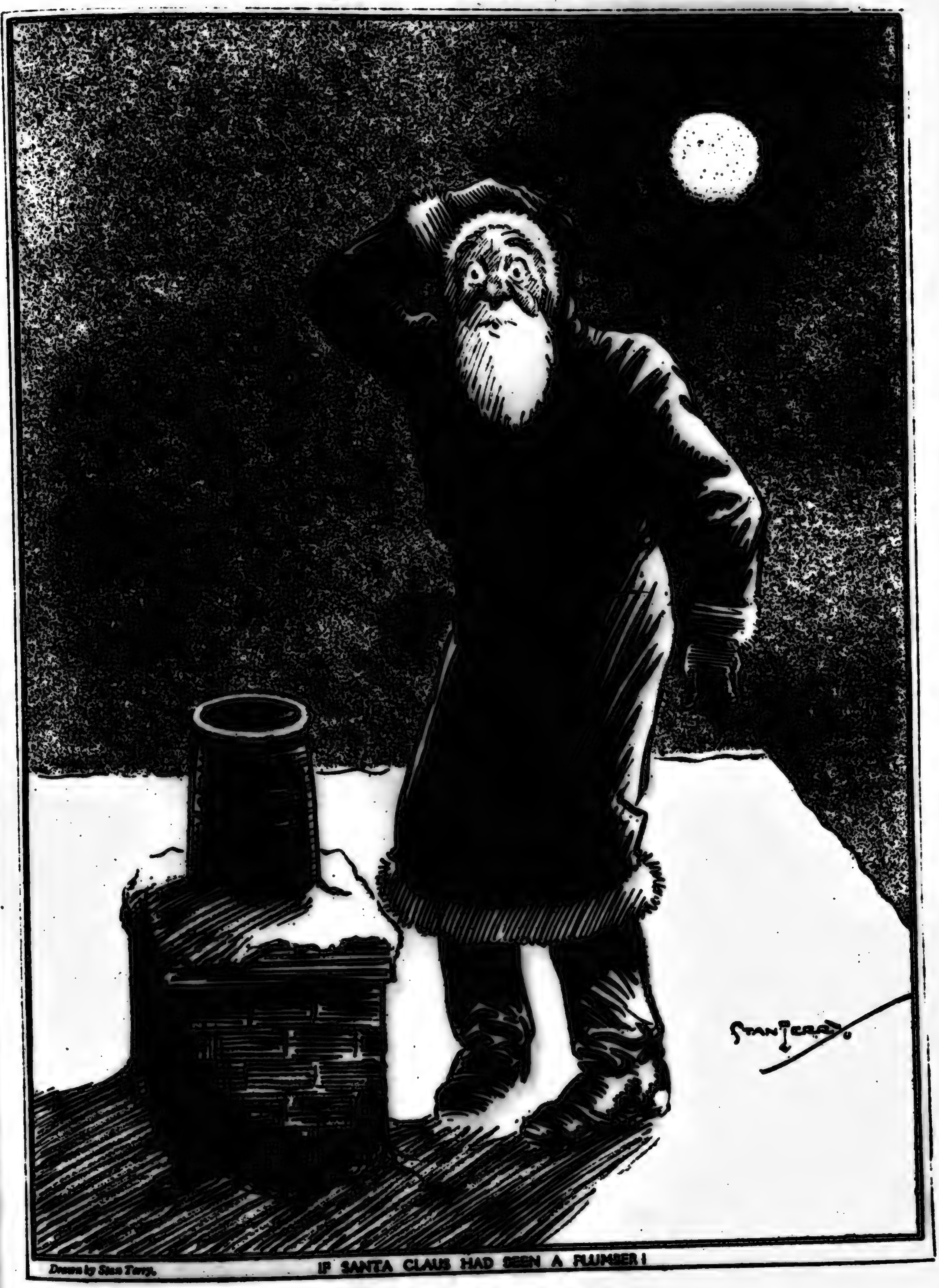
Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

BEING A SEASONABLE PICTURE OF A CHRISTMAS ANNUAL EDITOR AT WORK.



Drawn by A. T. Smith.

FAIR AMERICAN GUEST (who has been given a bed in the haunted chamber): "Say, ghost? Do you reckon it's just the elegant thing to enter a lady's bedroom with your hat on?"



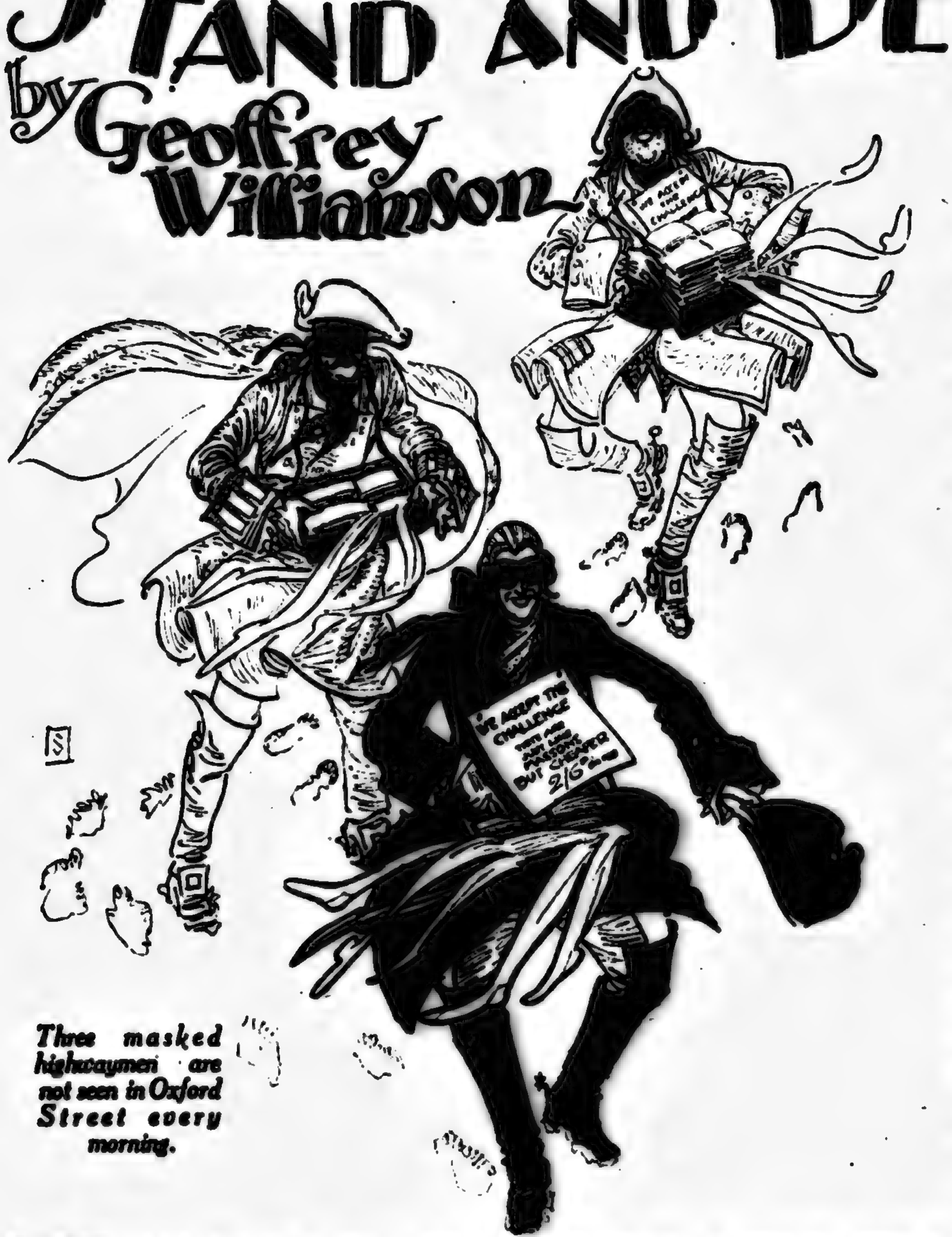
Drawn by Stan Terry.

IF SANTA CLAUS HAD SEEN A PLUMBER!

"STAND AND DELIVER!"

by Geoffrey Williamson

The Strange Story of the Highwaymen who Sold Silk Stockings.



Three masked highwaymen are not seen in Oxford Street every morning.

"THERE is a letter here," said Mr. Rudolph Masson's private secretary, "asking for contributions towards the Christmas Fund for Poor Children in the London Parishes——"

"Forget it!" snapped Mr. Masson curtly. "We'll never get through the day's business if you keep wasting my time with a thousand and one begging letters."

"Very good, sir," responded the secretary, dropping the letter into the wastepaper basket. And the business of the day proceeded.

As it happened, it was quite an eventful day in the history of Masson's Mammoth Stores, for it was precisely at noontide that the incongruous figures commenced their leisurely perambulations before the gaily decorated windows of that well-known establishment.

Three masked highwaymen are not seen in Oxford Street every day; but the incongruity did not end there. The most noticeable thing about these highwaymen was that, in place of a brace of horse-pistols, each carried a hawker's tray, piled high with stockings of synthetic silk. And about their necks there hung suspended cards displaying the following announcement:—

WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

THESE ARE JUST LIKE MASSON'S

***

BUT CHEAPER.

2s. 6d. Per Pair.

Oxford Street was thronged with Christmas shoppers and thousands paused to stare at the discordant figures and to puzzle their heads over the strange placards. They had not to puzzle long, for a glance at Masson's windows supplied an explanation.

The centre window had been devoted to a special display of the "Biggest Bargain Offer in CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS." But the stockings, tastefully set out in a cleverly lighted setting, were priced at 2s. 9d., while a card, similar to that suspended about the necks of the pedestrian highwaymen bore the legend, "We challenge anyone to offer better value!"

The evening papers were full of it. Big headlines told of the highwaymen in Oxford Street, and the whole circumstances were picturesquely described. The masked men had done a roaring trade, and though they had disappeared at intervals, they had always returned with a fresh supply of stockings.

There was also an account of a brief interview with Mr. Rudolph Masson.

"I am more amused than anything," he was reported as saying. "It has been suggested in several quarters that a rival house may be employing the men to cast an unfavourable reflection upon Masson's Mammoth Stores, by selling similar wares at cut prices. If such is the case, I can only say that they are throwing money away, for they must be selling at a loss."

ONE of the most interested members of the public was a young publicity agent named Tommy Burrel. He was always on the look out for anything in the nature of an advertising stunt, and when he read the foregoing account he couldn't help feeling that the rival who was thus pitting himself against Masson was adopting foolish tactics. And the more he thought about the matter the more interested he became, with the result that the very next morning found him interviewing Masson himself.

"Be brief," snapped Masson, as Tommy drew his chair closer to the other's desk.

"I don't think you're up against a business house at all," said Tommy confidently. "I believe you're up against the Press—or a certain section of it."

"I don't understand you," was Masson's puzzled comment.

"Now, listen," went on Tommy. "You know that you rarely advertise in the Press."

"That is so," snapped Masson. "I believe that money can be better applied. I've built up this business by advertising in my own way. Window displays; posters and periodical mailing lists."

"Well, you've certainly got good results to show for your confidence in those methods," observed Tommy, "but suppose there's a paper you've offended by discontinuing an advertisement or by refusing an offer of special rates. And supposing that the particular paper in question is not bothered by any scruples. Don't you think that it would quite possibly try and get you a bit of bad publicity and then come along with an offer of better?"

"It might," assented Masson. "I know that there are some advertising men who will stick at nothing. But if that's the explanation in this case, they've spiked their own guns. If anything, this affair has done me a lot of good. It has attracted lots of people to this end of Oxford Street who might not have come otherwise. They come to look at the masked mystery men; but they stay to look at Masson's windows and half of them end up by coming inside. Our window displays this year are easily the best in town!"

"Then you are really not interested in unmasking these strangers, and getting a good show of general publicity?" asked Tommy disappointedly.

"So *that's* the real point you were coming to, eh?" snapped Masson. "No, thank you, sir. I've only to say the word to get the police to move these fellows on for obstruction. But if they move, the crowd moves! Why should I give up the publicity I'm getting now, and there's the added satisfaction of knowing that my unknown rivals are spending money to my advantage. Good morning."

TOMMY Burrel drifted out into the crowds of Oxford Street, and joined the throng which surged round the masked highwaymen, who were still doing a remarkable business. He loitered until one of the vendors' stock was depleted and then, when he moved off, Tommy followed at a discreet distance. It was not difficult to keep the figure in sight, but the man was clearly selecting a circuitous route, for he kept crossing and recrossing the street, and when he finally dived down a side turning, he jumped into a taxi. Fortunately there was another vehicle standing in the rank and Tommy hailed it and instructed the driver to keep the first one in sight.

The chase ended in Marylebone Lane, where the costumed figure disappeared into a dingy building, leaving the taxi still waiting outside. Tommy instructed his driver to wait also and followed his quarry without hesitation.

He caught him up as he was entering a darkened room which seemed to be crowded with cardboard boxes.

"I'm a reporter," lied Tommy readily. "I wondered if you would give me a story for the *Echo*?"

The other stared blankly at him for a brief instant. Then he shook his head decidedly.

"There isn't any story," he said quietly. "It's merely business. Masson made the challenge and my friends and I took it up. We knew there'd be publicity in it, and that we'd make record sales."

"I see," murmured Tommy dubiously. "Then Masson's statement that you must be selling at a loss can't stand?"

"Would we do this if we weren't getting anything out of it?" was the other's pointed reply. "Of course, you must bear in mind that Masson's overhead expenses are immense, while ours are practically nil."

"Of course," echoed Tommy. "There is that point. Well, there doesn't seem to be any story, as you say. By the way, I wouldn't mind having a pair of those bargain stockings to take home."

He handed the other half-a-crown as he spoke, and the highwayman fished out a pair of the stockings from one of the cardboard boxes and wrapped them up in a scrap of newspaper. Tommy crammed the package into his pocket and hurried out to his waiting taxi.

"Masson's Stores!" he said to the driver, and when he reached the Oxford Street premises, he still kept the taxi waiting. His business at the shop did not keep him very long, and he next drove to an address in Cheapside.

Within an hour he was back at Masson's establishment asking for a second interview with Mr. Rudolph Masson. A curt refusal was his initial reward, but he scribbled a few words upon his business card, and in a few moments the clerk returned to say that Mr. Masson would see him after all.

"Well?" asked Masson, with a scowl, as Tommy strolled into his presence.

"Very, thanks!" replied Tommy blithely. "You will see from my card that I know all about your home-made publicity scheme. Very ingenious, I'm sure. Employing men to sell your own goods outside your shop instead of over the counter! And a great stunt for making the people flock to Masson's Stores, where I'll admit the window displays are excellent and the bargains certainly alluring. A great stunt, too, for getting columns of free publicity in the Press."

"How did you find out?" gasped Masson with a scowl.

"YOU really gave yourself away in the first place," replied Tommy. "You see, you were so pleased with the whole thing that I just felt that it couldn't be a rival who was working against you. Then I bought a pair of stockings from one of the masked mystery men and compared them with a pair of your two-and-ninepenny goods. I couldn't tell any difference, but I went and got an expert opinion from a friend in the City. He pronounced them identical and pointed out something that I hadn't noticed. The reverse sides of the price tabs bore identical code marks—the code mark, my friend said, of Masson's Mammoth Store!"

"But what business is it of yours to ferret out all this?" enquired Masson.

"My every day business," was Tommy's cool reply. "As a publicity expert, I naturally take an interest in all publicity schemes. But in this instance there is something more behind it. Business is business, but my friend in the City pointed out that those stockings are faulty stock that will go into ladders as soon as they're put on. You daren't have sold them over your counter in large numbers, but you must be working off thousands through your precious little scheme. Do you call that giving the public a square deal?"

"Now—now, look here!" blustered Masson, but Tommy ignored him.

"It will be worth something to you, Mr. Masson, to keep the truth out of the Press," he went on. "Well, I'm going to let you down lightly. You're going to distribute toys to the value of £1,000 amongst London's poor kiddies, and the distribution will be made through my Publicity Agency. You'll get credit that you don't deserve, but I'll get publicity I need and the kiddies will get what is their natural right."

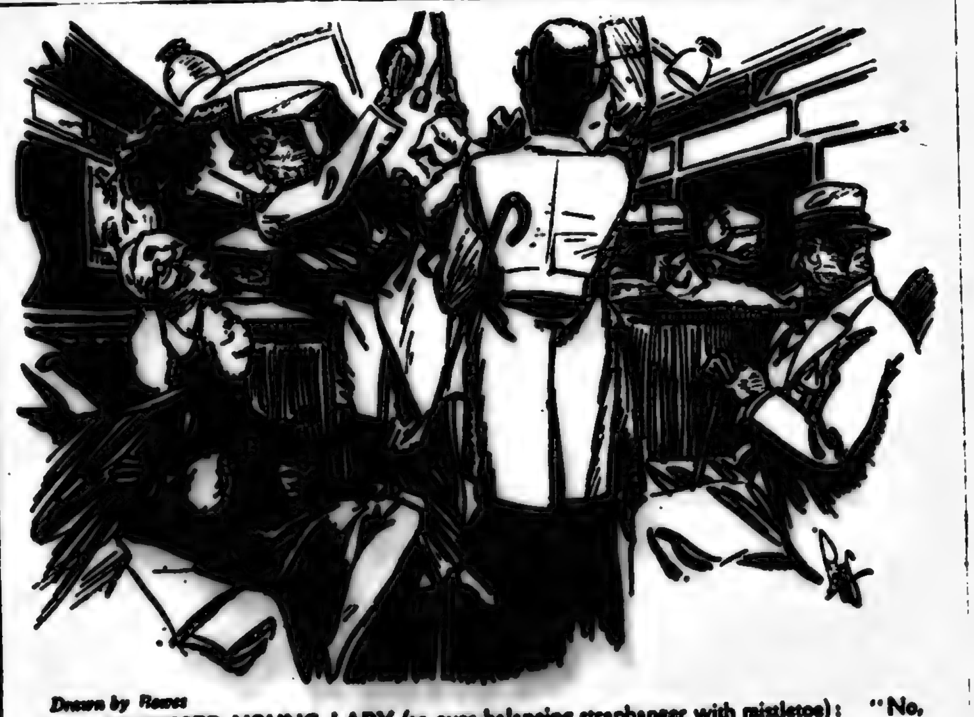
"But . . a thousand pounds! Why, it's preposterous!" thundered Mr. Masson.

"Well, I can sell the story to the news agencies if you prefer it," said Tommy languidly, moving towards the door.

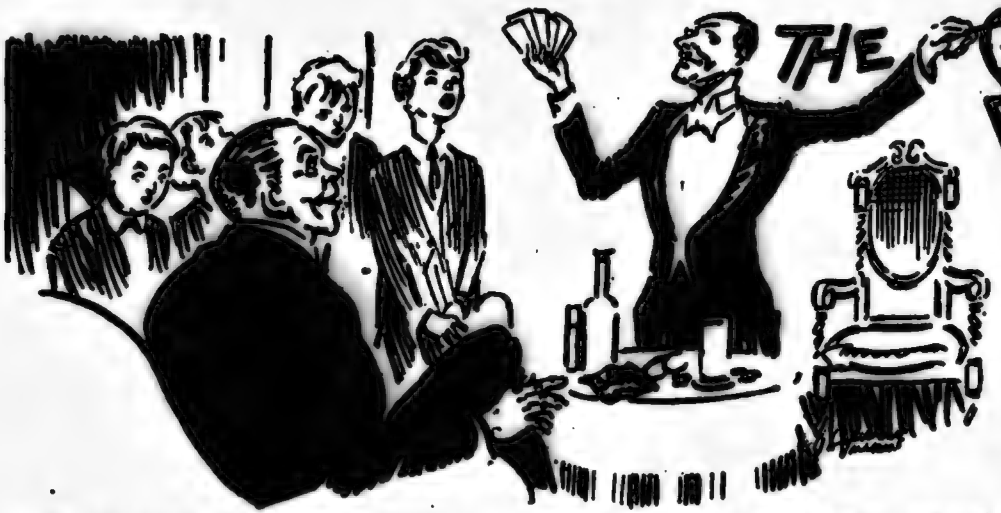
"Stop!" cried Masson, mopping his brow. "Shall we say five hundred?"

"A thousand!" said Tommy firmly. "I'll take the cheque now."

Mr. Masson's eyes glared fiercely, but the victory was with Tommy. With a hand that shook more in rage than nervousness, the proprietor of Masson's Mammoth Store wrote out the cheque and tossed it across the desk.



Drawn by Reeves
SELF-POSSESSED YOUNG LADY (to over-balancing straphanger with mistletoe): "No, really! I'm afraid I couldn't. Not here, at an rate!"



THE CHILDREN'S DAY

BY M. J. MASSEY.

The Pater organises a really enjoyable party.

"I SHOULD like young Peter to have a really jolly Christmas this year," said the Pater.

"Yes, dear, I thought so too," said the Mater.

And so together they began to plot what they should do. Peter was thirteen and the apple of his parents' eye.

"First of all," said the Pater, "I should like him to have some of his little pals here."

"Yes, that would be nice," agreed the Mater. "He shall have a real, happy party."

"That's the best thing," said the Pater. "And I must have a conjurer there, and a ventriloquist. And we'll play snapdragon, and bob-apple, and blindman's buff, and all those jolly, rowdy games. And, of course, we must have a Christmas tree, and crackers *ad lib.* and—tell you what—I'll get hold of a costume and dress up as Father Christmas for them."

"Oh, he will enjoy himself," said the Mater lovingly. And she kissed her generous husband.

When the Pater fell asleep that night there was a happy smile on his kindly face. His last thoughts had been of what a jolly time young Peter was to have on Christmas Day—bless him—and he had just thought of stockings. Of course, he must remind Peter to hang his stocking up.

Christmas Day dawned as Christmas Day should—clear and cold. "Jove, a real Christmas morning," said the Pater to himself, as he crossed the landing to Peter's room.

Inside he could hear squeals of delight and merriment; blasts on tin whistles, groans on less melodious instruments, and whoops of glee as one or other of the occupants pulled out a coveted toy.

"A Happy Christmas, boys," greeted the Pater as he opened the door. There were Peter's two pals there who were to stay until the morrow.

"A Happy Christmas, Pater," yelled Peter, and "A Happy Christmas, sir," yelled his friends.

The morning went comparatively quietly. It was during the afternoon that the revels, as the Pater called them, were really to begin. But at last the time arrived when just as the Mater came to announce that tea was ready, he produced a battery of crackers from some hidden store and distributed them among the guests. Then they all marched into tea.

After the meal they again trooped into the drawing-room and sat and watched the conjurer performing impossible feats with cards, and rice, and rabbits. Every now and again the Pater would look happily at the wondering little faces around him, and his eyes would twinkle with merriment as he noted the awe and wonderment that showed thereon.

THEN, soon, the conjurer put away his cards and implements, and brought a large stuffed figure in. And setting it upon his knee, he asked it questions, which he made it answer in the most lifelike way imaginable, in a squeaky, high-pitched voice. How the Pater chuckled, and winked at the Mater as they beheld the expressions of wondering incredibility around them.

And when the ventriloquism palled they cleared a space and the Pater found his largest handkerchief and blindfolded himself, and after turning giddily, four times, right round, started to pursue laughing, yelling, scrambling girls and boys round and round the room.

And then they played bob-apple, whereat the Pater provoked howls of merriment, and snapdragon, when he was the only one to burn his fingers. And then, just before supper, they bore a huge Christmas tree into the room, and after the Pater had mysteriously vanished, a red-coated, white-bearded Father Christmas appeared, who walked round the tree handing a gift to everyone, and had a curious way of shaking all over, and making strange mirthful sounds from within his beard whenever anyone referred to him as Santa Claus.

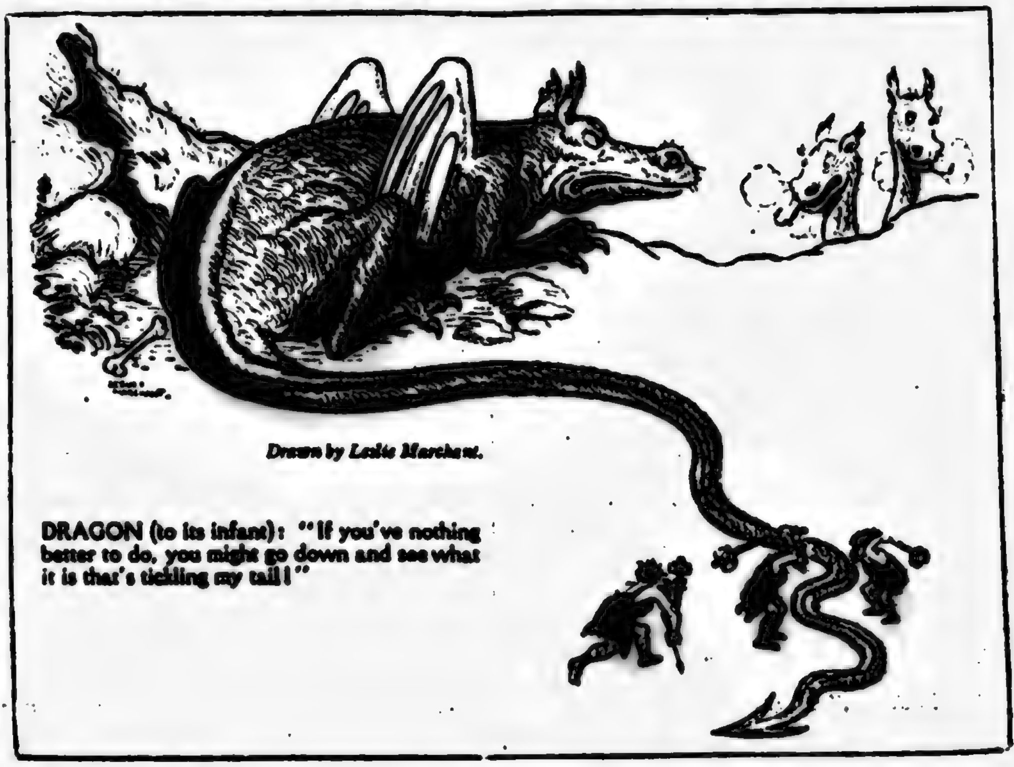
And after that followed a half-hour or so when the Father Christmas cheerfully went the rounds explaining how to build a Meccano model, or else how to wind a train or adjust a signal. And then there were pistols to be loaded and cannons to be fired.

And after that, supper, which was an even more uproarious meal than tea, when the caps again appeared, and the crackers banged, and the Pater, who had suddenly replaced the Father Christmas, was more full of jollity than ever.

AFTER supper, when the guests had had to go, the Pater stirred the glowing fire, and the lamps in the dining-room were turned out, and Peter and his two friends sat in front of him while he roasted chestnuts and told ghost stories in an awestruck voice. And as the fire glowed lower and lower, and the ghost stories got more and more hair-raising, the eyes of Peter and his friends grew rounder and rounder.

"Well?" enquired Peter's friends that night as they paused before hopping into bed.

"Good lads," replied Peter enthusiastically, "you were wonderful, and so were the others. I think we can say the dear old Pater enjoyed himself."



Drawn by Leslie Marchant.

DRAGON (to its infant): "If you've nothing better to do, you might go down and see what it is that's tickling my tail!"

Golden Moments with a Golden Drink

Sip it . .
feel it tingle on the tongue.

Drink it . .
feel its comforting warmth tingle through your veins.

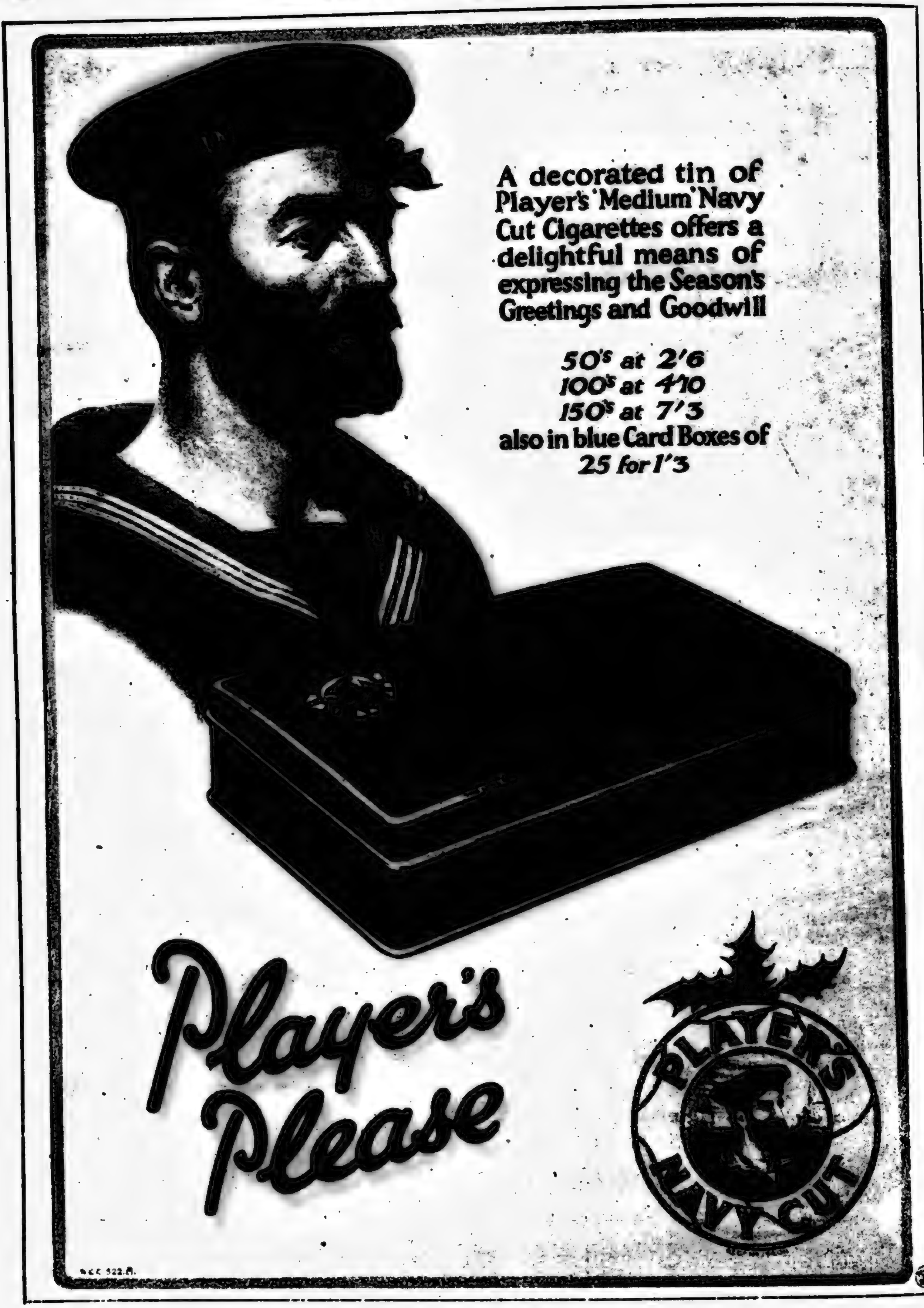
THE time may be eleven o'clock on a raw morning or ten o'clock on a frosty night. You may be shirking that cold bedroom upstairs or keeping the fire warm below. It doesn't matter. Whenever there's chill outside a cheering glass of Stone's Ginger Wine makes you forget it inside. It holds golden moments galore but three above all others. The first when you sip it and feel its warm sweetness tingle on the tongue; the second when you drink it and its comforting warmth fills you with a sense of well-being; the third as you drain it and its penetrating glow warms and cheers the very cockles of your heart.

Drain it . .
and warm the very cockles of your heart.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Famous since 1740.

Stone's the Original Ginger Wine is sold by Wine Merchants & Grocers everywhere.



A decorated tin of Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut Cigarettes offers a delightful means of expressing the Season's Greetings and Goodwill

50's at 2/6
100's at 4/10
150's at 7/3
also in blue Card Boxes of
25 for 1/3

Player's Please

N.C.C. 522.A.

SOME CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS

BY ARTHUR GROOM

THESE problems are for amusement only during that uncomfortable period which divides dinner on Christmas Day from tea on the same day.

Of course the problems CAN be solved at any old time; it's immaterial to me when they are done—if ever!

The Problems.

1. The total number of handkerchiefs given away as Christmas presents throughout England, Scotland, Wales, whatever constitutes Ireland to-day and whatever constitutes the Irish Free State of to-day?

2. The number of grown-up persons who still believe in the actual existence of Mr. Father Christmas?

3. The number of juveniles who do likewise?

4. The percentage of persons who, having squandered several pounds in the acquiring of tickets or numbers in "Christmas draws," insist upon telling all who will listen that they have drawn the number next the winning one in every instance?

5. The addresses of the people who write the verses on Christmas cards?

6. For what purpose is mistletoe hung in doorways, halls, rooms and dark passages, and who was the first person to adopt this quaint practice?

7. The bursting point of any small boy?

8. When a real old-fashioned Christmastide was last experienced in London?

9. How many people who go away for Christmas return wishing that they had stayed at home, and likewise how many people who stay at home wish, after the whole business of Christmas is over and done with, they had gone away?

10. Enumerate the total number of colours it is possible for one maiden aunt to blend into a single knitted tie intended for a fond nephew?

11. The nationality of the man who can look at such a gift without blushing?

12. The kissing capacity of one pretty girl over the period commencing midnight on December 24 and ending at midnight December 26?

13. What happens to the thirteenth person who is discovered sitting down to the Christmas feast?

14. The number of acquaintances, friends and relations (putting them in order of their relative importance) to whom one should give presents at Christmas time?

15. What is meant by "SHOP EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH"?

16. Who invented Christmas cards, and why?

17. Which, in this country, is the only article of clothing never labelled "A Seasonable Gift"?

* * *

THERE, I fancy that ought to keep someone amused for a while, so now for the answers.

(Note: Honest people are requested NOT to look at the answers to the above problems before they have bestowed a certain amount of serious thought upon the problems themselves. Dishonest people can do just as they please.)

The Answers (as far as I know):—

1. Let X represent the number.

2. Let Y represent this number, because if I gave the exact number everyone would accuse me of making it up and, incidently, everyone would be perfectly right.

3. Nil.

4. 99.00 per cent., the other 1 per cent. are the prize-winners.

5. Hush! There is a Law of Libel in the Land, worse luck.

6. To please elderly folk. The practice was first adopted by a disappointed lady of uncertain age who resided at Clapham or it might have been Penzance. (Note: She continued to be a disappointed lady of uncertain age.)

7. There is no actual bursting point. Small boys will stretch as far as necessary providing that their clothing is sufficiently loose to allow for expansion.

8. A.D. 1618 or thereabouts.

9. (*a*) All of them; (*b*) All of them.

10. See "Rainbow" Encyclopædia Britannica.

11. An African negro.

12. 785 (this figure is based on a personal test conducted last season).

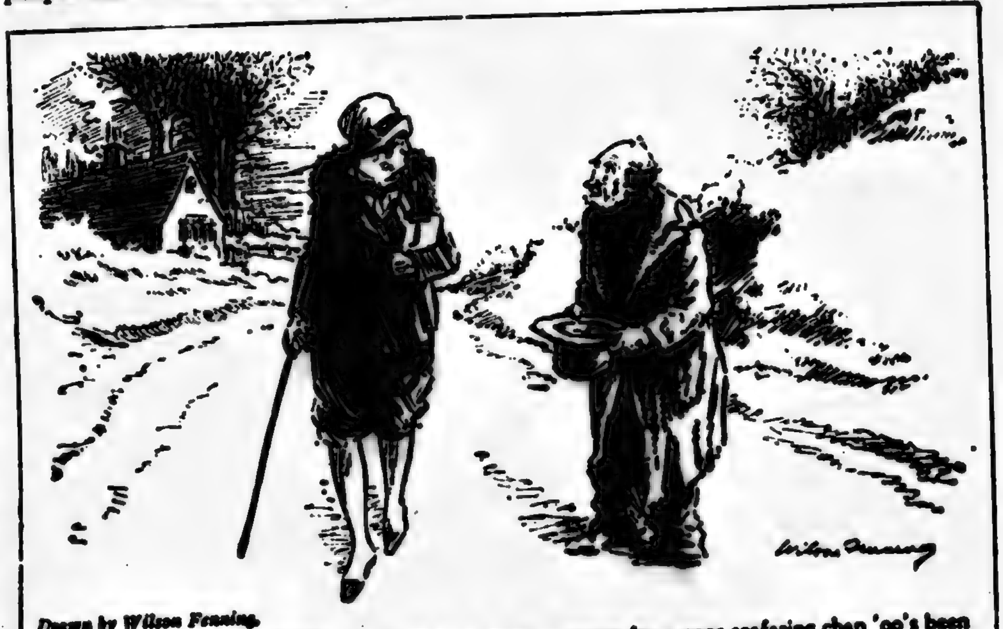
13. If the hostess is REALLY superstitious then this individual is unlucky and that's all there is to it.

14. Don't ask me, I dare not dwell upon the subject, but if you are interested in solving this problem then I advise you to count 'em.

15. Goodness only knows. In the first place, what is meant by early?

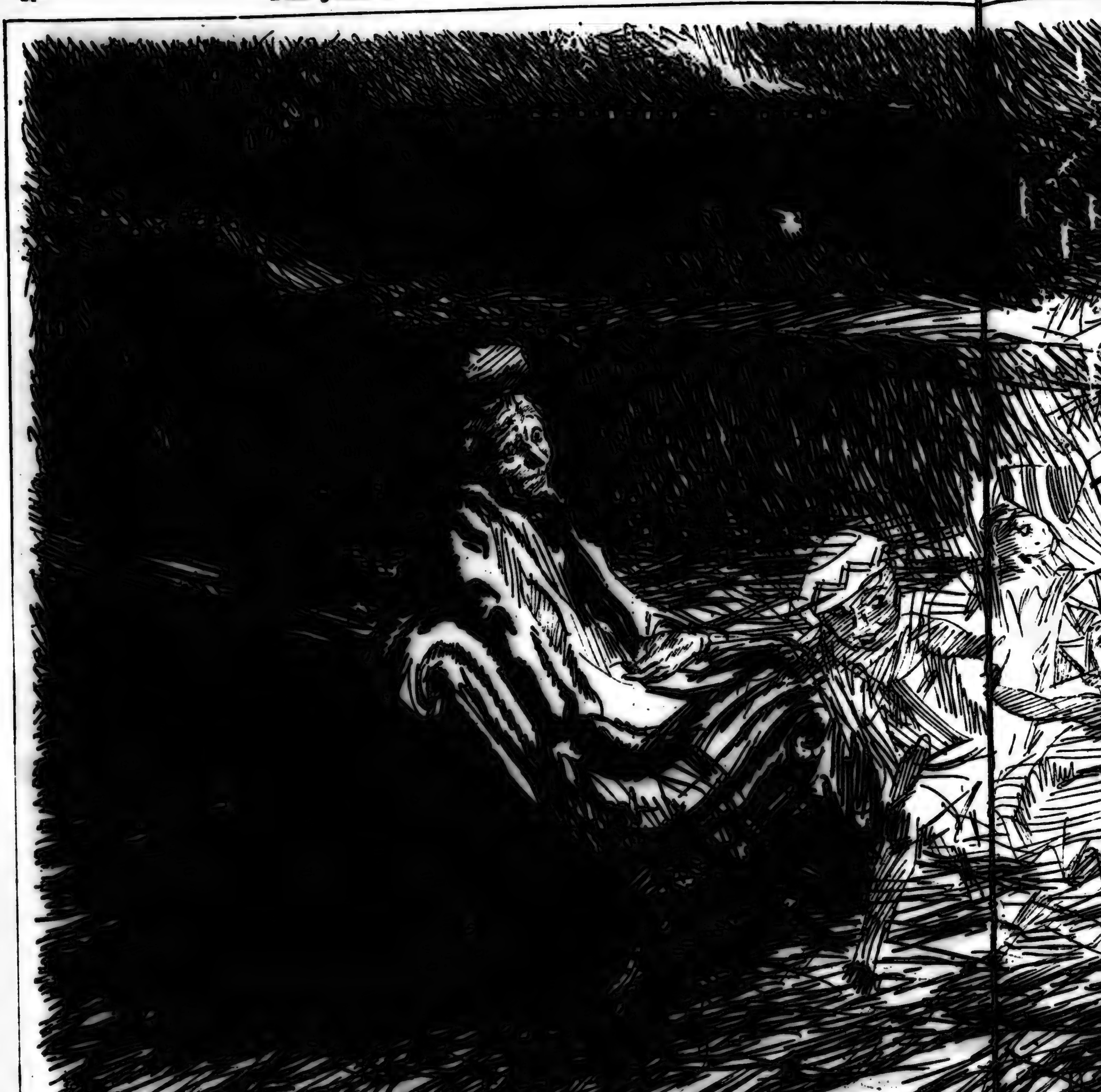
16. A gentleman by the name of McTavish who wanted to use up a picture postcard of Brighton left over from the summer.

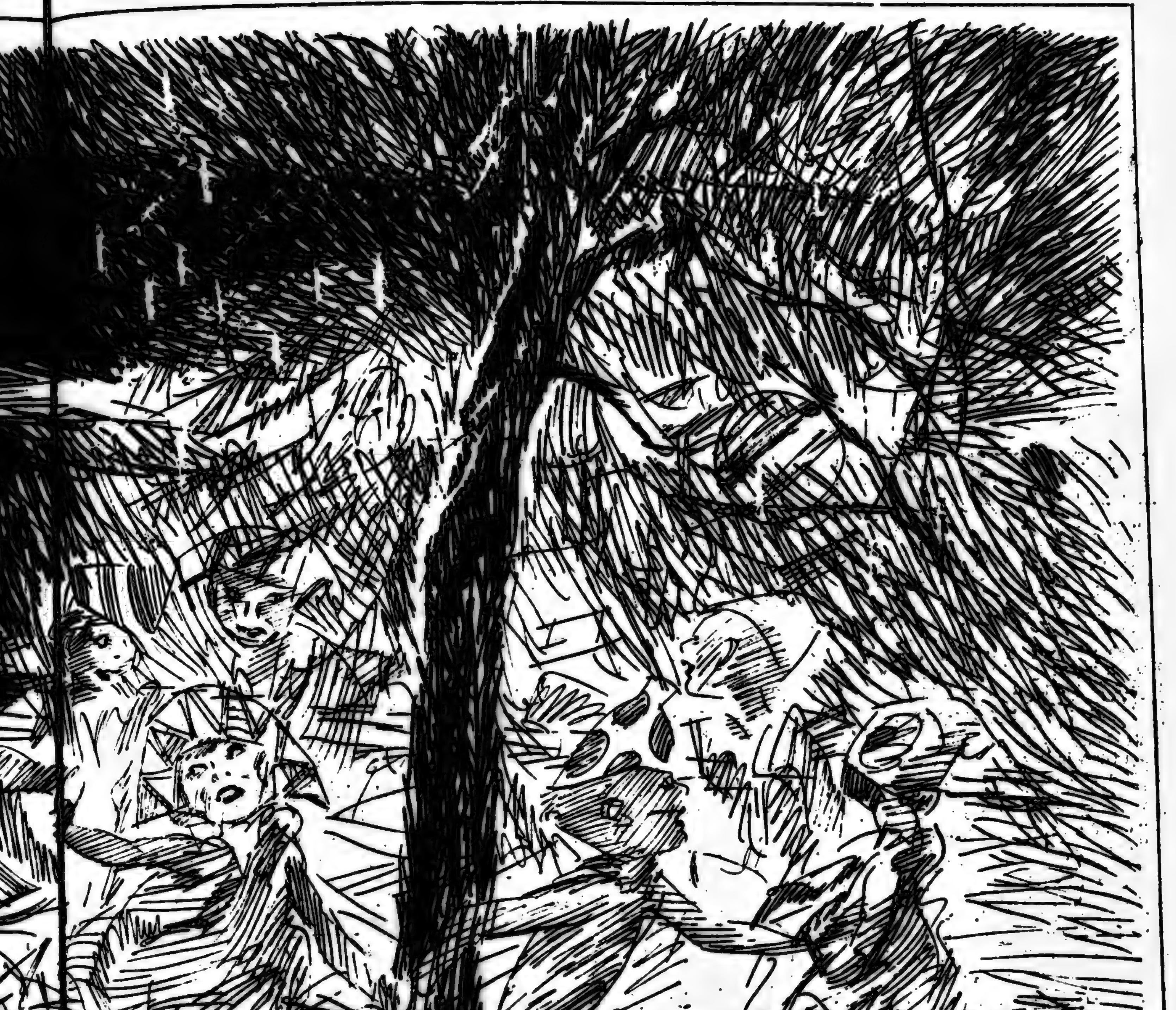
17. A bathing costume.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning.

"A Merry Christmas, madam. Could you spare a copper for a poor seafaring chap 'oo's been done out of work by machinery? I uster be one of the waves in the Christmas pantomime!"

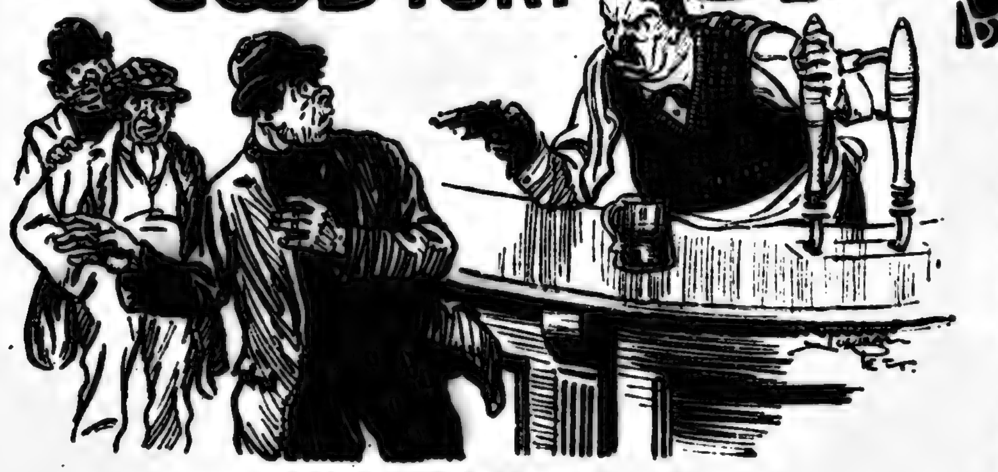

MILES AW



LES AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

By C. HEDLEY BARKER



"I'll plug you like the rat you are!"

Mr. Bott repays a debt.

MR. 'ERBERT BOTT blew in his cupped hands, smote them on his shoulders, and addressed an oak-tree by the roadside.

"Blimey," he observed, "it's 'ell being on the rocks at Christmas time. Even a rat 'as 'is 'ole, but I ain't got nothing. No go-to, no come-from, and nobody to care a damn. It's a fair licker, is this world. 'Ullo, what's this?"

"This" was a saloon car. Mr. Bott stepped grudgingly on one side to let it pass. It rolled majestically to a halt. Mr. Bott surveyed the gleam of its nickel and the gloss of its immaculate body with a belligerent glare. Then the window opened, and a young woman put out her head.

"Would you," she asked, "care for a lift? Which way are you going?"

"Goin' on to Tenham, Miss."

"Jump in, then."

Mr. Bott jumped in, and realised, for the first time, how luxurious a mere seat may be. The car moved off.

"Have you friends at Tenham?"

"Friends?" echoed Mr. Bott, with a bitter smile. "No, Miss. A distant acquaintance. The boss o' the casual ward."

"Oh, I see. Then, perhaps you had better not go on to Tenham."

"Not?" said Mr. Bott wonderingly.

"I can put you up for a night."

It flashed on Mr. Bott that he was on a good thing. In a moment he was all gratitude and smiles.

The car turned into a drive. It had begun to snow. Mr. Bott looked out through the snow, and saw a vast house, many-windowed, pillared, balconied, lighted from top to bottom. The car stopped, and Mr. Bott, amazingly equal to the occasion, leaped out. "Allow me, Miss," he said, extending a grimy paw.

"Thank you, Mr.——?"

"Bott, Miss."

"Thank you, Mr. Bott. And, now—will you forgive me if I leave you? James—see that Mr. Bott has a good meal, with lashings of beer. He will stay the night."

Mr. Bott, grinning delightedly, clutched at his forelock. He was shown into the kitchen, and there he was regaled with turkey, with plum pudding and with copious tankards of Munich beer. He talked a lot. He held forth on the subject of his life-history, from youth up.

At last, replete with good food, he stood on his feet. He swept James an elaborate bow. "It's me," he said gravely, "for the downy couch, John. Lead the way."

James paused on the outside of the bedroom door. "Miss Wynne," he said "instructed me to hand you this."

It was an envelope. But Mr. Bott was in no state to open envelopes just then, and not until he entered Tenham the next day did he come on its contents—a five-pound note. Mr. Bott straightway turned into the Three Tuns. The landlord, thick of speech, bleary of eye, was busy talking in what he took to be a low tone to two gentlemen who looked as if the fates had kicked them hard and often. There was something in the attitude of the three—a conspiratorial touch—which caused Mr. Bott to prick up his ears.

"Yes," said the landlord, "if ever I seen a nigger just before I was goin' to do a job, it fair give me the rats. The same with nuns. Niggers and nuns is bad omens, take it from me. Niggers particlerly. I've proved it.

"On the way to my last job I seen two of 'em, arm-in-arm. That's caused it, I said. And it 'ad. I was copped, a five-year stretch I got. And I vowed after that that if ever I seen a nigger on the day I was goin' to crack a crib I'd turn it down flat. But we ain't likely to see niggers in this part o' the world anyways. What say? You lads willin' to 'elp?"

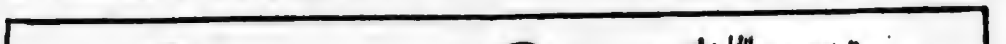
The lads shuffled their feet and looked uncomfortable, whilst the landlord turned to Mr. Bott. "Yes, mate?"

"A pint of old," said Mr. Bott.

The landlord gave Mr. Bott a keen glance, and knitted his brow. "Ain't I seen you before?" he asked.

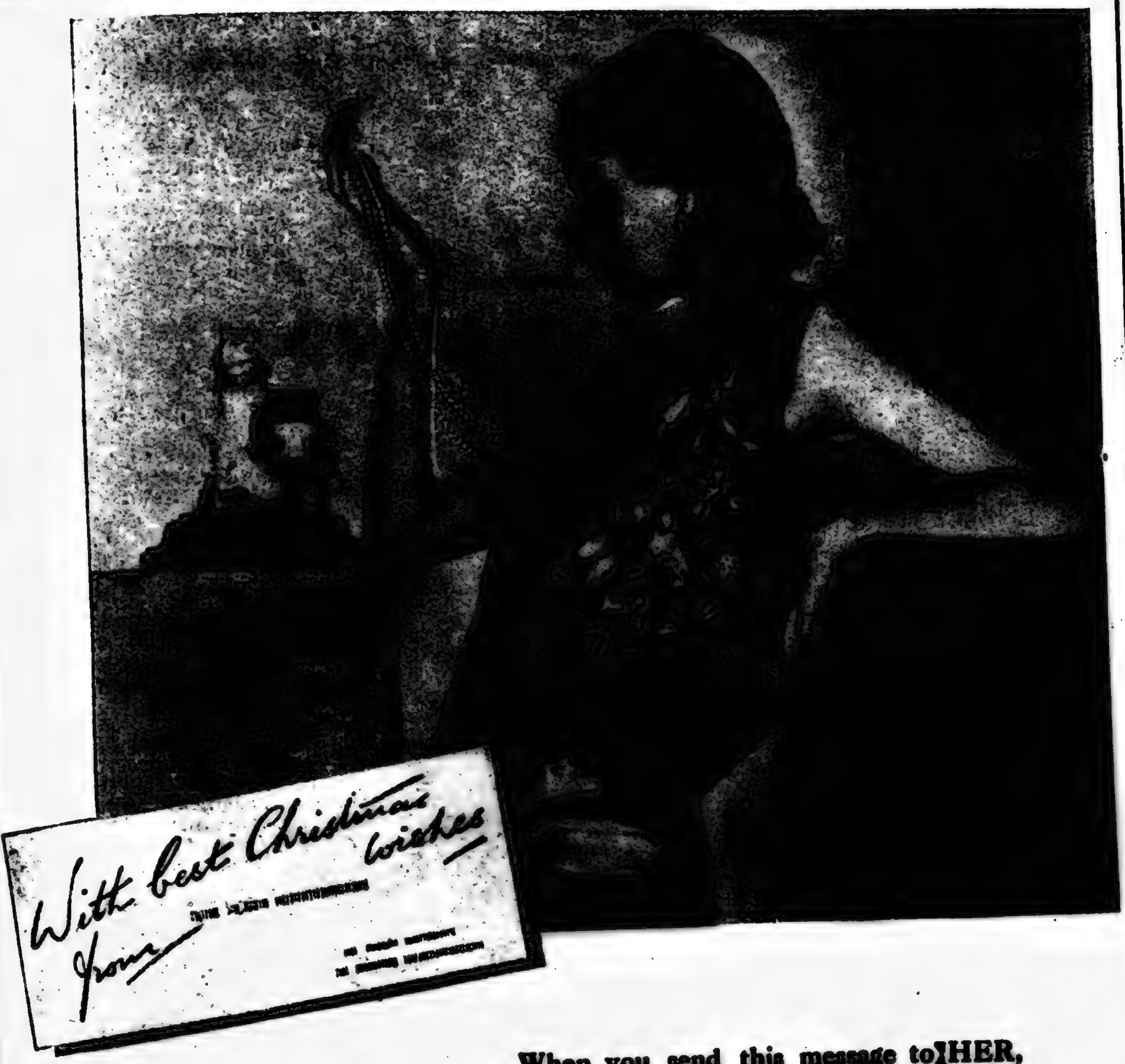
"Not in these parts."

(Continued on page 38.)



Drawn by Wal Law.

HIS SON: "Hi, pa! Can I have your share of the Christmas pudding if you don't come home?"



When you send this message to HER, let it be accompanied by the gift every woman desires—a necklet of lustrous Ciro Pearls. By this choice you convey a nice sense of the appropriate. Ciro Pearls are endowed with all the charm of real Orientals—they represent perfection in pearl reproduction.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with gold clasp, in case complete, which you cannot distinguish from real pearls. Wear it for a fortnight and if it does not give entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

Ciro Pearls

Obtainable exclusively from
CIRO PEARLS LTD
178 REGENT STREET, LONDON W.
48 OLD BOND STREET W.
120 CHEAPSIDE E.C.
MANCHESTER 14 St. Ann's Square.
LIVERPOOL 25 Church Street.
BIRMINGHAM 121 New Street.
GLASGOW 95 Buchanan Street.
EDINBURGH (Jenners).
BRISTOL (J. F. Taylor Ltd.)
DUBLIN (Switzers).

SEND FOR THE CIRO PEARL & CIRO JEWELLERY BOOKLETS No. 28 POST FREE

Drawn by J. A. Peale.

CHRISTMAS MORNING: Just the gift he wanted, but not *when* he wanted it!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

(Continued from page 36.)

"No; but wasn't you once workin' the tubs around Bond Street way?"

Mr. Bott started. The landlord winked, and leaned forward confidentially. "Remember Sam Bagley?"

"Not Swell Sam?"

"The same. Have this pint with me."

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Bott, "I'm damned! Cheerio, skipper."

"Cheerio. You come along at the right time, cully. You're just the feller to 'elp us. Care to earn a quid?"

"Ow?"

"Listen. Know Tenham Hall?"

"I should think I do. Why——"

"Right. Listen. There's a party on there to-night. The women'll be wearing sparklers worth a small fortune. There's four of us—you, me, and these two lads here. We're masked. We got guns. At eight o'clock prompt I knocks on the door of Tenham Hall. The footman opens. One crack over the napper with a length o' gaspipe and 'e's out. The four of us outs with our guns, takes the first door on the right through the hall, and we're in the dinin' room. The guests 'as just sat down to dinner. Put 'em up, says we. The rest'll be easy as eatin' pie. I got a fast car to run us to town. I'm fed up with playin' the village landlord. What say? Comin' in with us?"

Mr. Bott slowly shook his head.

"Cold feet?" sneered the other.

"No. Fact is, that party's been good to me. A real sport, she is. Picked me up in 'er car, she did, druv me 'ome, and blew me to a slap-up dinner. What's more, she parts up with a fi'-pun'-note. And when you tells me as you're goin' to do 'er the dirty—well, I says I won't be a party to it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Sam Bagley, with a sudden venom. He reached under the counter. His hand reappeared freighted with an ugly automatic.

"Bill," he snapped, "shut that door, and bolt it. Now, Mr. 'Erbert Bott, maybe you 'ad it in mind to run off and blow the gaff? Well, if you're amenable to discipline, you'll get out of 'ere sound and whole. If you ain't, I'll plug you like the rat you are. Don't think I'm bluffing. I could shoot you and get rid o' the corpse without anybody bein' the wiser. So you're going to swear a solemn, bindin' oath that you won't squeak. Get me?"

Mr. Bott, rather pale about the gills, nodded.

"You swear?"

"I swear."

"Right. Let him out, Bill. Tenham Hall lies due west. For the good of your skin, cully, walk east. Understand?"

MR. BOTT walked east. He hadn't the faintest intention of breaking his oath. He knew that if he did Swell Sam would surely get him. Besides, an oath was an oath.

By the time the sun went down behind him he was eight miles out of Tenham. He pulled up at last at a signpost. "Bloxham," he read, "three miles." Then he gave a sudden yell, spun around, and started running; running west, to Tenham Hall. Mr. Bott had been visited by an idea.

It was seven-thirty when he arrived, puffing like a blown stag, at The Hall. The footman, confronted by a tramp who babbled of a "matter o' life and death," would have closed the door, but Mr. Bott thrust an adroit foot between the door and the frame.

"Now then, young cove, no damn nonsense. I gotter see the lady, and I don't budge from here till she comes. Got me, Steve? Shake a leg, then."

And the young cove shook a leg.

"Miss," said Mr. Bott, rolling an eloquent eye, "I can't tell yer why, s'elp me. I'm on me solemn oath. But I want yer to put me into footman's livery for ten minutes or so. There'll be a cove calling round about eight, and it's absolutely necessary as I answers the door. Will yer let it go at that, and take me on trust?"

There was no doubt about the plea in Mr. Bott's eye, and he looked, in that moment, a desperately honest man. The lady consented.

* * * *

"EIGHT o'clock," muttered Swell Sam. "Git yer gatlings ready. Soon as the flunkey opens the door, I'll cosh 'im one. Then, foller me. Can do? Right. Come on."

They came on.

Sam Bagley rang a peal on the bell, spat on his hand, and took a grip on his weapon. At the sound of footsteps in the hall, he raised it aloft and drew back.

"My Gawd!" yelled Sam Bagley. "Beat it, boys! Beat it, for the love of Mike!"

And Mr. Bott, closing the door, heaved a sigh of relief. Black as the Ace of Spades he was. For, you see, remembering Sam Bagley's antipathy for niggers, he had been busy with burnt cork.

OXO

The OXO habit saves many ~~b~~ills

In this climate it's Beef that counts. Beef which has been the vital food of British men and women through the ages. Oxo is concentrated Beef at its best. It gives you that *extra* nourishment—the nourishment of Beef which is so vital to the health of the body.

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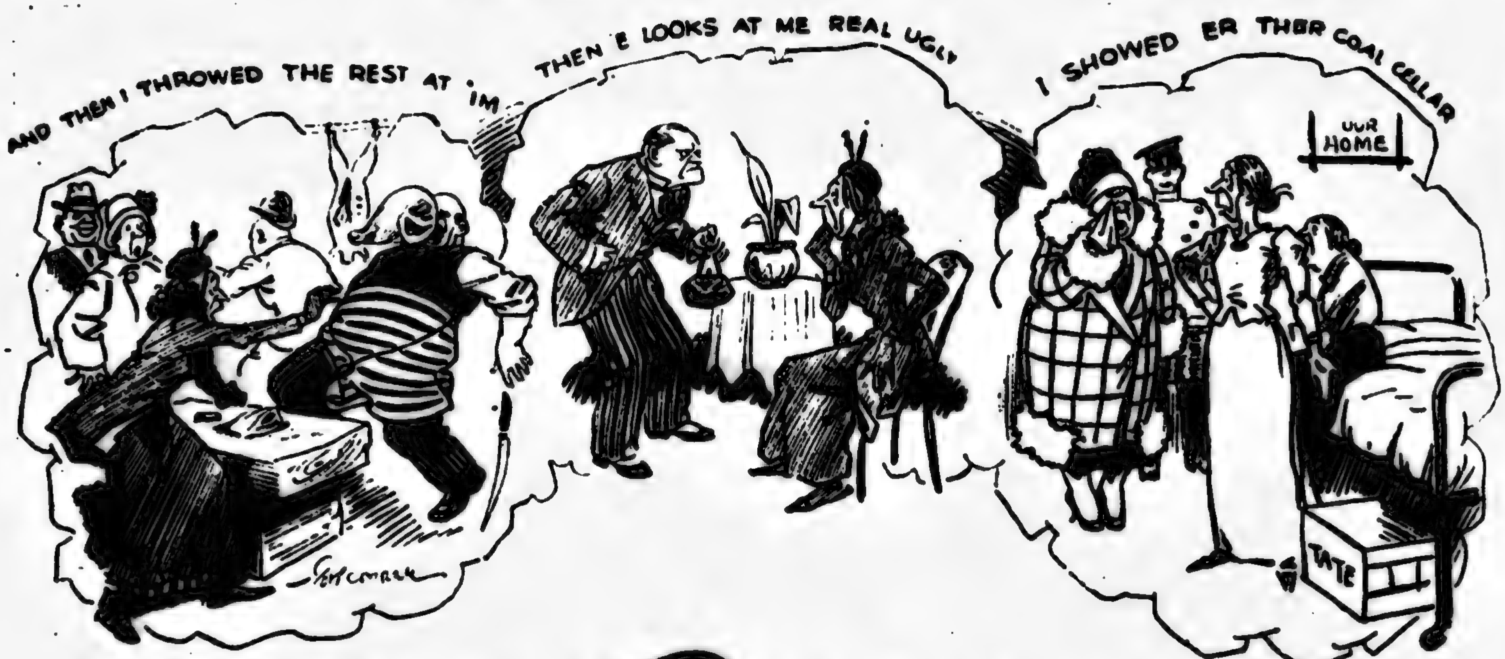
AND THEN I THROWED THE REST AT 'IM
THEN 'E LOOKS AT ME REAL UGLY
I SHOWED 'ER THER COAL CELLAR
OUR HOME
TATE

Mrs. May's Christmas Holiday

by THOMAS LE BRETON

Our old friend of "A Sister to Assist 'Er" fame proves herself as nimble-witted as ever.

CHRISMUS is all right for them as 'ave ther ready. I ain't sayin' a word against Chrismus, on'y if there ain't nothink to be jolly with, I arst you 'ow can you be jolly ?

Mind you, I can laugh as well as most folks—for if I see a woman slip down inter a puddle or a gent in a white westcote run against a chimney sweep, I can laugh as well as anyone. But 'ow can a lady laugh when she 'as visitors in 'er flat and on'y 'alf a loaf and some marg in ther place and it's four days from Chrismus ?

I'll tell you, I gotter a cousin Lena what married a gent of the name of 'Obbles. 'E made out 'e were frightful rich on'y 'e 'ad to wait till some 'un died. That were ten years ago, and ever since then Lena 'as 'ad to keep 'im cause if 'e worked 'is uncle wouldn't leave 'im nothin' for disgracin' the family. So 'e said.

They 'ad two kids, both gals, and Lena said they was the image of me, but I put up with that 'cause she were so 'ard up. On ther Friday before Chrismus when I went 'ome there were Lena and 'er kids outside me door waitin' for me.

"Oh, Gladys, dear," she says to me, "Cuthbert's gone to see 'is Uncle for Chrismus 'cause we ain't got nowheres to live, and 'e said I'd better arst you to take us in till arter Chrismus."

Me 'eart were in me boots and there's 'oles in them—the woman what I orblige 'ad gone away for Chrismus, and 'ad give me ten bob to last me ten days and I'd spent six. But there was Lena with ther tears a down 'er silly face, and ther two poor kids what I couldn't turn out.

"Come in," I says, "but I ain't got no uncle to leave me nothink—for why," I says, "I've left most of me things with 'im."

She come in and I give ther kids two sticks o' firewood and some rags to make dolls with, while I thinks what I were ter do.

"Well," I says, "you come at ther right time fer feastin'. We'll 'ave bread sauce without a turkey—and bread pudden without milk, and that'll be our Chrismus dinner—but it won't be no different to what I 'ave every day when I'm at 'ome."

I THOUGHT as I'd go ter see Mr. 'Arris, ther butcher, and see if 'e'd give me tick fer a jint.

But when I got there 'e were servin' 'undreds of people and when I did get in a word 'e reglar snapped me up. "This ain't no Drage's," 'e said, as nasty as nasty; "if you want yer jint on ther instalment cistern you've come to ther wrong shop."

Some low women begun ter laugh at that, but I took up a jint from among ther block ornaments and slapped it in one woman's mouth, and then I throwed the rest at 'im.

On me way 'ome I stopped to look in at the library, to see if any woman wanted a lady 'elp for Chrismus in the advertisements. But I didn't see none, but I did see a gent 'ad found a purse and 'ooever could prescribe ther contents atisfactory would 'ave it.

That give me a idea—me bein' always knowed as a lady what is ideal. Off I went 'ome quick. "'Ere Lena," I says, "you got ter do somethink fer yer livin'.

"Pay attention, since it's about ther on'y think as you can pay. I've lost a purse, but I don't remember 'ow much I 'ad in it, and a gent 'as found it, and won't give it up till I tell 'im."

"What a cruel brute," she says.

"Well, as 'e's a man, what can you expect ?" says I, "so you go and see 'im and say you lost a purse."

"So I did," she says, "the very day afore I were married, and Cuth went on awful about it."

"Never mind 'im," I says; "you come with me and when you see ther gent say as there were three pound twelve and fi'pence in your purse."

"There were on'y two and fourpence," she says. Ain't it aggravatin' when a woman will talk about what she don't understand. "You do what I say," says I, "and when ther gent says you're wrong you arst ter see the purse so as ter believe 'im and see exactly what is in it."

She arst me why—and I 'ad ter shake 'er to make 'er see sense and then off we went. Ther gent were on'y livin' in Dalston Lane and I sent 'er in, keepin' outer sight.

About ten minutes arter back she come.

"There's thirty shillings and some coppers in the purse," she says, "and it's a red morrocky—was yours a morrocky purse, Gladys ?" she arsts.

"Find out," I says sharp, for I do 'ate silly questions, and then off I goes to ther gent.

'E were a jolly old bird, and, thinks I, I can manage you easy. "I've come fer me purse," I says, "what I lost."

"What were it like ?" 'e arsts, and I says "A red morrocky."

"Were this it ?" 'e says, and 'olds up the red morrocky what 'e must 'a showed Lena. So I says, "Yes."

(*Continued on page 42.*)

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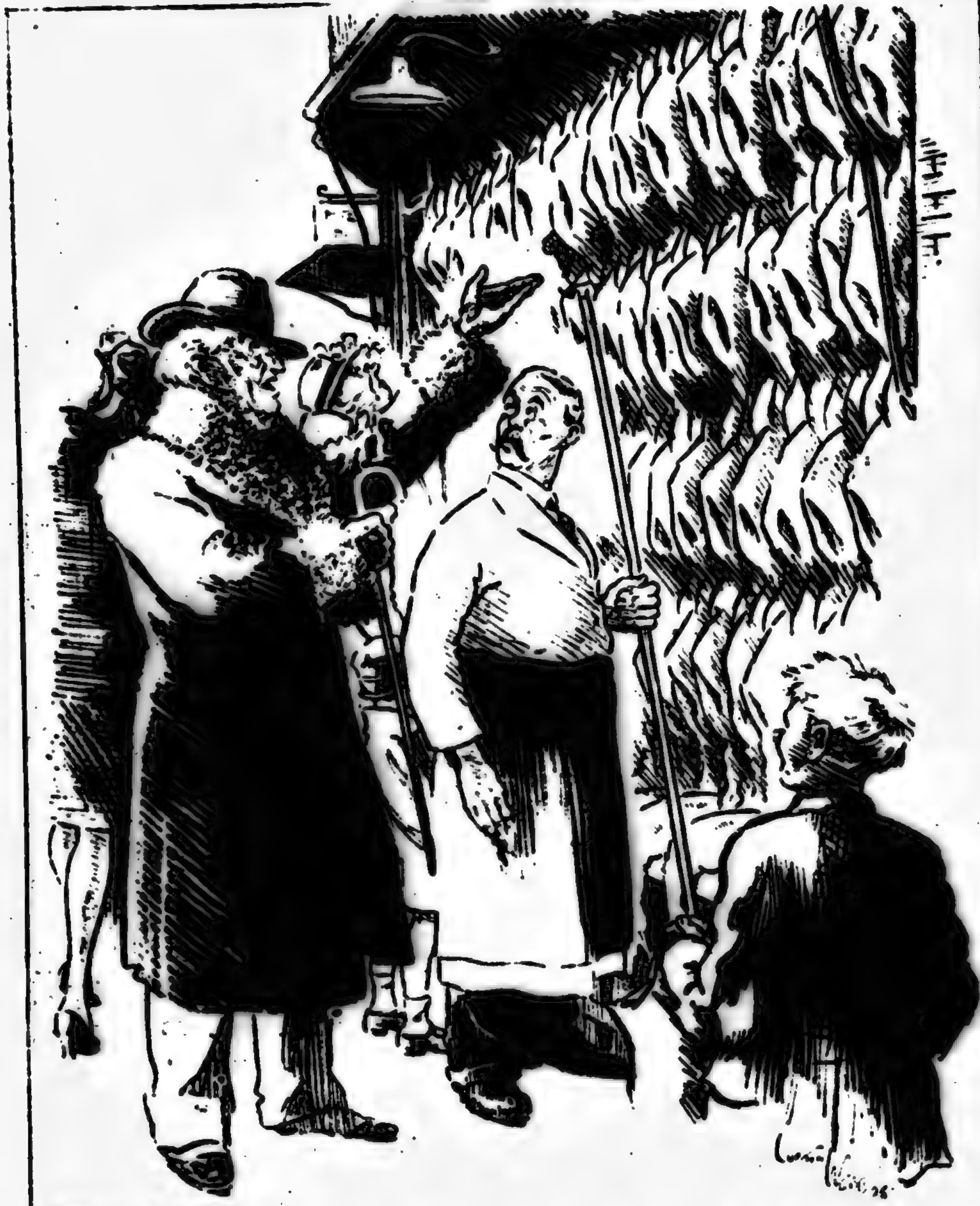
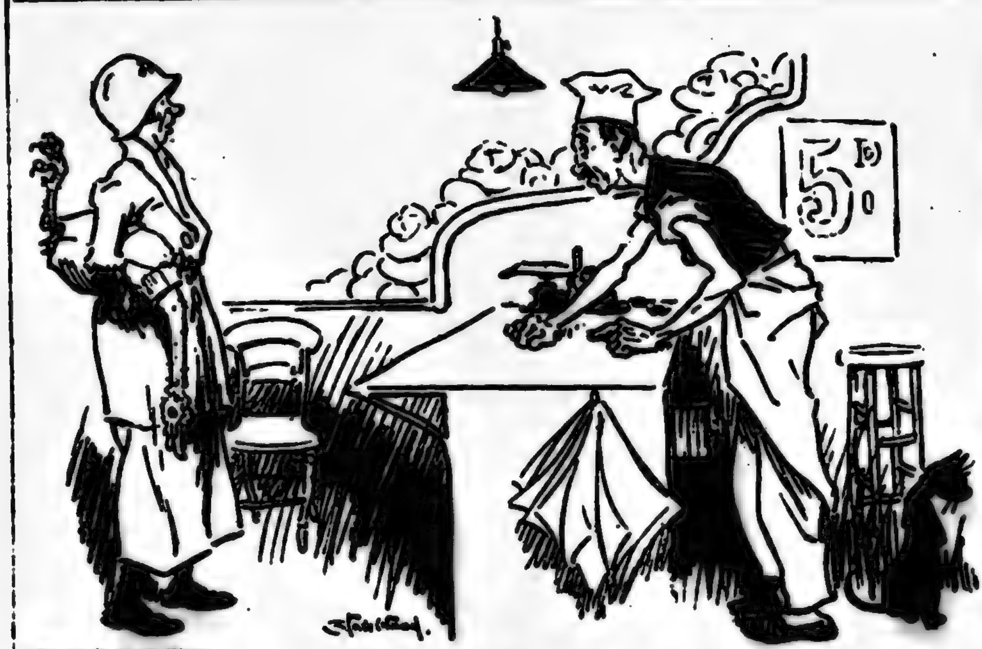


Drawn by Lupton Webb.

ACTOR (purchasing his Christmas turkey): "I'll have the third one from the end up in the gallery."



Drawn by Scott Wood.

WOMAN (with turkey): "How much do you charge to roast a turkey?"
THE BAKER: "Half-a-crown."
WOMAN: "That's dear. I know where I can take it to have it roasted for less than that."
BAKER: "And I know where you can take it to have it burnt for nothing!"

Mrs. May's Christmas Holiday

(*Continued from page* 40.)

"What were there inside?" 'e asks, and I says thirty shillings and some coppers.

Then 'e looks at me real ugly. "Do you take me for a fool?" 'e says, and immediate I shushpected 'im for a fraud. "I know the ways of your sort," 'e says; "I've no doubt as you sent a confederate to find out all about the purse so as you could prescribe it to me, but I'm not 'avin' any. The purse what I found wasn't the purse what I showed to a woman just now, and now I'm goin' to 'phone for the police and give yer in charge for conspiracy."

There were a nice thing! Lena must 'a been a fool to be took in like that.

"That's deformation o' character," I tells 'im, "and I'm goin' in for damages."

Then in come a old lady as says, "Whatever is the matter, George?" and we both tells 'er—and then she tells 'im it were very wrong to tell a story about the purse. "You told a lie, George," she says, "'cause the purse weren't the one you found. I believe what this lady says, so go away and never let me see you a doin' tricks again."

She said it were a dreadful thing for me to lose me purse just at Chrismus time, and I told 'er I shouldn't 'a minded for meself, but when Lena and 'er two kids come unexpected it were very worritin'.

Blest if she didn't think as I must 'a invited them, for she said I were a very kind woman and she took my address and said as 'ow if she wanted an 'elp she'd send for me.

SHE give me five bob when I went away, and said she sympathised with Lena.

Five bob were better than forty days, and so I went 'ome with some fried fish and taters for the kids and Lena, and didn't they enjoy them.

But that weren't all. It were Chrismus Eve and we were a goin' to 'ave a cold dinner on Chrismus Day, and I'd got sixpennorth of brawn, when there was a knock at me door, and in come the very old lady what I 'ad seed.

"Oh!" she says, and starts cryin', "where's yer fire?"

I showed 'er ther coal cellar what I kep' under the bed.

"I oughter thought o' coals," she says, and a man lugged in an' amper.

"I'll get some in," she says, "while you unpack the 'amper."

There was bacon and heggs and a fowl, and puddens what made the kids dance, and at the bottom were a purse with thirty bob and some coppers in it.

"Ain't she a angel," says Lena.

"No," I says, sharp, for I do 'ate fools, "what angel ever give bacon and a fowl and a purse with money. Tell me that, you fool," I says, "and don't make me cry for your ignorance again."

It were ever so late, but the old lady come back at last in a taxi, and she brought three scuttles o' coals from 'er own cellar.

So we 'ad a lovely Chrismus dinner arter all, all through me being such a lady.

CASSELL'S TABLETS SOON MADE THEM WELL

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I FEEL A NEW WOMAN
I FEEL A NEW WOMAN OVER AGAIN
NOW I FEEL MYSELF AGAIN
NERVES ARE GREAT-HEALTH TIP-TOP
AS FREE FROM NERVES AS THE STRONGEST
INSOMNIA GONE NERVES EVENER ALL ROUND BUCK-UP
QUITE WELL AGAIN THANKS TO CASSELL'S
PAINS HAVE ENTIRELY GONE
PAIN COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED A NEW MAN
NOW I FEEL REALLY WELL AND STRONG

Are you
NERVY?
TIRED?
HEADACHY?
DYSPEPTIC?
GLOOMY?
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A REAL TONIC
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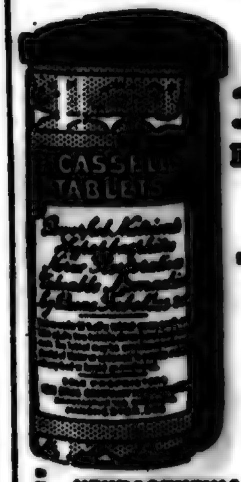

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WONDERFUL RESULTS IN SERIOUS CASES

NERVE & DIGESTIVE COLLAPSE.
Complete Recovery.

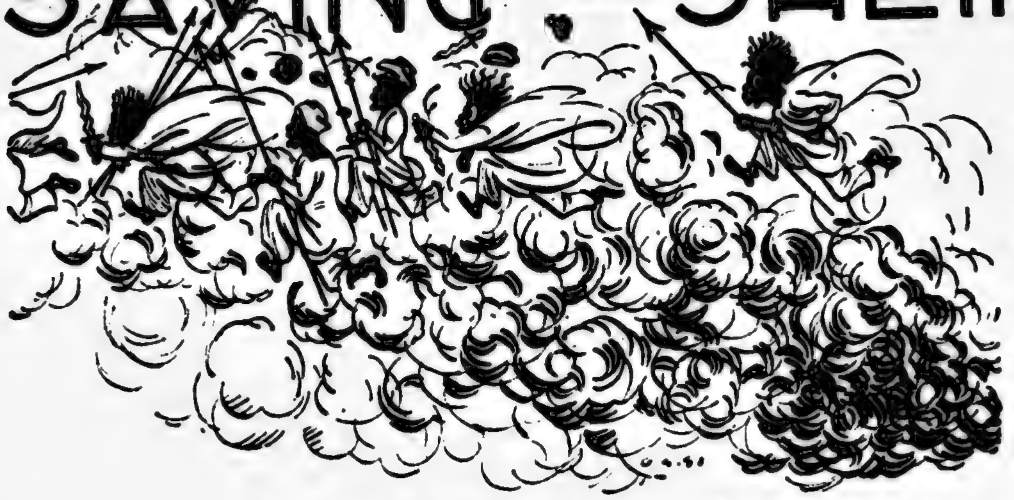
"I had suffered for years with serious indigestion. The pain I endured was sometimes so great that I felt afraid to eat anything. Wind came in volumes, and splitting headaches hardly ever ceased. I was dreadfully nervous and would jump at a sound, and never knew what it was to have a real night's rest. After meals I went dizzy. One day my sister urged me to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I am glad I took her advice, for my health began to improve almost from the first box. I could sleep, then appetite improved, and I could eat without having to suffer. I kept on taking Cassell's. Now I feel really well and strong." (Photo above.) Mrs. C. Rex, 4, Charlotte Terrace, Barnsbury, N.1.

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED.

"Up to a few weeks ago I suffered from acute nervous pains and habits. Having tried a number of 'sure cure' preparations without any benefit derived, I came to the conclusion there was no absolute cure for my nerves, until one day a friend of mine told me to give Dr. Cassell's Tablets a trial. Great was my surprise when after the first box I found a great improvement in my whole system, and now I am as free from nerves as the strongest of people. I never hesitate to recommend your Tablets." — J. S. Warner, 6, Helita Villas, Ballards Lane, Finchley, N.3.

SAVING THE SHEIKH

By DUDLEY HOYS



Christmas cigars are not without their uses after all.

YOU fellows would like to hear about my most exciting Christmas? (said Ananias Ramblar, the famous explorer, who had dropped into the club casually after a walking tour round the North Pole). H'm. Difficult to choose. There was that Christmas Eve of '24, in Bechuanaland, when I had to keep two lions at bay for five hours with nothing but a fountain pen and a bar of chocolate.

Then there was that Christmas of '99 spent in the Sahara, where I had been lost for a week. I was dying of thirst, but, fortunately, I developed water on the knee from over-walking, and saved myself by a transfusion through a cigarette holder.

H'm. Taken all round, I think the Christmas of '25 was the stickiest. I had been out in Arabia for six months, partly for pleasure, partly to collect wild goats for a tinned milk firm. The camp was pitched on the edge of the desert, near a mud village called Nevawozza, and not far from the hills inhabited by the Slitemslili tribesmen.

They had a nasty reputation, particularly the sheikh, a fellow named Ibeen Orrid—supposed to have been the original of *the* sheikh. They say he had unsuccessfully sued the author for royalties, and that made him bitter.

Two days before Christmas I went out shooting jackal. There is no plural, as they are such singular animals. My Christmas mail had come by the monthly camel post, so I took with me a pudding sent by my sister Angeline, and a box of a hundred cigars from my aunt Fanny, who lives at Walthamstow. I hit my quarry, but he managed to make off into the hills, and in the excitement of hunting I forgot the risk I was running and followed him.

I was crawling cautiously along a deep *wadi*, when suddenly something landed plump on my back. Half a dozen Slitemslili tribesmen, camouflaged as a mirage, had laid a trap. Desperately as I fought, the odds were too heavy, and I soon found myself gagged and bound, staring up resolutely at their dark, bearded faces and cruel eyes.

Their leader gave his white *burnous* a hitch, adjusted his headdress, and drew out a knife. As complete calmness was my only hope, I gave him a steady look and spoke. The gag, of course, prevented me from using my lips, so I talked through my nose—an achievement I have found useful in a tight corner.

"By the beard of Allah! Let one hair of my head be hurt, and thy days are numbered!" It is always wise to use their own methods of backchat with these fellows.

"By the shaven chin of Baldwini!" he answered, "thou art a bold man to speak thus to Ali Slopah! Is there reason why I should not put thee to the torture of the rat in the bowl—the bowl bound to thy naked flesh so that the rat gnaws its way through thy infidel form? Or bury thee to the neck in the burning sand? Or choke thee with draughts of coffee flavoured with chopped hair?"

"None. None whatever. But remember, the eagle flies high and sees all. Also, none shall count the grains of dust in the desert." It is wise to adopt the habit of tortuous and oblique thought when out East.

"True, oh infidel. The lizard enters a hole, and who shall follow him? Likewise, the egg of the hen is never proven until the eating thereof."

"Then thou wilt set me free?"

"Nu." Which means "No."

"Then thou wilt take me to thy sheikh?"

"Nu, nu." The Arabic double negative, and therefore meaning "Yes."

Tied to a trotting camel, I was led off through the sterile foothills. Mile after mile we covered among the sun-baked emptiness, and the silence was a mysterious hush, broken only by the hum of mosquitoes, the grunting of the camels, and the six Slitemslilis roaring their war song, "Gurgli Wurgli," the literal meaning of which may be translated "Nicer sight there be nowt than a well-cut throat."

DAWN stole up, pearl and primrose. We had entered another huge *wadi* flanked by date palms and white mud houses, from which would emerge veiled women to stare at the cavalcade. At last we reached the residence of Ibeen Orrid. I was dragged through a gateway into a courtyard, and flung down before the feet of the great sheikh himself.

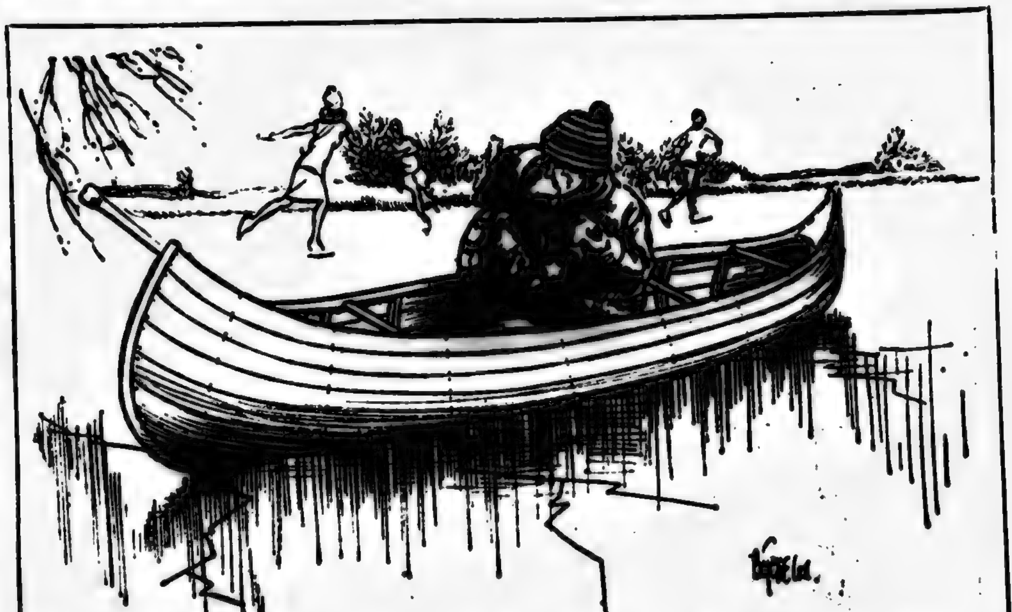
His burning eyes blazed into mine, and his thin lips curved savagely.

"What is this, Ali Slopah? Didst Tabi, the cat, bring it into my presence?"

"Nay, O Serene Lord of the Slitemslili, whose hair is like unto the raven's wing, whose voice is as a ringing of golden bells, whose anger shakes boulders from the mountains. We found this in a *wadi*, and humbly bethought that thou might find some small delight in giving it *bheens*."

Ibeen Orrid smiled a terrible smile. "Thou hast done well, Ali Slopah. For this shalt thou be awarded the Order

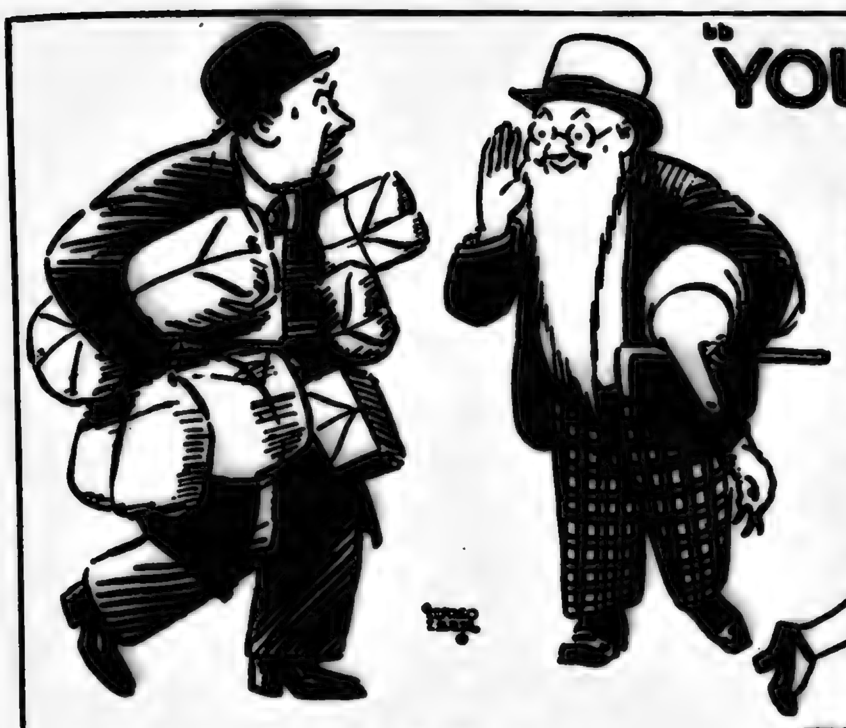
(*Continued on page 46.*)



Drawn by Batchelor.

Illustrating the only possible occasion on which one may safely kiss a girl in a canoe.

"YOU WANT A YOUNGER!"



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Scotch Ale for Christmas —whatever else you buy.

Said Mrs. Brown to Hubby dear,
"You wait for me—don't move from here."
She loads him up with festive cheer;
It's rough on Brown—but get his ear:
"You want a Younger."

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

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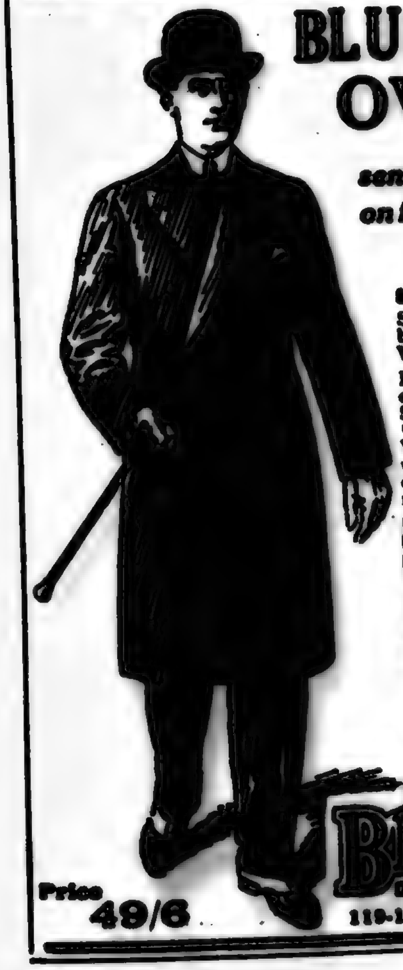

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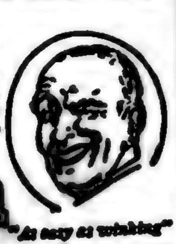

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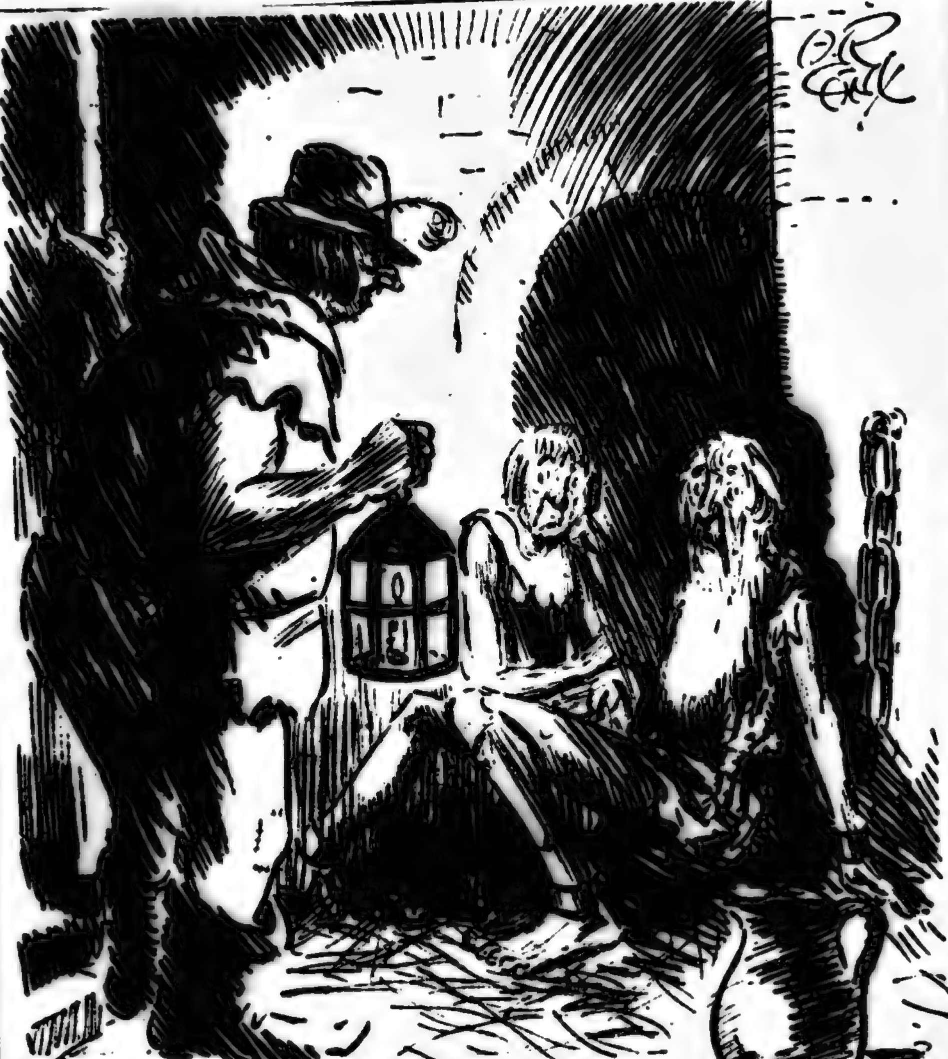
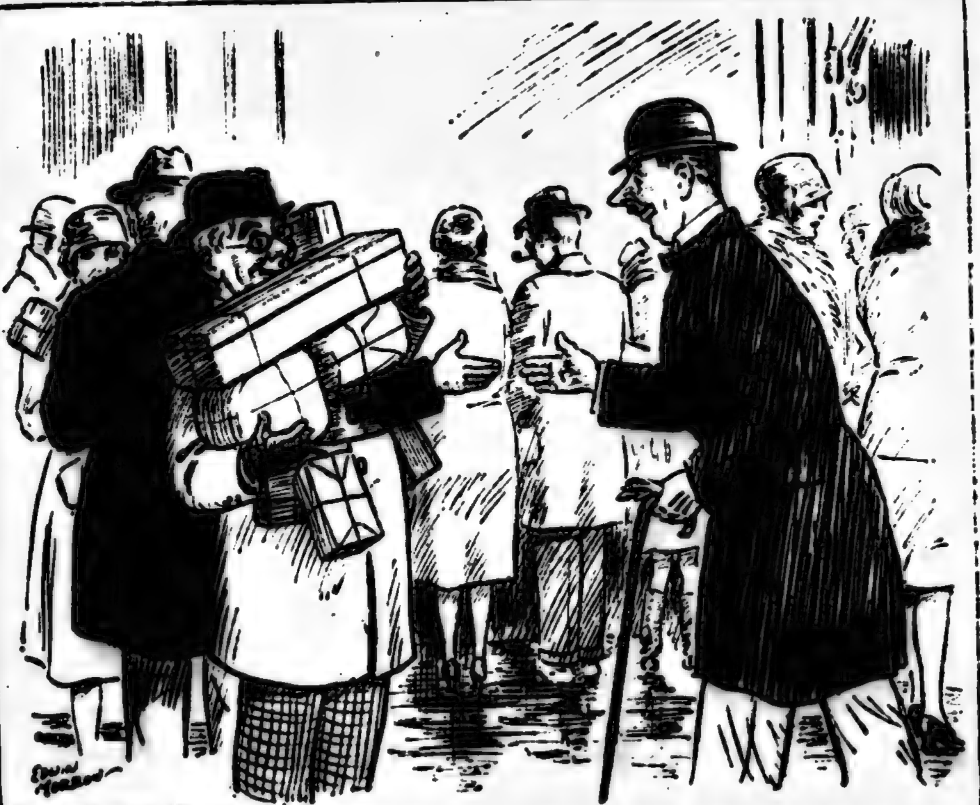


Drawn by A. R. Cane.

MEDIÆVAL GAOLER (to dungeon prisoners): "The Baron says, as it's Christmas Day, he'd like everyone to be quite merry—so you may sing!"



Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

"THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP"—A neat little gadget for shopping husbands.

SAVING THE SHEIKH

(*Continued from page* 44.)

of the Ancient Date, first-class. Now, begone."

Ibeen Orrid beckoned to an Ethiopian slave who was bearing a scimitar with a saw edge. Then he snarled at me.

"Infidel, I wouldst scrape thee a little, and chuckle thereat. Later, I wouldst scrape thee again, and——"

He got no further. Into the courtyard burst Ibeen Worser, the sheikh's chief Emir.

"O seraphic sheikh, whose smile turns the olive stone into a thing of sweetness, there is news of *durti work* in the hills! The Carvemjhooci march upon us!"

"*Criki!*" cried Ibeen Orrid.

Now I could understand the sheikh's alarm. Fierce as the Slitemalili might be, they were love-birds compared with their hereditary blood-enemies, the Carvemjhooci tribe—a band of warriors who haunted the higher hills.

Evidently he read my mind, for he glared at me suddenly.

"Infidel, canst propose a plan to defeat the Carvemjhooci?"

"Not at the moment," I said, racking my brains desperately, "but——"

"Thou talkest of moments! Know this, then. If thou hast not planned certain victory by the time the Carvemjhooci are sighted on these near hills, thou shalt die by the seven tortures, fire, water, sword, scourge, disease, doctor, and dentist!"

IMMEDIATELY guards dragged me into a mud cell, dark and stifling. Although it was the cool season, the temperature must have been about 210 in the shade. They couldn't take it in the sun, because the glass of the thermometer melted. The hours dragged by as I groped wildly but vainly for a scheme to outwit the Carvemjhooci. Two days passed, and I knew that the end had come. The door of the cell was thrown open, and Ibeen Orrid entered with his seven state torturers.

It was then that the marvellous idea flashed home into my pounding brain.

"Sheikh," I yelled, springing up, "a hundred volunteers! Quickly!"

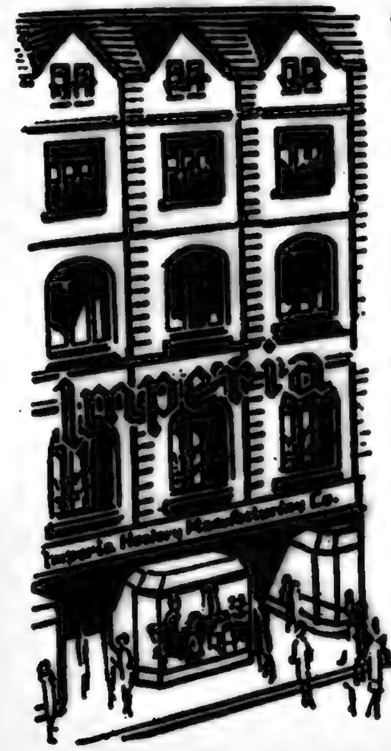
Puzzled but impressed, he ordered them to strike off my bonds, led me forth, and called out a hundred of his tribesmen. Already the Carvemjhooci were beginning to descend into the *wadi*. In frienzied haste I dealt out Aunt Fanny's cigars, one apiece.

"Now," I shouted, "on the command 1, light a match. On the command 2, apply same. On the command 3, cant back the head, raise the lips and puff like blazes. Are you ready? One, two —THREE!"

The Carvemjhooci are a hardy race, but only a noseless man in a gas-mask could have withstood that attack. Wafting up through the hot air, the smoke from Aunt Fanny's hundred cigars made its deadly ascent on those tribesmen. Within a couple of minutes the whole crowd, choking and gasping, were running for their lives.

Yes (concluded the famous explorer), a dramatic Christmas; but it all ended in smoke.

Would you like to earn more money?



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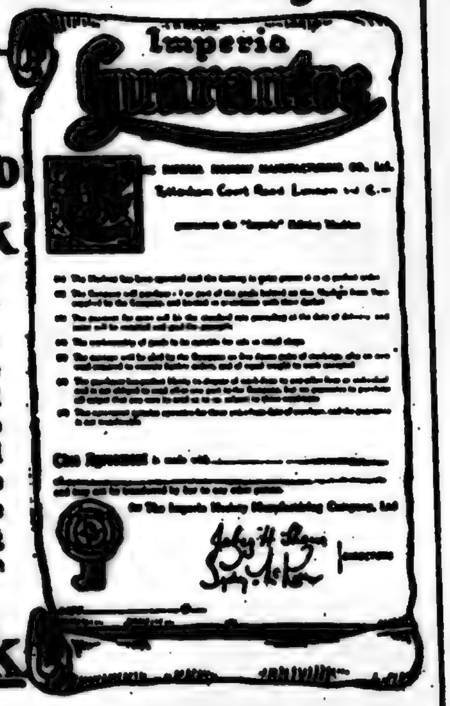
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ONLY ONE LEFT

BY HECTOR HUTT

JAMES WISSACK was a poulterer in Medbury High Street. Long years of poultering in Medbury High Street had made him weary, absent-minded, submissive and dreamy. Poultering, at its best, is a wearisome job, a job which necessitates countless hours of watching customers pinch one's stock black and blue, and wander away in disdain. Wissack was a misanthrope. I've never met a poulterer who wasn't.

For every poulterer, however, there is one red-letter day in the year, Christmas Eve. On this memorable day the shops abound with fowls of every description, with countless turkey making a brave show in the front.

For three hundred and sixty-four days (three hundred and sixty-five in Leap Year) selling poults is a profitless business, but on this one day the poulterer simply coins the stuff. Good luck to him. This Wissack, therefore, absent-minded though he was, was ready to rake in enough profit on Christmas Eve to board and lodge his wife and himself for the ensuing year.

Business opened with a brisk engagement in the Geese Sector. A couple of weighty birds were sold before half-past nine, and Wissack sang the National Anthem as he rattled the proceeds into the till. With his Adam's apple rising up and down with emotion, he turned and addressed the multitude before his shop-front.

"This way," said Wissack, "for a really good bargain. Prime birds in first-class condition. Look at this 'ere turkey, ma'am. Did you ever see such a bird?"

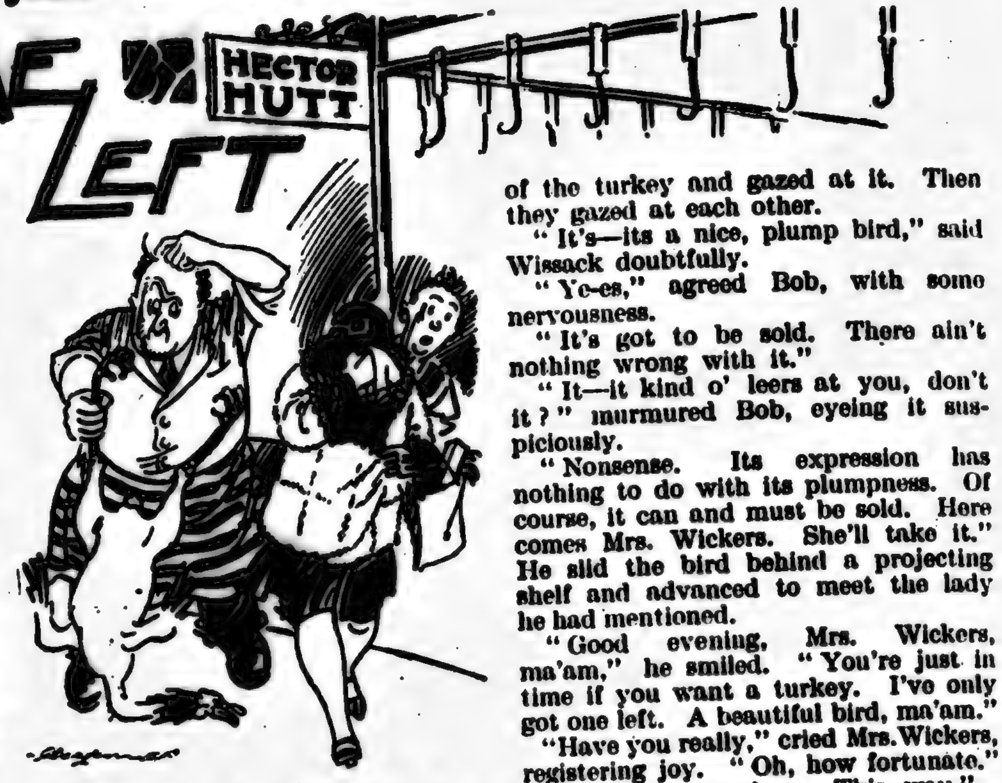
The lady addressed replied, with perfect truth, that she never had.

"Such flesh, such feathers, such an air of primeness," continued Wissack, becoming almost lyrical. "This 'ere fowl would not disgrace the King of England."

The bird was sold on the spot. So was the lady, as she subsequently found out.

"Come along," trilled Wissack, "we've plenty more. Buy, buy, buy!" Business started with a vengeance. Wissack and Bob, his perspiring assistant, rallied bravely before a terrific onslaught. It was Bob's business to see that the pinching which preceded the sale of the birds was not too vigorous. Many customers affected fingers after the style of the late lamented Dr. Fu-Manchu—all nails. Consequently a hearty pinch often resulted in the loss of about two ounces of flesh and feathers. Especially disastrous was this in the case of a customer who pinched every bird in the shop and then bought a quail. This kind of thing is a poulterer's cross.

So the game went on. Hour succeeded hour, and the stock of poultry in Wissack's shop grew small by degrees and beautifully less. Wissack and Bob continued to poulter during the whole of the day, until at eight o'clock that evening only one bird remained in the shop. Only one.



Getting rid of the last turkey was indeed a ticklish task.

The remaining bird was a turkey. A turkey of such a scornful and supercilious expression that the customers had gazed at it in awe and passed by. No normal person likes a bird that sneers, and there never was before such a sneer as was fixed upon that turkey's unpleasant face. A loathsome bird, in short.

Wissack and Bob stood on each side of the turkey and gazed at it. Then they gazed at each other.

"It's—its a nice, plump bird," said Wissack doubtfully.

"Ye-es," agreed Bob, with some nervousness.

"It's got to be sold. There ain't nothing wrong with it."

"It—it kind o' leers at you, don't it?" murmured Bob, eyeing it suspiciously.

"Nonsense. Its expression has nothing to do with its plumpness. Of course, it can and must be sold. Here comes Mrs. Wickers. She'll take it." He slid the bird behind a projecting shelf and advanced to meet the lady he had mentioned.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wickers, ma'am," he smiled. "You're just in time if you want a turkey. I've only got one left. A beautiful bird, ma'am."

"Have you really," cried Mrs. Wickers, registering joy. "Oh, how fortunate."

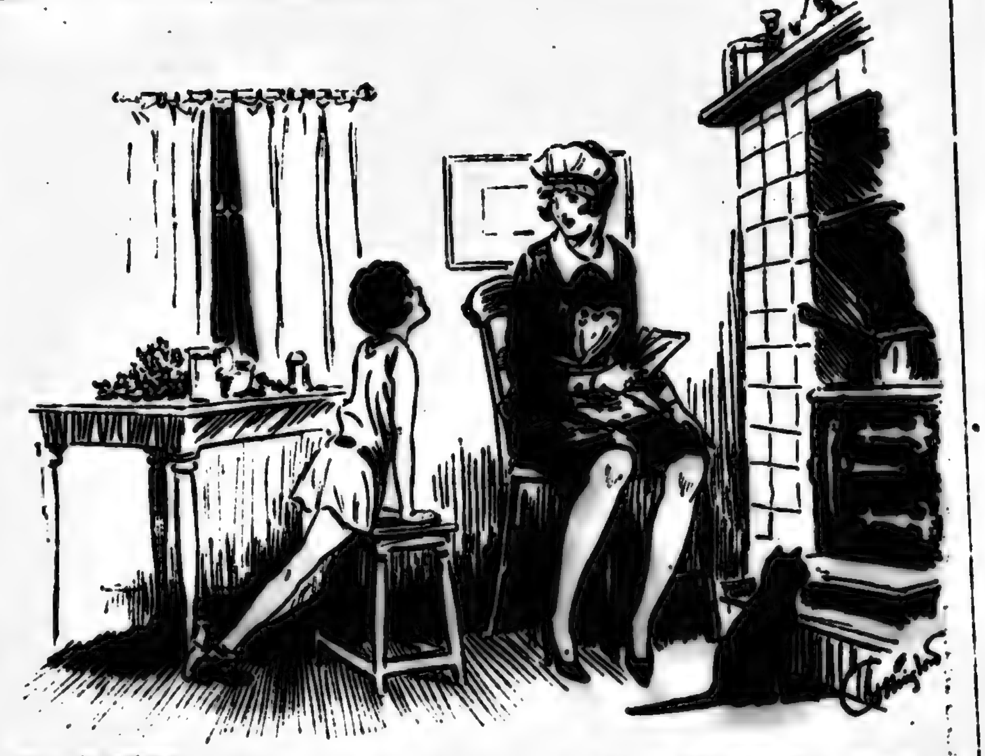
"This way, ma'am. This way."

He led the way into the shop, and Bob produced the turkey. There was dead silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Wickers burst into tears. She departed, shaking with sobs.

"Phew!" said James Wissack.

THE next lady accosted took one glimpse at the bird and vanished down the High Street at about fifty m.p.h. Her successor enquired whether Wissack was trying to insult her, because, if so, her husband would have something to say in the matter.

(*Continued on page* 50.)



Drawn by Cottington.

LITTLE GIRL (to maid). "I know what mummy is going to give you for a present at Christmas."
MAID: "And what is it?"
LITTLE GIRL: "She said a sack, but she did not say what was in it."

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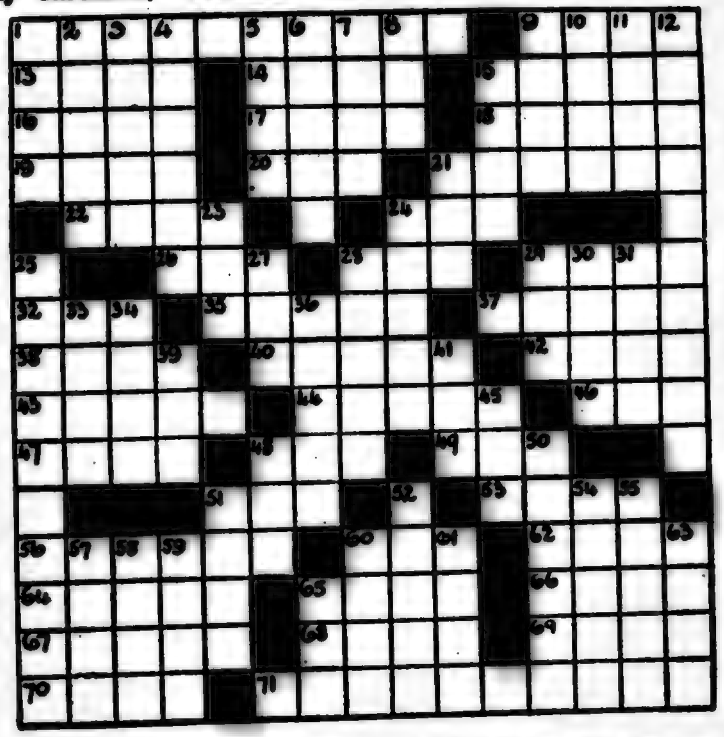
In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Daily Mail," December 22nd, and "The Sunday Chronicle," December 23rd.



CLUES

Across.

1. Infectious disease, warded off by W.C.T.S. 9. Part of the verb to be. 13. Feminine name. 14. Portend. 15. Ointment (Use Wright's Coal Tar). 16. Close. 17. Plunder. 18. Possession. 19. Entrance. 20. Measure. 21. Fittest. 22. Cosy home. 24. From. 26. Apex. 28. Mother. 29. Wash (do this with Wright's Coal Tar Soap). 32. Edge. 35. With soap creates 56 across. 37. Stop. 38. Sharp. 40. Designated. 42. Feminine name. 43. Not so cold as 33 down. 44. Attitudes. 46. Affirmative. 47. Paradise. 48. Number. 49. Modern. 51. Spoil. 53. Wiles. 56. Wright's Coal Tar Soap gives a good one. 60. Watering-place. 62. Flower. 64. Tapestry. 65. Related. 66. Departed. 67. Chairs. 68. Removed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 69. Great. 70. States. 71. Corrects dislocations.

Down.

1. Ballad. 2. Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and be this. 3. Precious stone. 4. Scarcest. 5. Powerful. 6. Implements. 7. An Image. 8. Mesh. 9. Inner Bark. 10. Otherwise. 11. Evenings. 12. Skin trouble relieved by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment. 15. On a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 21. Limb. 23. Pull. 24. Passengers. 25. Used for Mirrors. 27. Utensil. 28. Imp. 29. Shelter. 30. Skilfully. 31. Valley. 33. Made very cold. 34. Tube. 36. Become Slenderer. 39. Noise. 41. Lair. 45. Much water here. 48. Product of Coal. 50. Provides the best soap. 51. Confusion. 52. Part of a church. 54. Fish. 55. Burn. 57. Surface. 58. Waiter. 59. Headgear. 60. Cleansed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 61. Emmets. 63. Prophet. 65. Fuss.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS.

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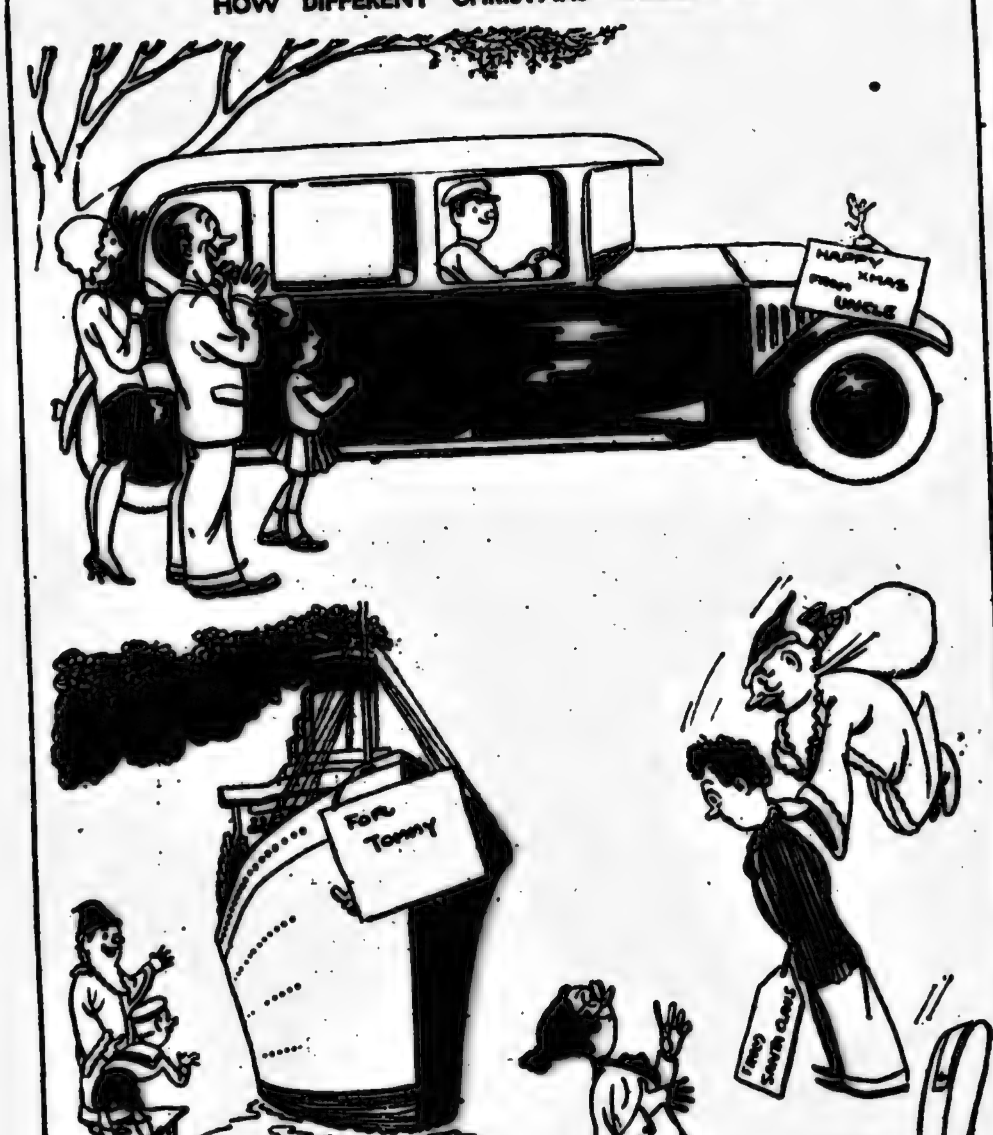
Streets

HOW DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS WOULD BE—



Drawn by Fitz

—IF WE RECEIVED ALL THE PRESENTS WE REALLY WANTED!

ONLY ONE LEFT

(Continued from page 48.)

"Great Scott!" said James Wissack.

The Rev. Peter McHumble wandered by and was requested to buy the turkey. The bird was produced for his inspection. He only took one glance at it, and hurried home to write a sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins.

"This is absurd," cried Wissack desperately. "There's nothing wrong with the bird, except its face. It must be sold, Bob."

"They're not altogether keen on it, are they, sir?" quavered Bob.

"They must be made keen. Let's try Mrs. Wilkinshaw."

Mrs. Wilkinshaw said she would have been delighted to take the bird if her husband was a teetotaler. Unfortunately he was addicted to drink, and he might come across the bird unexpectedly if it was laying about in the house. Mrs. Wilkinshaw shuddered to think of the consequences of such an occurrence.

TEN o'clock came. The bird was still unsold. Wissack was desperate. He had started bringing the price down to a ridiculous amount. No good.

How Wissack loathed that turkey. How his whole soul craved for revenge. If it wasn't for the fact that it represented so much dead loss, he would have taken the bird, rended it and thrown it in the dustbin.

At last a familiar figure was seen in the distance. Wissack brightened up.

"Here comes old Colonel Dashem-Blankit," he told Bob. "Just the man. Here, get your hat and coat on, and pretend you're trying to buy the bird." Bob did as he was directed and Wissack kept his eye on the Colonel. As the latter came within hearing, he shouted:

"No, sir, You cannot have this bird. I would not sell it to the King of England. No, sir, not on any account. Good-night, sir. Good-night."

The Colonel thrust his way forward.

"Hi, you!" he said peremptorily. "I want that bird."

"I—I'm sorry, sir."

"Shut up, confound you, man! I want that bird. Name your price."

"I—I——"

"Name your price and don't talk."

In a feeble voice Wissack named it. The Colonel slapped the money down on the counter and walked off with the bird. The poulterer and his assistant waited until he was out of range, and then did a step-dance. It was the end of a perfect day. The turkey was sold at last.

WISSACK walked home with elation. He opened his front door and went in. His wife met him in the hall. There was a massive frown on her brow.

"Do you mean to tell me you've forgotten it?" she thundered, glancing at his empty hands. Wissack goggled at her.

"After all I said to you this morning," she rasped, "do you mean to tell me you forgot to bring home a turkey for dinner to-morrow?"

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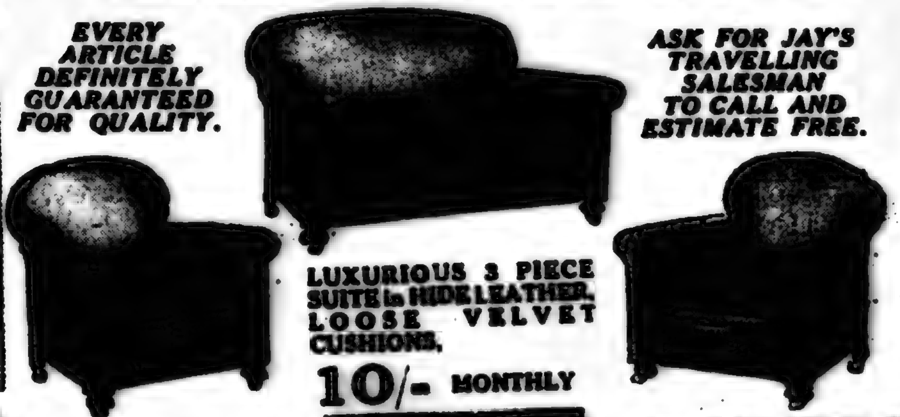

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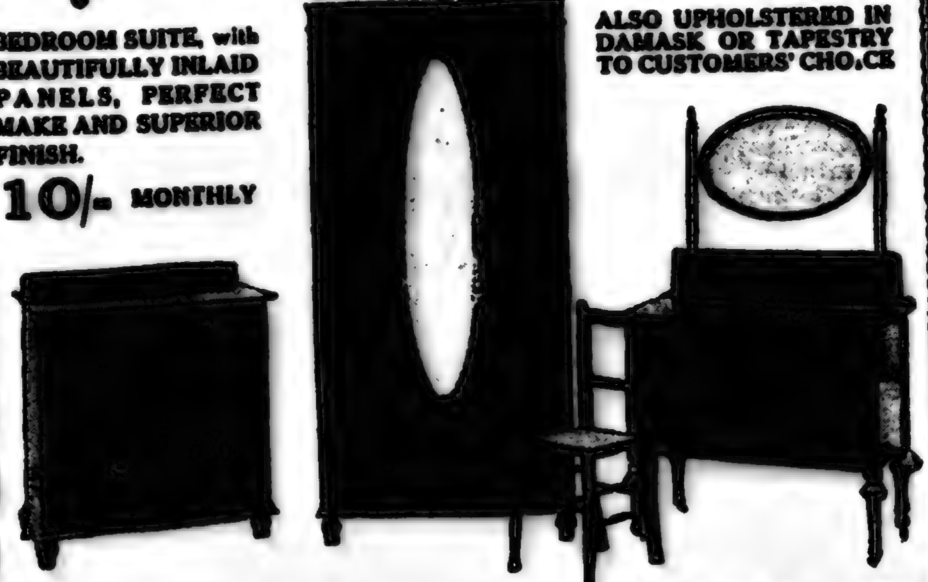

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The BRAVE AND THE FAIR

By profession, Rollo was a poet, and preferred to sing about deeds of daring rather than perform them.

by K. R. G. BROWNE.

In the library of The Grange, Upper Pillow, Beds., shortly before dinner on Christmas Eve, Mr. Rollo Drumbody sat with his friend and fellow-guest, Mr. Henry Argle. Mr. Drumbody looked pensive and vaguely nervous; Mr. Argle, as usual, looked rather like a suet-pudding.

Said Rollo, clearing his throat:

"Henry, old friend, I need your advice."

"Take all you want, old boy," said Henry generously.

"Thank you," said Rollo gratefully. "Well, the fact is, Henry, I am in love. Madly, deliriously, hopelessly in——"

"What?" said Henry. "No! You? Crumbs! Go *on!*"

He seemed amazed, and was. For the chief difference between Rollo Drumbody and a dyspeptic sheep was that the former wore pince-nez and one-piece underwear; otherwise the resemblance was so marked that tactful strangers forbore to mention mutton in Rollo's presence.

By profession Rollo was a poet, which is to say that he had private means and a friend in the publishing business. For the rest, he was a small and skinny and sandy young man, shaped like a champagne-bottle. A worthy citizen enough, but lacking—in the opinion of Henry, who was a muscular youth with a weakness for sausages and comic papers—the earmarks of a Great Lover.

"Why not?" said Rollo coldly. "Am I not a man, with a man's heart, a man's feelings, a man's ——"

"Yes, yes," said Henry hastily. "If you say so, old boy. Who's the unf—— the lucky girl?"

"Birdie," answered Rollo simply.

"Gluck!" said Henry, stupefied. For Miss Birdie Jopp was the daughter of their host, and never was a damsel so inappropriately named. Five-feet-ten in her hockey boots, a first-class golfer, a large, ruddy, bouncing girl with a laugh like a foghorn and a habit of slapping people on the back in a manner very harmful to their spinal columns—that was Birdie. It has been frequently remarked by keen students of life that such females have an irresistible attraction for the Rollos of this world.

"Have you told her, old boy?" said Henry faintly.

"No," said Rollo sadly, "because, Henry, I dread a rebuff. Birdie is brave, daring, resourceful, incapable of fear. I, alas! am not at all like that. Who seeks to win my proud Juno," said Rollo lyrically, "must be a man willing—nay, eager—to do and dare. And I, Henry, am not good at derring-do."

"That's a fact," said Henry.

"But," pursued Rollo, frowning slightly, "I have a plan, designed to show Birdie that I am less despicable than she may suppose. It savours somewhat of deceit, perhaps, but all is fair in love and politics. All I require, Henry, is your co-operation."

"Is that so?" said Henry warily. "State nature of said scheme."

For ten minutes thereafter Rollo spoke; and when he had done:

"No fear!" said Henry firmly. "Not me, old boy! By Jove, no! Not on any account. No, rather not! In fact, old boy—no."

"Henry," said Rollo gravely, "I am loath to remind you that in August, 1927, you borrowed thirty shillings from me."

"Well," said Henry blushing, "I'll pay you back as soon as——"

"By obliging me in this small matter, old friend," said Rollo, "you will more than repay that trifling debt."

"Oh," said Henry, "that alters things, of course . . . Well, all right, old boy. I'll do it. Here, at nine-thirty, then."

Come now to nine-twenty of that same evening, at which hour Rollo, preceded by Miss Jopp, entered th library and carefully closed the door.

"Sit here, Birdie," said Rollo, tenderly placing a chair. "You must b tired after your golf."

"Not me," said Birdie, leaning forward to poke the fire. "I only did thirty-six holes to-day. . . . Bother, I've bent the poker. Half a sec. whil I straighten it out . . . Well, what hav you dragged me in here for, Rollo?"

"To ask you a question," sai Rollo earnestly, "on your answer t which my future happiness—nay, m very life!—entirely depends."

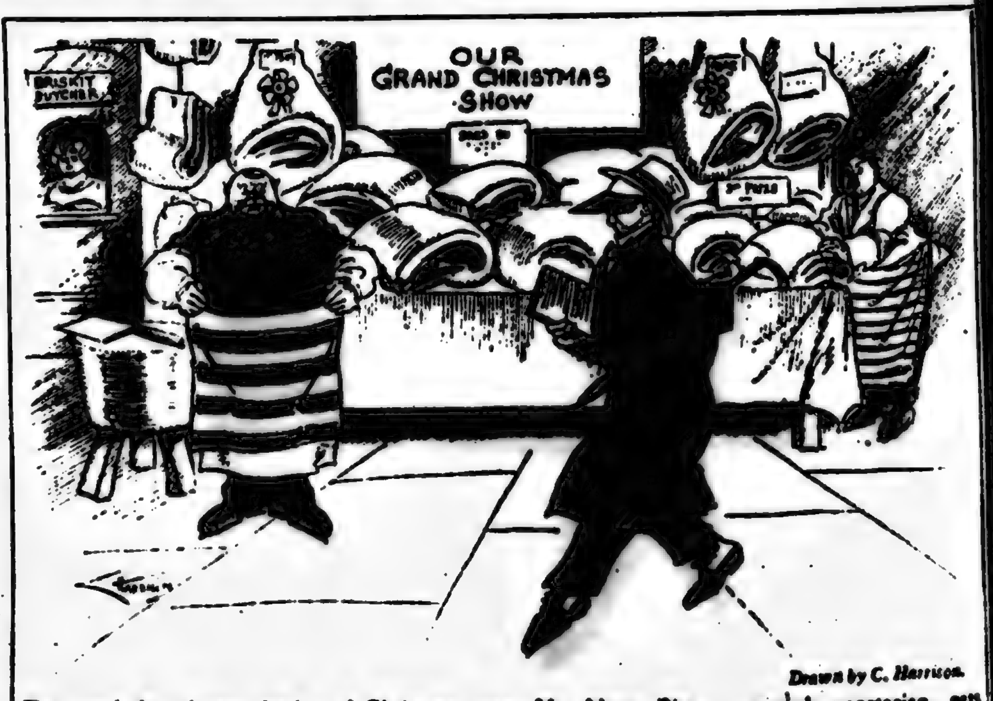
"Well, ask away," said Birdie having puzzled it out.

"Birdie—Miss Jopp—Birdie," sai Rollo, and such was his emotion tha his pince-nez fell off and his ears trembled "will you be Mrs. Drumbody? In other words, my wife? In short will you marry me?"

"Well," said Birdie thoughtfully, "I've seen this coming for days, and I won' deny that I like you better tha an attack of mumps. But I'm no sure, Rollo, that you're the kind o man I want to marry. You see——"

"Ah!" cried Rollo, drawing himself up. "I knew it! You think I lack courage, dare-devilry, presence of mind—in a word, guts! Oh, Birdie would that I could show you how fals is that conception! Would that I——"

(*Continued on page* 54.)



Drawn by C. Harrison.

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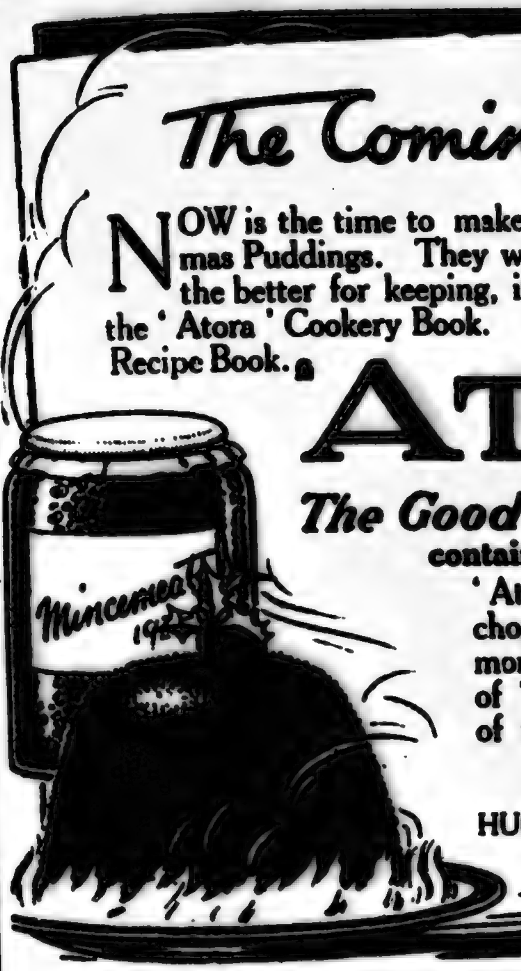

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Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

Mincemeat

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel. ½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¼ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ½ pt. of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the Sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

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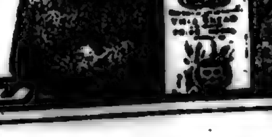
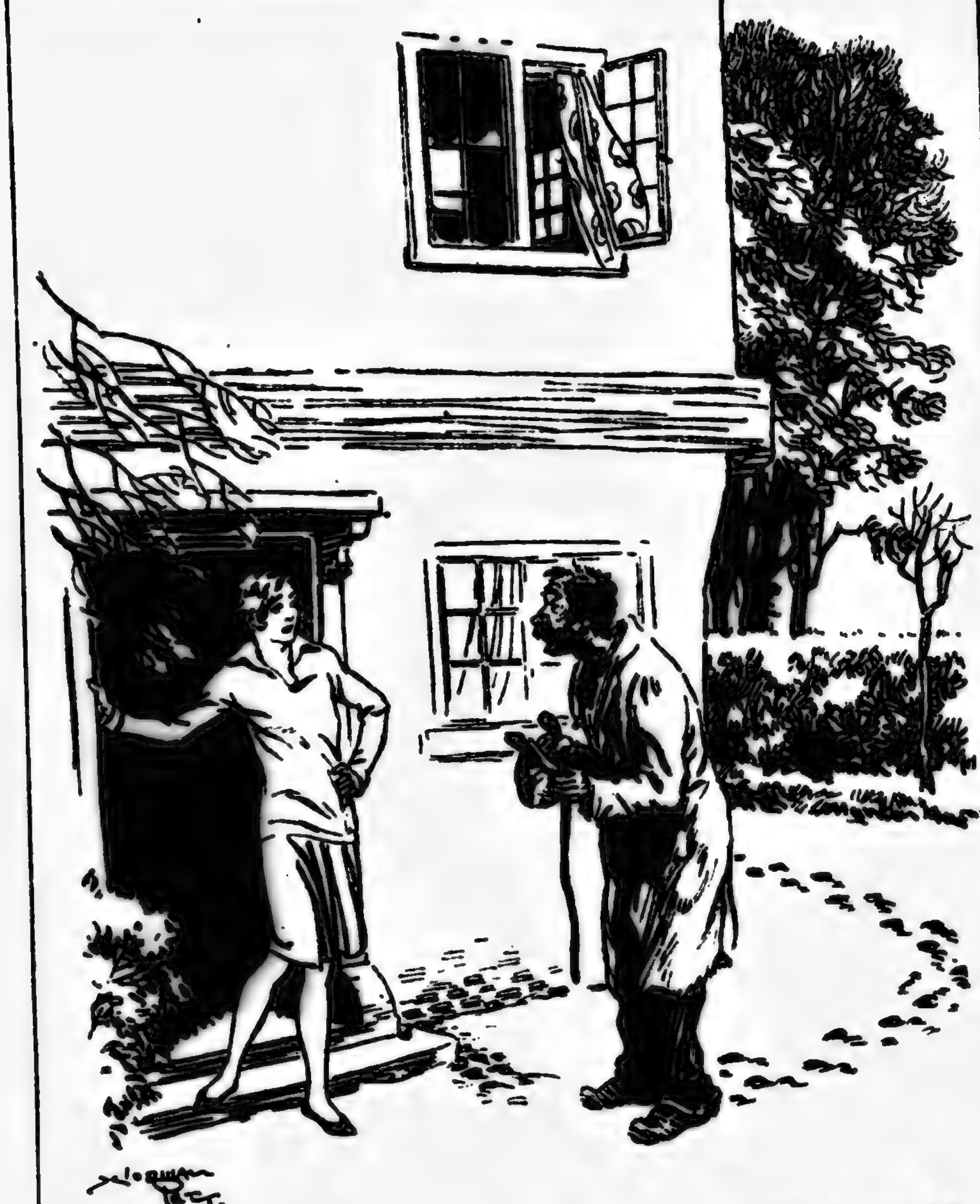
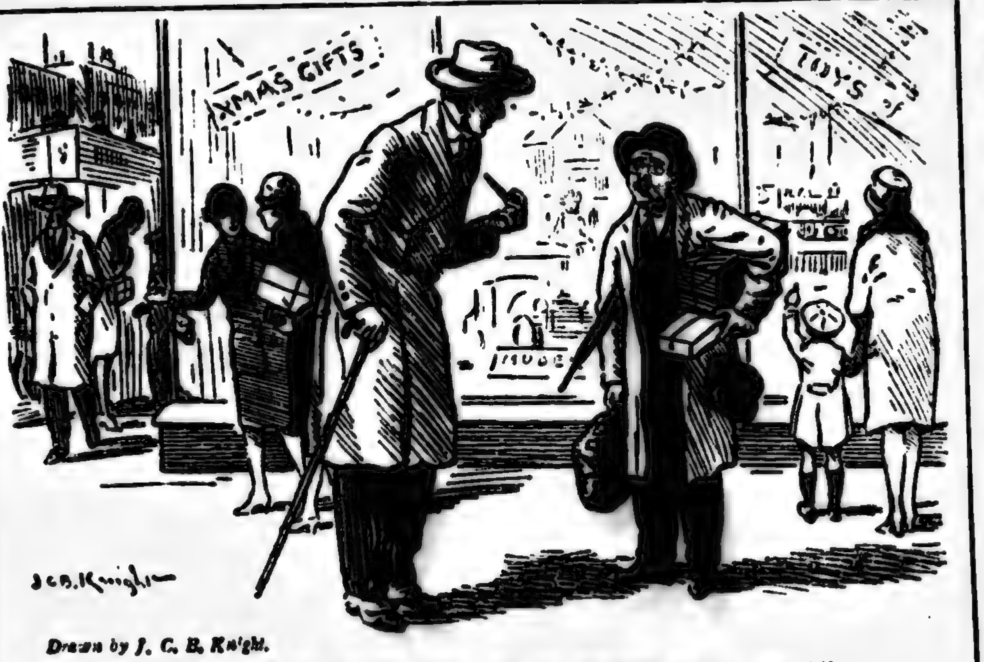



Norman Pett.

Drawn by Norman Pett.

HOUSEHOLDER: "Your Christmas box? But what have you done for me?"
LOUNGER: "Don't you remember? I did a day's work in your garden last summer!"



Drawn by J. C. B. Knight.

FRIEND: "Hullo, Jones. How are you spending this Christmas?"
DEPRESSED SHOPPER: "More than ever, I'm afraid."

THE BRAVE & THE FAIR

(*Continued from page 52.*)

At this point occurred a startling interruption; for on a sudden the window was jerked open from without, and an extremely sinister figure bounded into the room. The figure of a man in a long mackintosh, wearing a mask upon his face and carrying an ancient horse-pistol, some three feet in length.

"Hands—'ands, I mean—up!" said this intruder fiercely. "And don't make a sound, or——"

But Rollo was already on his feet, radiating heroism and defiance.

"Have no fear, Birdie!" he cried. "*I* will deal with this dastard! What—would you threaten me, fellow? Take that!"

So saying, he sprang forward and struck the other in the chest.

"Harder than that, old boy," said the intruder, in a hoarse whisper, "I couldn't feel it."

"Take that!" repeated Rollo, biting his lip; and he struck again, rather peevishly.

"Put some pep into it," urged the intruder, sotto voce. "You can't expect me to bolt if you only stroke me. Come on—give us a decent wallop."

BUT even as Rollo summoned all his strength for one last effort, the hand of Birdie pushed him gently aside.

"My show, Rollo," said Birdie cheerily. "Leave him to me."

There followed a sound as of a carpet smitten with a heavy stick, and the intruder staggered back, his hand to his jaw.

"Here!" he said indignantly. "Look out! That hurt——"

"And so will this," said Birdie pleasantly.

THERE was another smacking sound, and the intruder, rising rocket-like from the ground, went sailing backwards through the window. A heavy crash announced his arrival on the gravel without. Birdie smiling amiably, threw the horse-pistol after him and closed the window.

"Let him go," she said, and turned to Rollo, who failed to meet her eye. "Rollo——"

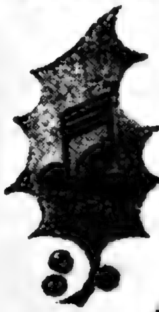
"I know, I know!" said Rollo brokenly. "I have failed you in your hour of need! So be it; let me pass out of your life. Good-bye, Birdie, good——"

"Nonsense!" said Birdie, picking up an overturned armchair with two fingers. "The answer to that question of yours, Rollo, is in the affirmative."

"What!" cried Rollo, goggling. "You mean——"

"When I marry," said Birdie briskly, "I don't want one of those beefy husbands who'll shelter me and protect me and all that rot. He'd bore me to death in a week. *I'll* do all the sheltering and protecting—I *like* it. I wasn't sure that you were tame enough, because it's hard to tell with you quiet ones. But now—come here, Rollo, and let me put your tie straight."

A New Columbia to gladden your Xmas



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Father Christmas Calls up!

by OWEN OLIVER

Use Up-to-date Methods if you wish to put over Old-fashioned Ideas.

WHEN Jack Hastie walked into the club smoking-room on Christmas morning he found no one but Colonel Jonly. As the Colonel was nodding over yesterday's paper he did not address him, but went and stared moodily out of the window. Presently Will Bryant came in.

"Not gone away to keep Christmas?" Hastie remarked.

"You can see that I'm here," Bryant grunted. "How about you?"

"Nothing to keep up. No use going to play the fool with people you don't want to play the fool with."

"Exactly. . . . Thought I might find a four for auction here."

"Billiards?" Hastie suggested.

"Damn billiards!" said Bryant.

"Quite so," Hastie agreed.

They sat down and glared at the universe in silence. The Colonel dropped his paper with a start and glared at them.

"You young fellows have no business to be here on Christmas morning," he told them. "You ought to be helping some girl to hang the mistletoe. That's when it works best. Fresh!"

"Suppose the girl won't take your help?" Bryant suggested.

The Colonel stretched himself and sat up.

"So that's the catch!" he said. "*Cherchez la femme!* Females were sent into the world to make trouble. Look at Eve! . . . But since we're born into an apple-eating world we may as well have our bite. Take the tip of an Adam who's gone through life Eveless. It reduces you to Christmas Day in the club; and you wonder whether you wouldn't have done better to put up with her."

"Nowadays," Bryant declared, "Eves are worse than they were in your time; more difficult."

"Rot!" the Colonel snapped. "My Eve—well, the lady whom I would have elected for that position—could give points to any Eve, from the days before clothing came into the days when it's nearly gone out again, for downright capriciousness, and unreasonableness, and stubbornness!"

"How about you, sir?" Hastie enquired.

"If a man starts giving in—when he's in the right, mind you—he'll be a married door-mat," the Colonel declared. "A married door-mat, sir! But the lady may be one with such reasonableness. It isn't much—as is given to her sex. In that case—It's Christmas, my boy, and I speak as an oldish man, who knew your father, and hers——"

"I haven't named anyone," Hastie interrupted.

"No need! If the young lady is an Eve with whom compromise is possible, I suggest that the season offers an opportunity for compromise."

"It takes two to make a compromise," Hastie remarked.

"Umph!" said the Colonel. "Her mother told me that she was sorry the engagement was broken off, and it was nothing but silly young temper on both sides; but perhaps I shouldn't say that before Bryant."

"Oh, I'm in the same boat," Bryant owned. "I wonder if they said the same about *you*, sir?"

"No," the Colonel growled. "They said 'pair of fools.' We called a spade a spade in my young days. What I'm trying to drive into your wooden heads is that I haven't profited by it. If I'd married her, at least I'd have someone to quarrel with on Christmas Day."

"There's that," Hastie owned; "but you know a woman's idea of a compromise. Remember the yarn that writer chap told us at Masssington's dinner?

"A husband and wife had a blazing row over furnishing a room. He wanted blue and she wanted pink. A mutual friend persuaded them to compromise. He went to see the compromised room when it was finished. It was pink!"

"It would be," the Colonel agreed. "It would be! But the colour of a room doesn't matter to a man. Come to that, the point that Lady—that the lady and I differed about didn't matter to either of us. It was the principle I fought for."

"That's just it," Hastie agreed.

"Exactly my trouble," Bryant asserted.

"Well," the Colonel said, "if I were your age, twenty-seven, say, instead of forty-seven, and I had to go through it again, before we'd both set hard, I should be inclined to say something like this. I was thinking it out when you thought I was asleep. 'Now, look here, Clarice'—I didn't say that was her name—'You're an unreasonable little demon; but I happen to be very fond of you. I'll give way to your whim over this; but I expect you to play the game—We'll never get on unless you do—and give way to mine occasionally' . . . I was wondering whether I'd add 'Kiss me and promise' . . . I think she'd have done it then; before we'd said we'd never give in."

"You see," Hastie explained, "Frances—you know that's her name—Frances and I have got to that stage . . . My, her feathers *were* up! And mine!"

"So were mine and Nettie's," Bryant stated. "I had no idea she could flare out like she did. All over nothing too! I can't be the one to make overtures. I told her I wouldn't. . . . She said if I did, she'd wipe the floor with me; and that if I ever spoke to her, she'd walk away; and if I ever 'phoned to her she'd cut me off."

"I did," Hastie admitted, "and Frances did!"

"Well, so did I; and so did Nettie," Bryant owned. "Did you 'phone up the lady mentioned as Clarice, Colonel?"

"I did not," the Colonel said. "There were no 'phones—well, only in offices—in those days. If there had been, and I had 'phoned, she would certainly have cut me off the first time. The second time probably not; but I couldn't have gone on to it."

"*We* can't," cried both young men at once.

"No," said the Colonel, "of course not; too door-matty. . . . I know who could though."

"Eh?" both ejaculated. "Who?"

"Father Christmas," said the Colonel.

"You mean I might have sent a Christmas card?" Hastie suggested. "Expression of general goodwill, eh? I did send one to the *family*."

"Exactly what I did," Bryant stated.

"Annoyed the girls probably," the Colonel grunted. "They don't want to be sardined in with a family! I didn't mean any family business. I meant that Father Christmas might call up the girls themselves on the 'phone. I—" He tapped his breast—"am almost old

(*Continued on page 58.*)

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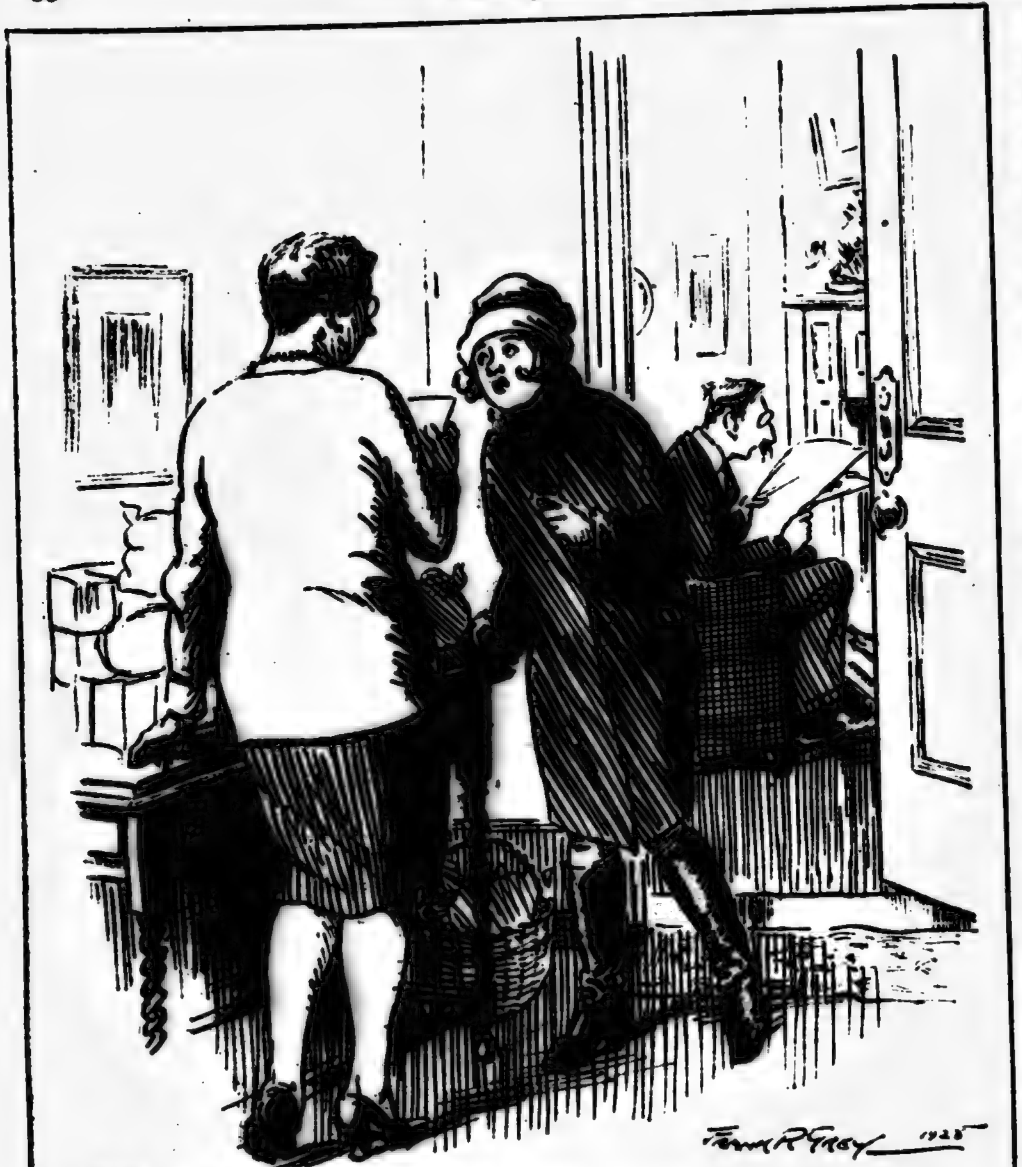

[Drawn by Frank Grey.]

MAID (who has been commissioned to do some Christmas shopping): "I forgot the mouse-poison, mum, but I remembered the master's cigars."

FATHER CHRISTMAS CALLS UP (Continued from page 56).

enough to be Father Christmas. I might be troubled by a cloud upon the sky of peace and goodwill, and wish to dispel it, eh? So far as you are concerned, Hastie, I don't see how you can prevent me from offering a word of advice to my old chief's daughter; but, of course, if you don't wish the cloud dispelled, it would be no use. In Bryant's case, as I don't know the lady——"

"Miss Nettie Mayne," Bryant said, "7, Oak Avenue. The 'phone number is Parkside 2048."

"You wouldn't blow the cloud away, I expect," Hastie said, "but I jolly well wish you could. She'll probably get on her hind legs and never speak to you again."

"I shan't tell her who I am," the Colonel said. "I'll get them to let me 'phone from the Secretary's room. You young blighters can come there with me and hear."

He went to the Secretary's room, sat down in the chair at the desk, with the two young men standing behind him, and took the receiver of the 'phone off its hook.

"Richway 24-26 . . . No! 24-26 . . . Can I speak to Miss Frances Brading? . . . Never mind my name . . . Is that you? Frances Brading? . . . Who am I? Father Christmas! . . . Don't know me? Well, you did . . . When? When you were a good little girl, and honoured the season of peace and goodwill over which I preside. *Then* I looked upon you as one of my flock, and came and put things in your stocking. Now—Frances, I have to speak to you very seriously. I find a cloud in the Christmas atmosphere; a cloud raised by *you* . . . No, it is not nonsense, and I am not Uncle Harry. I am the spirit of goodwill, who hates to see people unhappy at Christmas time . . . Oh, yes, you are. I listened down your chimney last night . . . No, your mother did not speak to me and set me on to 'this impertinent interference.' It's no use pretending that you regard it as that. You don't cut me off; and I know why you don't. You hope I may say something that you want to hear, eh? . . . There's a little present that I'd like to send you, Frances, if I knew that you were going to be a good girl . . . . I have told you who I am: Father Christmas . . . I'll tell you something *about* Father Christmas. He has no wife. Years ago he quarrelled with a tiresome lady. They never made it up. Now it's too late, and he wishes he had put up with her; fancies that she'd have done her bit to make things run along for all her tiresomeness; like you would, eh? . . . No, I don't expect you to give in and be a door-mat; unless the other donkey is prepared to give in and be a door-mat too . . . I think if I 'phoned to him, and advised him to come round to you on those conditions, he'd borrow my reindeer sleigh—and over-drive the reindeer! Shall I say 'You be a sport and trust to Francie to be one?' . . . You know who he is all right; but if you leave it to me I shall send a young scoundrel named Jack Hastie . . . Yes, he *is* here. Shall I tell him to speak? . . ."

"Francie, old dear," Hastie asked, "may I come? . . . I'll be round as soon as a taxi can do it!"

HE flung down the receiver and shot from the room.

"Now," the Colonel said, "you'd better tell me a bit about your girl, Bryant . . . As good as all that? Then what an ass you must be to quarrel with her! She ought to be an easy prey to Father Christmas!"

He took up the receiver again.

"Parkside 20-48 . . . Miss Nettie Mayne . . . Speaking, eh? . . . I'm Father Christmas . . . Father Christmas, I said . . . No, not the man for the children's party. I thought *you* might like a dip in the lucky bag . . . I am not Will; but if he's the one you'd like to hear, eh—?" He pushed the telephone over to Bryant. "Go on."

"I say, Nettie," Bryant said, "may I come and talk things over . . . *Of course* I want to . . . *Do* you? . . . Good girl! I'll come like a shot. Merry Christmas, Net. I—I *Merry Christmas, Net dear.*"

He dropped the 'phone and made for the door.

The Colonel sat down at the desk and looked at the 'phone and tapped the blotting-pad with his fingers . . . Presently he used the 'phone.

"Can I speak to Lady Clarice? . . . Colonel Jonly . . . That you, Clarice? . . . It's Hugh . . . Oh, just to say that we've been two fools instead of a pair of fools . . . A pair of old fools isn't so bad as two separate ones; besides *you* aren't old; never will be . . . My girl, you don't *look* forty; and I'm not so d——d old either . . . Won't let me swear, eh? I suppose you'll make a door-mat of me? . . . You can't let me bully you, because I won't do it! . . . I'll be with you in ten minutes. If my man doesn't break the speed limit, I'll break his neck."

Hastie and Bryant and their re-affianced *fiancées* had 'phone messages during the afternoon from Father Christmas. He wished to congratulate them, and to invite them to be present at the marriage next week of Colonel Hugh Jonly, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Clarice Spanway, which he had arranged that morning; "and don't give me any more trouble, either of you!"

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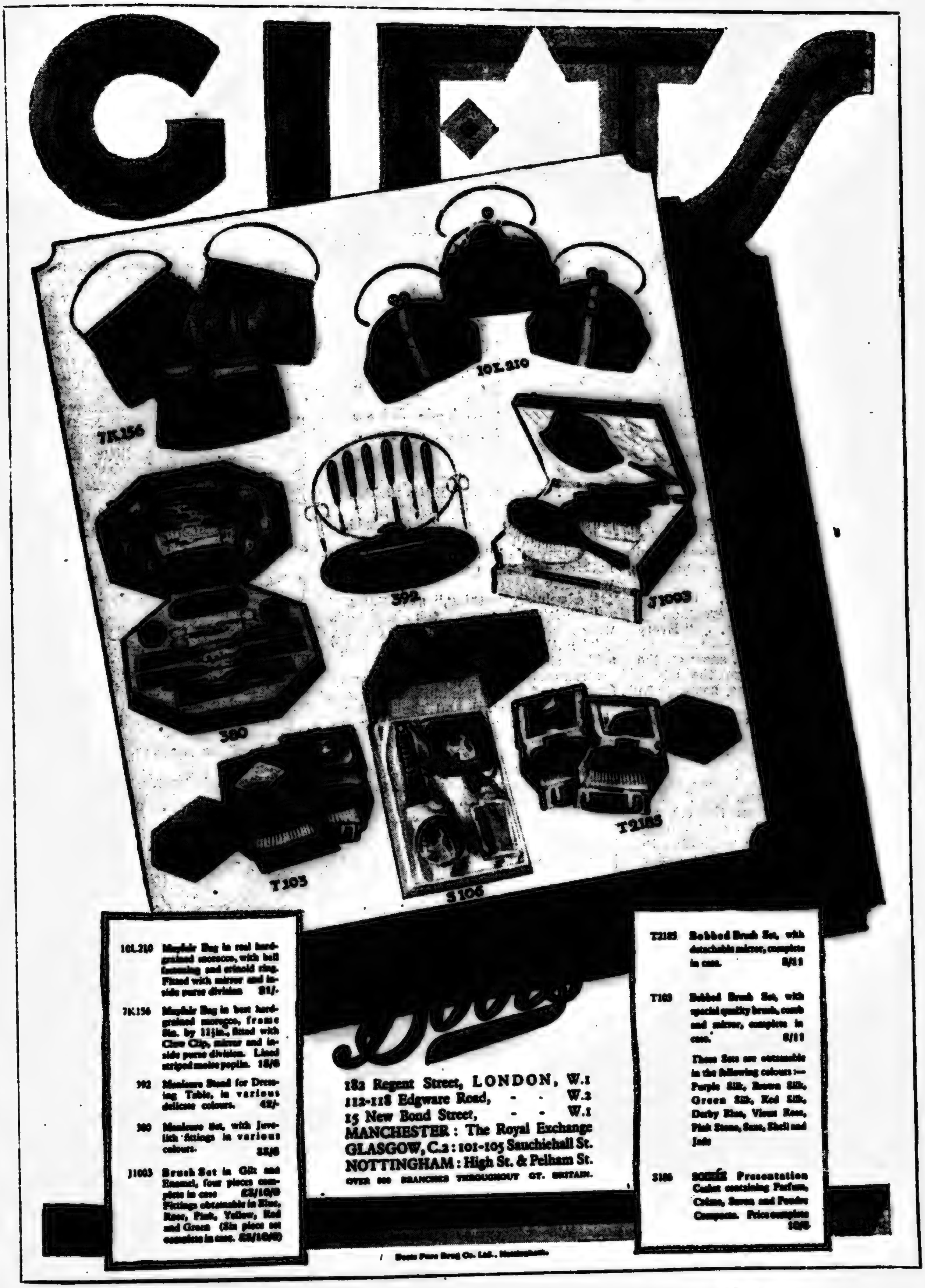

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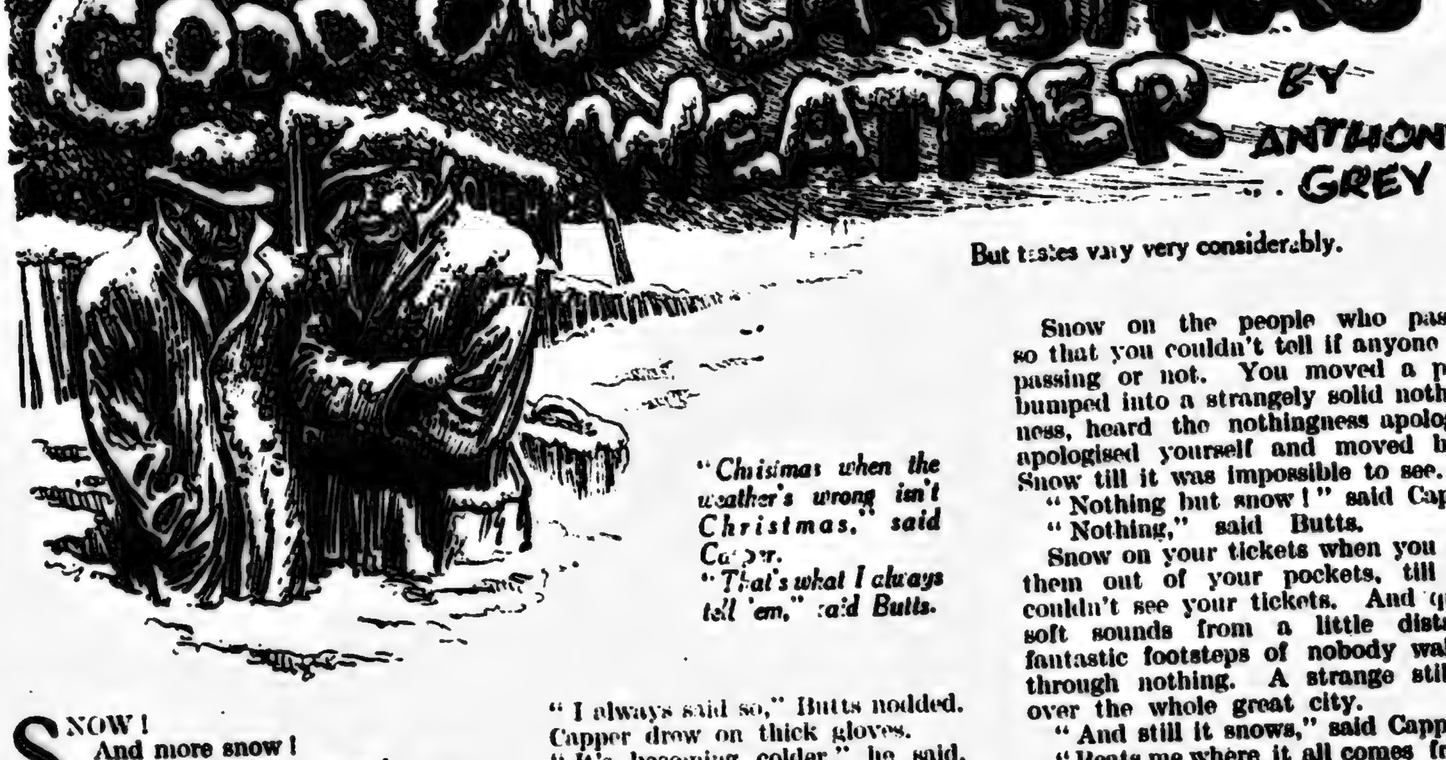


GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS WEATHER

BY ANTHONY GREY

But tastes vary very considerably.

"Christmas when the weather's wrong isn't Christmas," said Capper.
"That's what I always tell 'em," said Butts.

SNOW!

And more snow!

And after that—snow!

Snow in clouds, snow in banks, snow in sheets, snow in drifts! And the thermometer so low that somebody said the mercury had frozen.

"Give me," said Capper, "the good old seasonable Christmas weather."

"Rather," said Butts. "Every time."

Snow on the housetops, snow on the windowsills, snow through the letter-boxes, snow in your boots, snow down your neck.

Everywhere, as far as the eye could see, snow, snow, snow.

"I believe," said Capper, "in the old-fashioned Christmases."

"Sure," said Butts. "Same here."

Snow on the policemen, and the few horses that remained on the streets. Snow all over the radiators of the taxis, so that only one in ten were able to start up. And snow so thick under the wheels that even these one-in-tenners, started up, wouldn't go.

"However far a man may travel," said Capper, "he always keeps in his mind a picture of the old home at Christmas-time."

"That's a fact," agreed Butts.

"If he goes to the ends of the earth," said Capper.

"That's certainly so," agreed Butts.

Capper wiped a snowflake out of his ear and tried to light his pipe. But a snowflake fell on the match and put it out.

Snow in your pockets, snow in your eyes. Snow on the lamp-posts till they became invisible against the banks of snow beyond. Snow on all the shop windows, frozen there so that you could not see the stacks of gifts behind nor the Christmas Numbers laid out so invitingly. Snow, snow and more snow. Snow beyond belief.

"And when Christmas time draws near, wherever you are, it's at home you want to be," said Capper.

"I always said so," Butts nodded.

Capper drew on thick gloves.

"It's becoming colder," he said.

"It couldn't," said Butts.

"To my mind," said Capper, "there's nothing like the good old seasonable weather."

"Absolutely nothing," said Butts.

"Christmas when the weather's wrong isn't Christmas," said Capper.

"That's what I always tell 'em," said Butts.

Snow on the luggage, so that presently Capper and Butts couldn't tell where the luggage started and the platform ended. Capper gave his suitcase a good hard kick, thereby separating it from its white background.

"You wouldn't think there was any more snow left in the sky," he said.

"It's amazing," said Butts.

Snow on the people who passed, so that you couldn't tell if anyone was passing or not. You moved a pace, bumped into a strangely solid nothingness, heard the nothingness apologise, apologised yourself and moved back. Snow till it was impossible to see.

"Nothing but snow!" said Capper.

"Nothing," said Butts.

Snow on your tickets when you took them out of your pockets, till you couldn't see your tickets. And queer, soft sounds from a little distance, fantastic footsteps of nobody walking through nothing. A strange stillness over the whole great city.

"And still it snows," said Capper.

"Beats me where it all comes from," said Butts.

CAPPER had one more attempt to light his pipe and then gave it up as a bad job.

"No good trying," he said.

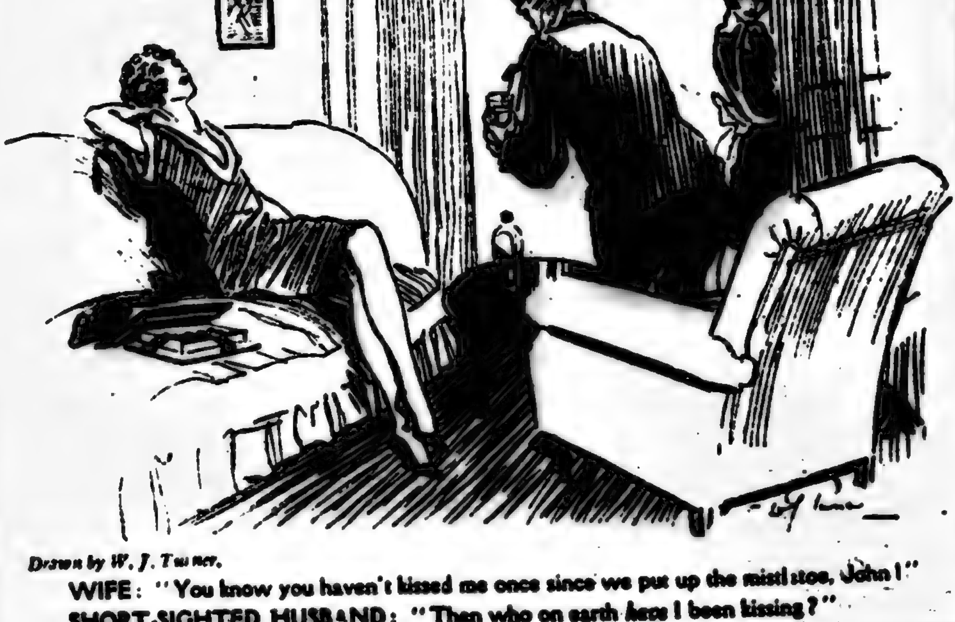
"None," said Butts. "I found that out ten minutes ago. Mine was a cigarette. But everything's so white I couldn't see the cigarette and found myself trying to light an icicle!"

A wistful look came into Capper's eyes.

"They'll be waiting for us, back in the old home."

"Ah!" said Butts.

(*Continued on page 62.*)

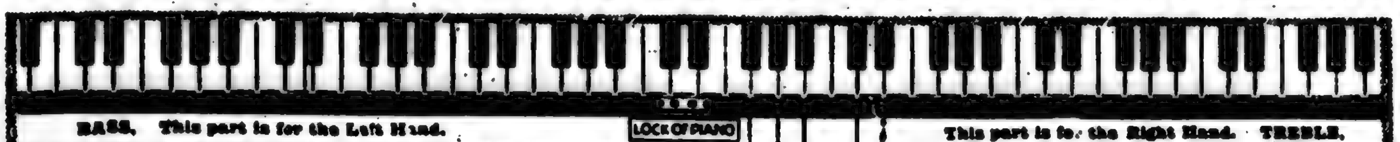


Drawn by W. J. Turner.

WIFE: "You know you haven't kissed me once since we put up the mistletoe, John!"

SHORT-SIGHTED HUSBAND: "Then who on earth have I been kissing?"

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY—TRY IT NOW!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LOCK OF PIANO
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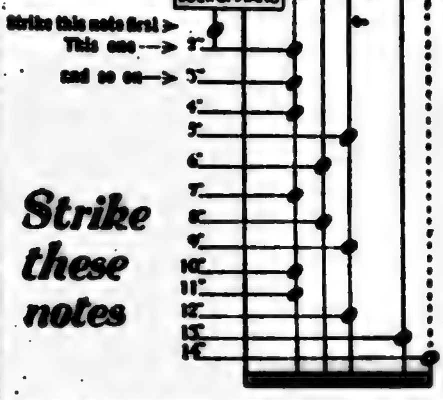

Strike these notes

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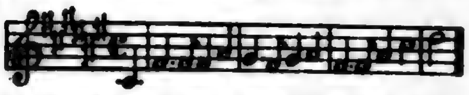

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We have taught many thousands of people of all ages, all over the world, to become successful pianists.

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By the Naunton National Music System you learn to play FREE . . . *You merely pay for the necessary music*, and there is no drudgery whatever. If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods, or are afraid to begin because of cost and drudgery, *take advantage of the special offer we make to-day, and fill in the coupon* which appears in this advertisement. By return of post you will receive our Special Instruction Book, containing eight popular tunes which you can play at once. This book also tells you how you can easily, quickly and pleasantly become a really good pianist.

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COUNTING THE HOURS

Ask to hear it on the Gramophone.

Secure a Copy of this wonderful Song to-day from any Music Store. Price - - 6d.

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS WEATHER

(*Continued from page 60.*)

"Good to be home for Christmas," said Capper.

"Makes the rest of the year worth while," said Butts.

"Ever spent Christmas away from home?" asked Capper.

"Never," said Butts. "And I never intend to."

"Wouldn't be the same," said Capper.

"Couldn't be," said Butts.

"Christmas at home, with the good old seasonable weather!" said Capper.

"That's something to dream about!" said Butts.

"For eleven months of the year," said Capper.

"Sure," said Butts.

SNOW, snow, snow. Snow till it became a toil to lift your feet. Snow till your hat was too heavy to carry on your head. Snow blowing up and snow coming down.

"Are my hands in my pocket?" asked Capper.

"What do you mean?" asked Butts.

"Well, they're so cold I don't know where they are!" said Capper, laughing.

"I can't see anything but whiteness, so I can't tell you," said Butts, also laughing.

"I don't care what the papers say," added Capper, "there's nothing like seasonable weather."

"Absolutely nothing," said Butts.

CAPPER turned up his collar—and a baby snowstorm slid down his neck. He turned his collar down again, and down his neck the snow went on snowing.

"There's so much snow you can hardly believe it," he said.

"Snow enough to last a lifetime," said Butts.

"I hope you're not frozen to the platform," said Capper.

"I hope not," said Butts.

"Because there seems to be nobody else left unfrozen to come and thaw you!" laughed Capper.

Snow, snow, snow. Snow till all the world seemed blotted out, and a thing like a compass was a farce. Capper dragged his watch out of his pocket and peered at it quickly before the flakes could obliterate it.

"How long?" said Butts.

"We've got about five minutes," replied Capper.

"Better be moving," Butts suggested.

"Might as well," said Capper.

"While we're still able to move," said Butts.

"Ah," said Capper.

Again he kicked his luggage free of its white background. Stooping, he took a suitcase in either hand. Then he looked at Butts.

"Got everything?"

"I think so," said Butts. "If there's anything left, it would be hopeless to try and look for it in these drifts. Got yours?"

"Got mine," said Capper.

"Then we'd better go aboard," said Butts.

"Better," said Capper.

They went aboard. They deposited their luggage below and returned to the rails and stared at the downfall.

"Give me," said Capper, "the good old seasonable Christmas weather."

"Rather," said Butts. "Every time."

SIX weeks later they steamed into harbour.

The sun was shining, the leaves on the trees were rustling in the hot breeze, the birds were singing in the sky. It was so hot that somebody said the mercury had popped out of the top of the thermometer. The apples were on the trees. The stalks of wheat were waving in the fields. It was the Eve of Christmas.

"Good old Sydney!" cried Capper.

"To an Australian," said Butts, "there is no place like Australia."

"A good old Christmas dinner with fruit and limejuice to-morrow," said Capper.

"That's the stuff," said Butts, "to give me."

"They can keep their snowstorms and icicles and stuff like that," said Capper.

"Sure," said Butts. "The real old-fashioned Australian Christmas, like we've always been used to—that's all I'm asking for."

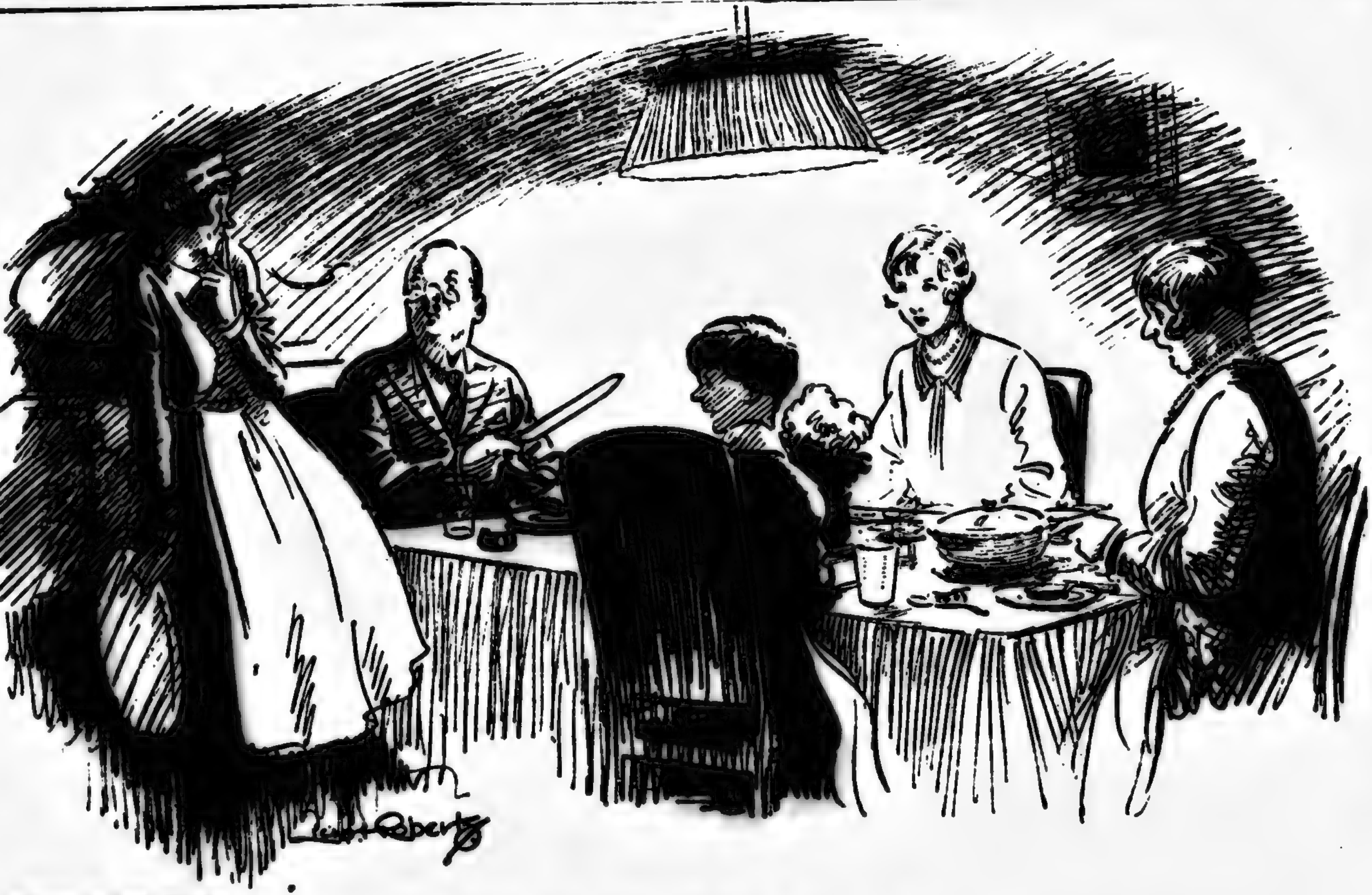
"With no snow."

"Not a flake!"

Capper waved to somebody below on the baking quay.

"Give me," he said, "the good old seasonable Christmas weather."

"Rather," said Butts. "Every time."



Drawn by Lunt Roberts.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE: "Mary, what on earth is the matter with the turkey stuffing?"
LOVESICK MAID: "It's love what's to blame, sir! I've gone and hanged up the sage in the kitchen and chopped up the mistletoe."

The PEOPLE'S PAPER

THERE is only one journal in Britain, outside the daily and Sunday Press, that has a net sale of over a million copies. That journal is JOHN BULL, whose certified net weekly sales during 1928 were over 1,200,000.

The reason for JOHN BULL'S immense and growing popularity is not far to seek. True to its title, it represents all that is characteristic of the plain, honest man. It is independent in its views; unbiased in its politics; fair and fearless in its criticisms.

Its readers are of every class. You will find JOHN BULL in Mayfair drawing-rooms, as you will in the working-man's parlour. The business man, the housewife, the farm worker, the city clerk, the schoolmaster, all read JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is more than a newspaper to its readers. It is an old and trusted friend. Are you in need of advice on some legal, domestic or professional matter? JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Bureau will put you right. Have you trouble about your pension? JOHN BULL'S Pensions Expert will see that you get justice from the Government.

And don't forget the material assistance which JOHN BULL gives through its Insurance Gift, whose benefits for fire, accident and flood are tangible and generous.

A wonderful paper? It is.

IT HAPPENS EVERY YEAR

MUCH of the joy of giving Christmas presents is discounted every year by difficulty in deciding on what to buy for whom. It seems extraordinary, but minds which work quite normally for, say, fifty weeks of the year suddenly become inactive and incapable of reasoned thought during the present-buying period.

This peculiar psychological happening is no respecter of persons—we all seem to be fellow-sufferers—and just at the time, too, when the choice of the right article is of more than ordinary consequence.

Really, there is not the slightest reason why we should experience any such thing this year—we have only to go carefully through the advertisement pages of this Annual and, presto! we see before our eyes presents suited to both sexes and all ages.

Old advertisers, and new ones (whom I am pleased to welcome), see to it that even the most hard-to-please are satisfied. To sit at ease in your own chair and make your selection from the host of goods offered, is present-selection at its best and easiest. The choice is as varied as that found in any large shopping centre, and the absence of jostling crowds means that your undivided attention can be directed to this most important business.

Of course, the well-known Odhams Guarantee applies to all trade announcements in this Annual in the same way as if it were an ordinary issue of "JOHN BULL."

PHILIP EMANUEL,
Advertisement Director,
ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
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LONDON, W.C.2.

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Full Equipments for practising
LEATHER: RAFFIA:
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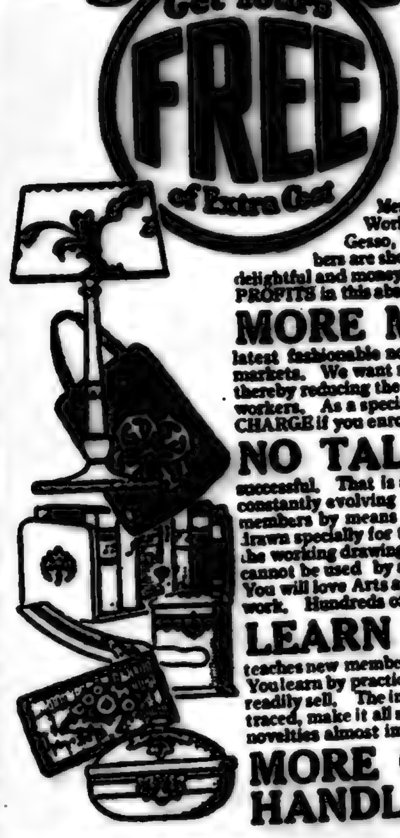
etc. etc.



DO YOU WANT A PLEASANT WAY OF MAKING MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME AT HOME? The Association of Homecrafts Studios is an organisation with members in every part of the World. Members conduct their own studios, and are taught Leather Craft, Pewter Work, Lampshade Making, and Decorating, Wood Painting and Enamelling, Gesso, Batik and many other highly interesting and profitable crafts. Members are shown how to sell their wares to the large shops and also how to set up delightful and money-making Arts and Crafts Studios of their own. There are BIG CASH PROFITS in this absorbing occupation for anyone who likes to try.

MORE MEMBERS WANTED The Association purchases the latest fashionable novelties and craft materials for its members in English and Foreign markets. We want more members, to enable us to buy supplies in still greater quantities, thereby reducing the cost at which novelties for decorating can be supplied to our associate workers. As a special inducement we are offering tools and materials FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE if you enrol at once.

NO TALENT NEEDED You don't have to be able to originate designs in order to be successful. That is all done for you. The Association retains experienced artists who are constantly evolving new and original designs and colour schemes, which are furnished to members by means of full-size working diagrams and colour charts. Every design is drawn specially for the decoration of some particular article. You have only to trace the working drawings and use your colours according to the charts. These designs, which cannot be used by any one outside the Association, will simplify your work immensely. You will love Arts and Crafts more and more each day as you progress. You can do this work. Hundreds of others are doing it already.

LEARN AT HOME You can learn in your own home to decorate Art Novelties. The Association teaches new members by means of a specially prepared correspondence Course of Lessons. You learn by practical methods. With the first lesson you begin doing work which you can readily sell. The instructions are so clear, and the working designs, which have only to be traced, make it all so easy, that you will find that you can produce beautifully decorated novelties almost immediately.

MORE ORDERS THAN THEY CAN HANDLE Members are writing continually saying that they have more work than they can do. From all parts come reports of success.

FREE TOOLS & MATERIALS COUPON

THE ASSOCIATION OF HOMECRAFTS STUDIOS, LTD.
12[illegible], Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, LONDON, S.W.1.

Dear Sirs,
Please send me your book, "Home Crafts," and full information about the special offer you are now making. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, handling, etc.
(Please Print in Block Capitals.)

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ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE

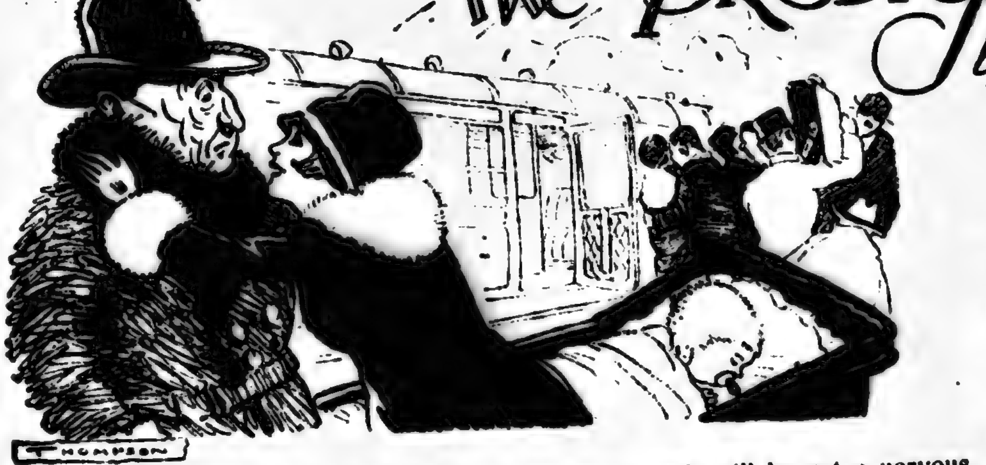
A beautiful book has been prepared which tells you how YOU, too, can make money in your spare time in Arts and Crafts. It is called "HOME CRAFTS." Let us send you a copy free, without obligation on your part.

WARNING

This special offer of Tools and Materials is intended for immediate applications. Write your name and address on the coupon here for full particulars NOW.

The PRODIGAL PATER

by Will Dacey



The Man Who Always Overdid Things.

It was Christmas Day at Waterloo Station and the arrival platform was crowded with an expectant group of friends, relatives and creditors, awaiting the boat train from Southampton, where the R.M.S. “Elephant and Castle” from Capetown had that morning docked.

It was bitterly cold, and the group of people on the platform were making short trips up and down, stamping their feet at the turn like sentries. I noticed that a stranger had fallen in with me and was keeping step by my side. He turned when I turned, looked at his watch when I looked at mine, and gazed up the line every time I did. I had almost decided to steer for the refreshment room in order to shake him off when he spoke

“Waiting for the boat train?” he asked.

It was a foolish question, so I replied just as foolishly, “Yes; are you?”

“Yes. I am waiting to extend the mitt of welcome to a dear old pal—Jack Hoozit.” He was off now and I never had a chance to get another word in. We rambled up and down the platform and he rambled on with his story.

“Haven't seen old Jack since he came to England to see his father and mother ten years ago. Jack's done well in South Africa—runs a Kaffir bangle foundry in Footsackfontein, near Ikonabaas, in the Mazawattee country—he's got a hundred Kaffirs banging bangles for him.

“Jack went out to South Africa when he was a youngster. It was all his father's fault. His father always overdid things. Had a good business but overstocked it—couldn't realise quickly enough—went broke. Jack was working for his father at the time and, of course, he was out of a job. He hung around a long time but couldn't seem to land a job that amounted to anything. He had a little money saved—started nibbling into it—and he could see that if he hung around long enough he would go broke altogether.

“Meantime his father was hopping around from one job to another and overdoing everything he tackled. Got a job as a waiter—tried to carry too many orders in his head and too many dishes in his arms—got the orders mixed—dropped seven steak and kidney puddings—and got the bullet. Took a night watchman's job and sat up all night every night till he got a nervous breakdown and had to quit—too conscientious—overdid it.

“He was always the same, Jack's father was. Went on a diet once to reduce his weight—nearly died of starvation—wasted to a skeleton. Saw a doctor about it—the doctor told him to feed up and undo some of the harm the diet had done him. In a little while he had to get back to the diet to cure obesity. Fatty degeneration of the head was his real trouble. No sense of moderation.

“Old Hoozit knew that Jack had some money saved and tried hard to prize it loose to start the old business again. But Jack's mother warned him not to let go his grip on it. She told him that his father was not to be relied upon. The old man's mania for overdoing things would soon put a kink in Jack's nest egg. He would either buy too much stock—or give too much credit—or lose his customers through overcharging—or go bankrupt through underselling his rivals. She advised Jack to use the money for himself while he had the chance.

“So Jack decided to go to South Africa before the old man got his hooks into his savings certificates. He said good-bye to the old folks at home and sailed. He got a job as a scene painter—painting scenes on empty ostrich eggs in some little dorp out there, and did well at it.

“He was a good son, Jack was, and he was able to send money to the old folks regularly. He wrote to his father and told him not to worry about the old business too much and not to work too hard. The old man took his advice and stopped worrying and working altogether. But Jack was prospering—went from one thing to another—and every move was for the better. Although he had never married he had a nice home in Footsackfontein and he wrote asking the old folks to pack up and settle down in South Africa with him.

“His mother answered the letter and said that it was very kind of him, but as she and Jack's father were getting on, she felt that the long journey was a bit more than they could face. At the moment Daddy was tied up in knots through over-eating. Someone had told him that nuts were good for rheumatism and he had made a meal of five coconuts.

“After a while Jack wrote again. With the letter was a small cardboard box containing four pink pills. These pills, Jack explained, had been given to him by a Zulu witch doctor. The witch doctor said that they were quicker and more efficacious than any white man's monkey-gland business—or words to that effect. The directions were to take one pill and wait a month; —then—but only if necessary—take the second. One, as a rule, did the trick; but, if not, the second was certain.

“Well, after a month or so he got another letter from his mother to say that they had tried the pills and both felt better, but that the trip was, more than ever, now out of the question. About a year went by and Jack wrote saying that he was coming home on a holiday—said he would wire as soon as he landed and asked the old folks to meet him here at Waterloo.

“The day came and Jack landed at Waterloo Station. He stepped out of the train and eagerly scanned the groups of waiting people, looking for his father and mother. Suddenly he saw a rather nice looking young lady, pushing a perambulator, galloping down the platform towards him. He stepped aside to let her go by, but she pulled up—and cuddled and kissed him till he was almost strangled.

“Breaking away at last he told the girl that he thought there was some mistake and that he was waiting to meet his mother.

“‘But I *am* your mother, Jack,’ she tittered. ‘Don't you know your own mother? Oh, of course you wouldn't—it was your Zulu pill that did it!’

“Jack was astonished at the wonderful change in his mother and could hardly take his eyes off her, but at the same time he was sneaking around trying to get a squint at the passenger in the pram. His mother noticed it and began to cry softly:

“‘Sh! Don't wake him up, Jack. He is having trouble with his toothey pegs,’ she said.

“‘But what is it?’ he asked.

“‘That,’ his mother replies, ‘is our poor father. As usual he overdid it and took three pills at once.’”

“I DON'T believe you,” I told the narrator.

“No, I thought you wouldn't,” he said quietly, “but you wait until this train arrives. You see, Jack took his parents back to South Africa—the old man travelled on a child's ticket—and now he is bringing his father home to be re-educated—Harrow, I think.”

Just then the boat train arrived and he got away before I could tell him what I thought of him.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT
A BOTTLE OF

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UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
Colds, Influenza,
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GREY AND FADED HAIR

is restored to its original colour and lustre, and weak, impoverished hair strengthened after a few applications of

MORGAN'S POMADE

This wonderful hair restorer has stood the test of actual use for over 35 years, and not only restores the colour in an undetectable manner, but ensures a more vigorous growth.
Obtainable from Boots and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Proprietors:—
Price 1/9 and 3/3, plus 3d. and 4d. postage. (Colonial and Foreign, 9d. and 1/-.)

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THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

THE Christmas Annual admits only advertisements that are trustworthy.

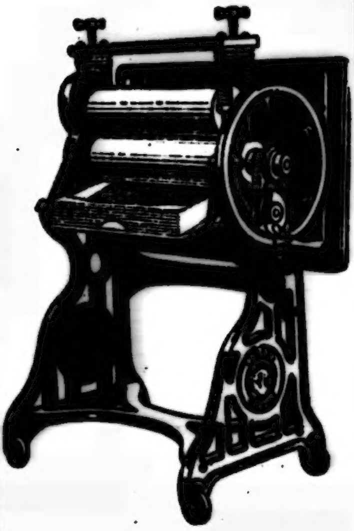
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines, drugs, and all articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our expert are marked............

Should, however, a reader show reasonable cause for complaint, we will guarantee satisfaction or money back, provided that such a claim be made within a week from the time of purchase and not later than one month after publication date of the issue in which the advertisement appeared, and by the latest, January 31st, 1929.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.
(Proprietors of "John Bull.")

What do *you* look for in a Wringer?

Easy running gear wheels? Hard wooden rollers which will *mangle* as well as wring your clothes? This sturdy wringer-mangle has both these and many other qualities.



After wash-day the mangle forms a handy table—it saves the cost of a kitchen table and does not take up any room as a mangle! Merely turn the flywheel and you have a wringer-mangle or a table at will—just as easy and silent as turning the rollers. The smooth table top is made in one piece and completely covers the machine when closed. Notice, too, the fly-wheel handle which can be folded when machine becomes a table. Ask your dealer about TAYWIL Mangles or write to the makers for descriptive booklet.

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MANGLES

Made by
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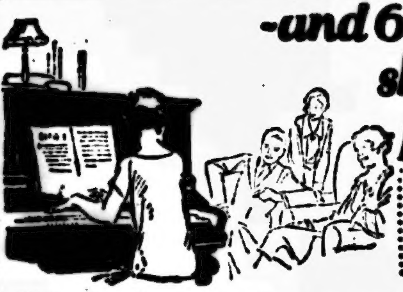

-and 6 months ago she couldn't play a note!

The Times says: "The excellence of Mr. Macdonald Smith's methods has been abundantly proved."

If in six short months you could add piano playing to your accomplishments what new joys would be opened up! Yet this can be achieved through the "From Brain to Keyboard" System of Piano tuition. It is a fascinating, inexpensive system, employing no special notation, that eliminates the out-of-date methods of scales, arpeggios and dreary "practice." The lessons are adapted to individual requirements, personal attention being given to each pupil.

SEND TO-DAY for my illustrated booklet "Light on Pianoforte Playing." It explains my system fully and gives details of fees and postal lessons.

When writing be sure you say whether you are an *Average* or *Advanced Player*, or if a *Beginner*, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. The book will be sent free of charge and post free, from

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From Brain to Keyboard
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SEE CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

Among the interesting contents of this remarkable book are:—

—YOUR FIGURE and your FITNESS.
—THE WEAKEST PART of your Body.
—LIFE and HEALTH DANGERS of an Enlarged Stomach.
—BEWARE of the fat-forming habit.
—PHYSICAL TRAINING without STRAINING.
—How to AVOID RUPTURE.
—YOUR POISE and POWER.
—NATURAL RE-POSITIONING of the VITAL ORGANS and ENORMOUS HEALTH BENEFITS that follow.

CORRECTS HEALTH-INJURING EFFECTS.

Among the many health-injuring effects created and maintained by an enlarged sagging, ungainly abdomen that "Carew Girth Control" is recommended by the Medical Profession to correct effectively are:—

—SHORTNESS of BREATH.
—HEART PALPITATIONS and STRAIN.
—TIRING too QUICKLY.
—DISINCLINATION for PHYSICAL EXERCISE and EFFORT.
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This shows the immediate figure improvement.

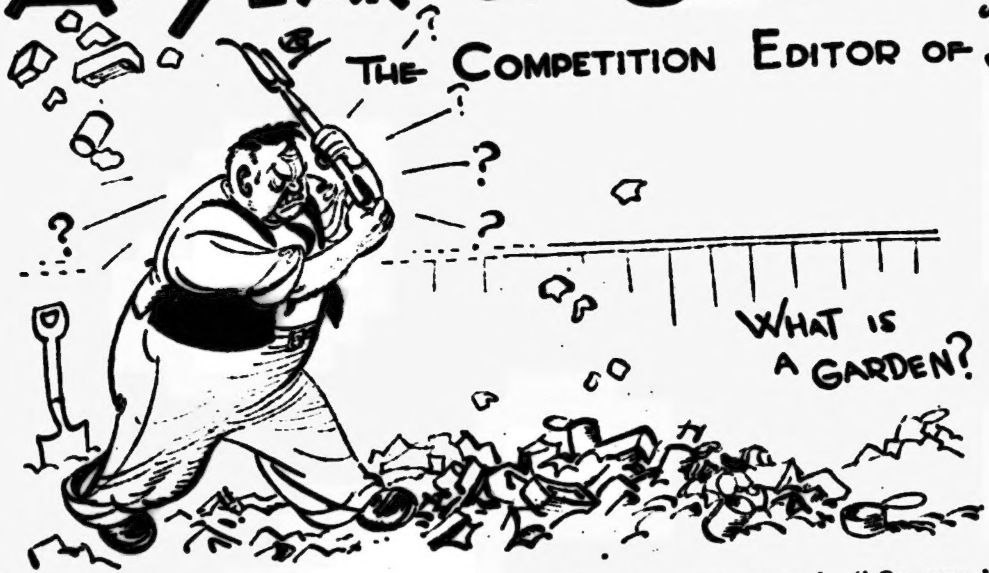
HIGHLY appreciative letters are received from wearers of the "Carew." Here is an extract from one:—H. W. writes: "I was persuaded to give a full trial to the Carew belt, and the result is literally astounding. The amount of support, and the feeling of security which the Carew affords its wearer must be a real boon to many whose livelihood depends upon their activity, while its invigorating effect is simply rejuvenating."

WHETHER you are weak or strong—just commencing to put too much flesh, or are already overburdened at the waist-line—you are welcome to a copy of the illustrated "Carew Book of Girth Control," but send for it without delay.

A postcard or letter to
CAREW (J.B.X) REGO HOUSE,
310, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
will bring this book to you free.
(*Telephone—Langham* 4335)

A YEAR OF "BULLETS" LAUGHS

By THE COMPETITION EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL"


WHAT IS A GARDEN?

THE hall-mark of a good joke is that it is still funny the second time you come across it. Wading through the hundreds of "Bullets" which have won prizes, from 3,000 guineas down to £2 10s., this year, I found many to chuckle over again, and I believe they will amuse you too.

What is a cat? . .

You know what a "Bullet" is—who doesn't after sixteen years of John Bull's contest? The competitor, you will remember, just takes a given word or phrase and adds two, three or four words of his own to make a "Bullet." He may win a big cheque by being serious—or by being funny.

Mind you, jokes are like tomatoes—very much a matter of taste. Because this is recognised by the "Bullets" judges, all kinds of humorous efforts bring prizes, from subtle digs at feminine weaknesses to the broadest of gibes at the family cat.

Still making jumpers . . .

I have space here to recall only a few of the "Bullets" laughs of the last twelve months, beginning with a delicious piece of humorous philosophy which brought its sender £250!—All Through Life — There's Some "Carrot" Dangling.

A never-failing stream of humorous efforts are based on the doings and misdoings of one who has been neatly described in "Bullets" as both the butt and buttress of the home—father. Here are some of the best:—

What Is A Garden ?—"Quarry" Father's "Blasting" In.

When Father Loses—Be Elsewhere—Else Beware.

When Father Says "No!"—Roof Shakes—Family Doesn't.

Going To The Seaside—If Dad Finds Stud.

The "Bullets" father appears to have other hobbies besides bad language, and one is betting. There is a dig at his optimism in the amusing and unexpected winner—Prosperity's Dawn—Punter Expects About Three-thirty and a warning in—Economy Campaign—Bookies Buying Cigarholders.

Another "Bullets" character who is always cropping up in the prize-lists is baby. Competitors who have been calling baby a "two-foot ruler," "a keeper of Australian time" and so on, have had to bow to the senders of more original "Bullets" such as With A Baby—"Good-night" Doesn't End "Programme." Modern Baby—American Customs Examined Bottle.

Baby was also responsible for a sly little comment in Baby Knows—Fashion—Kicks Clothes Off, other amusing "Bullets" on the topic of fashions being—An Achievement—Holding Skirt Down Nowadays and A Good Cry—And She's Wet Through.

It seems a natural step from fashions to woman and here the "Bullets" competitor is quite in his element. Is woman a punctual creature? Woman of To-morrow—Ready The Day After is the "Bullets" winner's apt observation. Is woman too talkative? When She Says Nothing—Believe Me, That's Something was a £5 comment on the subject. And there's a smile for men, at any rate, in With A Car—She's Still Making "Jumpers."

Love is always amongst the inspirations of the "Bullets" comedian, as, for instance, in the winner—Her Young Man—Mended Sofa—Broke Gas-Mantle and the ludicrous Thinking Of Her — Absent-Minded Bridegroom Forgot Wedding. On the same subject came the significant—The Wrong Time—Cuckoo Clock Interrupting Proposal. And I make no apology for including under this heading the clever—What Is A Cat?—"Lover" World *Doesn't* Love.

Some of the funniest efforts come under no category at all, for any subject under the sun is fair game for the "Bullets" wag. With such recent winners as I quote below are included some of the brighter gems of previous years.

Baldwin's Problem—Where Wife Hides Matches.

Prohibited—Bananas—Skin Tripped Mussolini.

What The Urchin Said—Snowballing Photographer — "Take That!"

Thanks to Voronoff—Kicking Nephew—Not Bucket.

Forgetfully—Politician Promised Better Weather.

A Cuckoo—In Big Ben, Appropriate.

Cold—Nights—Diogenes Inserted Bung.

Oldest Inhabitant — Remembers Waterloo—Also Euston!

Brighter — Village — Since the Murder.

Village Band—Watching Collector, Not Music.

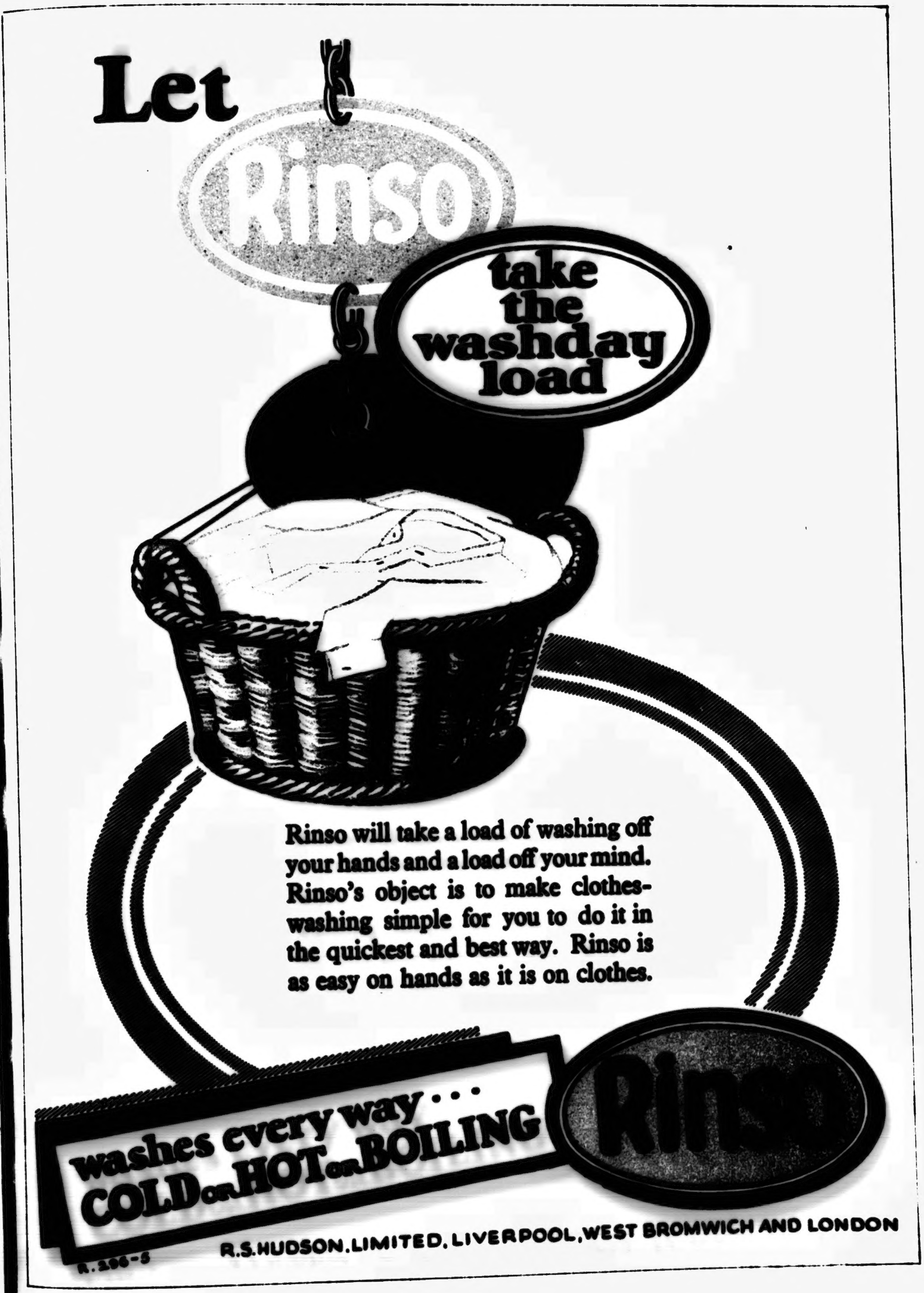
Petticoat Government—What Will "Winnie" Wear?

When She Sings—Her Name's Clara—But—

A Big Crowd—Seeing Bridegroom Doesn't Escape.

The Main Object — Apparently Me—Crossing Road.

There is big money waiting for you as a "Bullets" comedian. If you can't be funny, well, you can also win by being serious. John Bull offers many substantial cheques every week for "Bullets" and there is no reason why you shouldn't be amongst the winners before this year's cash awards reach the £50,000 mark.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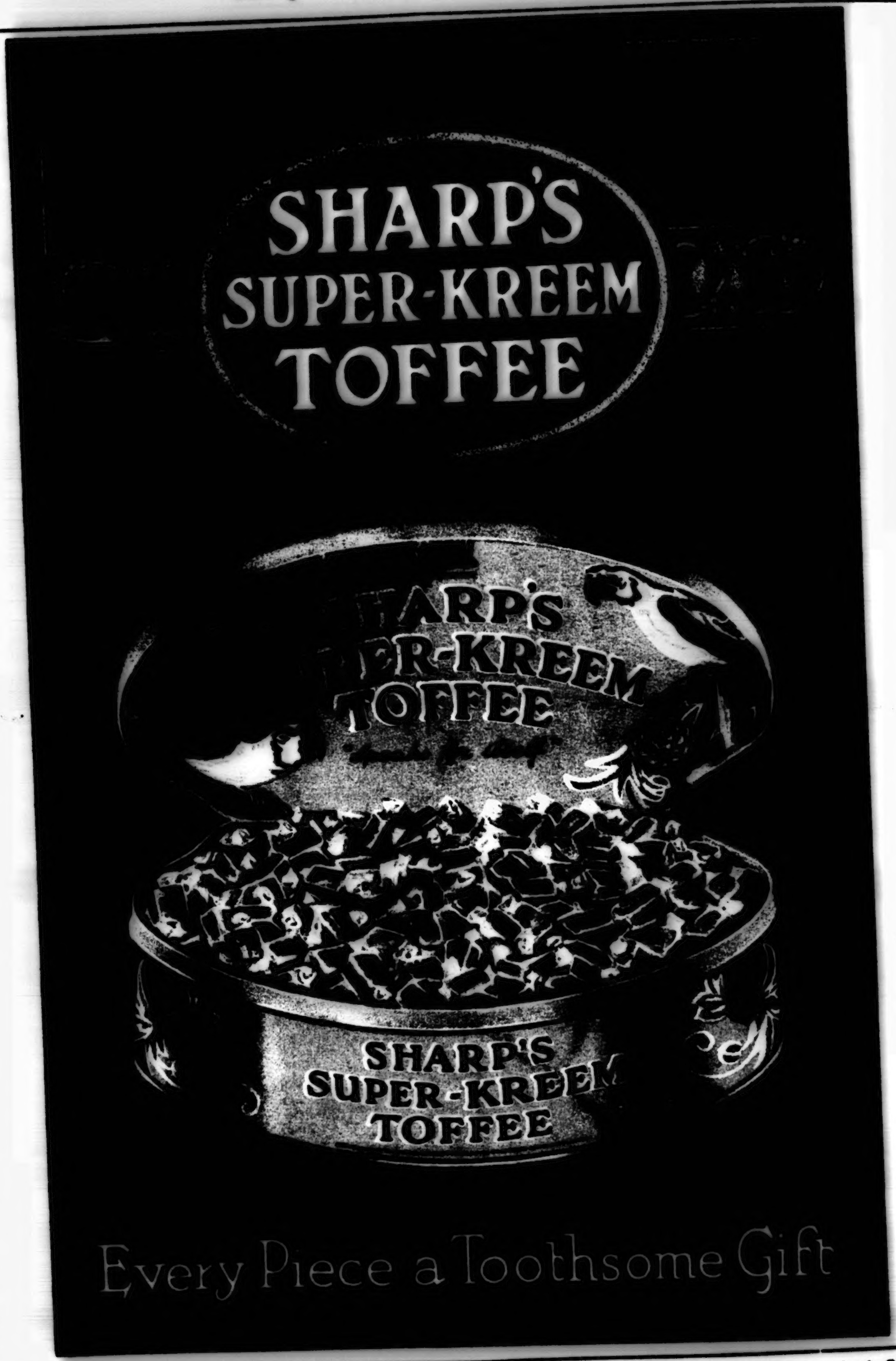
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